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#35

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|------------------------------|---------|
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TECHNICAL CRAP: Kent McClard

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS: Chuck Franco, Dylan Ostendorf, Danny Ornee, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, Fil Baird, Nate Wilson, Mark Telfian, Matt Average, Dave Johnston, Brandy Schofield, Mike Ott, Marianne Hofstetter, Tim Sheehan, Jeff Larson, Chris Duprey, Erik Bamberg, and a few other people that didn't get props.

CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HaC* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

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heartattack

PO Box 848

Goleta, CA 93116

heartattack@ebullition.com

phone (805) 964-6111

fax (805) 964-2310



Words. Words. Words.

I have been involved with punk rock for almost as long as I can remember; more than half my life. I have been writing my thoughts and ideas in the pages of 'zines since that fateful day in 1983 when I first started work on *No Answers*. I have written so many, many words. I have argued, fought, pleaded, scorned, and attacked for many, many years.

And the truth is I am tired. Just tired.

Not everything in my life has turned out as I intended. For every success there have been many failures. I have done the best I knew how. I have tried to give everything I had. Rarely have I held back. I have been ridiculed, hated, admired, and praised. It has taken a toll.

I simply don't have the energy to continue on. I have to spend some time trying to sort out my life. Trying to decide what to do next.

I am taking a break from *HeartattaCk*. It has been a long time since I really put much effort into these pages. I rarely write columns anymore, I have cut back on the number of reviews I do, and over time Leslie and Lisa have taken over more and more of the editing of this endeavor. I've been gone for some time now.

I wanted to do this over 30 theme issue because it seemed to make sense. In August of 2002 I will be 35 years old and we will publish the 35th issue of *HeartattaCk*. So I spawned the idea to do this theme issue, and at the same time I decided to use this issue to announce my departure. It seems fitting.

HeartattaCk will go on of course. Lisa and Leslie will continue to coordinate and organize as they always have, and I will still be working behind the scenes to do the technical shit that is required to publish. I just won't be writing or speaking or making decisions for *HeartattaCk*.

At the same time, I have also decided to stop releasing records on Ebullition. I have quite a few releases that are still planned and it may take me as long as a year to get them all out, but when they are all done I will be taking a break.

I am not sure if my break will last for one day, two weeks, a month, several years or the rest of my life. I am not sure about many things.

But this is not an end. I am not retiring, or closing shop completely. I am just taking a sabbatical. I need to find my bearings, and unravel some of the mysteries of my life. I have made many mistakes in life, some that I have yet to discover, some that I have yet to overcome. My thoughts are veiled in regret, and my mind has turned inward. I am a little lost, maybe more than a little. And I am afraid. And for the moment I have nothing to tell the world. I have simply run out of words. Well, that's not true. I have plenty of words. I just don't feel like sharing them with strangers.

I need some time to myself.

I have to find my mission, reinvent my purpose. Search and destroy.

— Kent

LETTERS TO HAC



art by Keith Rosson

My beloved *HeartattaCk*,

Hello. I'm Tony, the so-called singer and lyric writer for Rambo, first time writer, long time reader. I'm writing in response to Ryan's letter in issue 34, in which he uses our artwork as an example of elitism and imagery that causes alienation.

Well I've thought a lot about that picture of me holding an axe with my bandmates and the kids giving the thumbs down, telling me to dispatch the Christian hardcore kid in front of me on the floor of the coliseum. After much thought I've come to think that there really needs to be way more gore in that picture. I mean if I drew that picture, and not Mike who plays the pencil and photoshop for Rambo, there would be severed heads, rabid wolverines chewing on intestines from disemboweled Christians and a sea of blood with eyeballs floating in it with vultures circling overhead drawn by the putrid stench of death.

I wish that picture and my lyrics were even a tenth as irreverent as "Reality Asylum" by Crass or as eloquently put as "Eulogy" by Born Against and as heart wrenching as "Hate the Christian Right" by Team Dresch. My only concern with that picture is that its cartoon aesthetic might betray my true seething hatred for Christianity. I want Christian hardcore kids to feel alienated and unwelcome, I want them to be as uncomfortable as every queer kid who knows that, at the very least, loving who they want is frowned upon, if not a ticket to hell, or what it must be like to be a woman who needs an abortion seeing an "abortion is mean" pin on a back pack at a show. I want kids in Disciple shirts to return our CD after seeing me make out with a boy on stage (true story).

For me punk isn't the barracks for the trench coat armies of the world. Punk is not for everyone who feels alienated by society. You shouldn't get into the punk because the cool kids didn't let you sit at their table, you come to punk because you found other people who, like you, also think the cool kids are a bunch of dill weeds, and have similar taste in politics, fashion and music. Punk is conscience rejection, not being rejected.

Punk is a counter culture. A culture has inherent values, beliefs and traditions. Counter culture is just that, "counter" as in against the status quo. Christ is the status quo, fuck that guy, his crucified ass has no place in this community. Punk's power is diluted if it is welcome to everyone. It should be open to all genders, races, and sexual identities, but absolutely not all beliefs should be welcomed. The whole "us against

them" extremism of punk has always been my biggest attraction to it.

As a card-carrying member of the punk rock elite über caste, in my expert opinion I don't really think there is that much elitism; there are cliques, a.k.a. circles of friends. Some people do have egos and condescending attitudes. I think Ryan's letter is symptomatic of an attitude that actually perpetuates the very hierarchy he is trying to combat, and writing into *HeartattaCk* reinforces scene institutions. "I have a grievance therefore I must use the proper hardcore channel to resolve this matter" seems to be an all too prevalent way of going about things, and I'm sick of it. By pointing out the imagined hypocrisy of these "activists/bands/labels," he inevitably puts too much stock and power into what these individuals say and further makes them icons and spokespeople for the scene as a whole.

I sing in a band, I've put on shows for years, and most punk people in my city have handed me five bucks at some point. I know many of the bands around past and present, so I'm a mega scenester. Naturally my friends will have similar interests, so that makes them scenesters too, and anyone we associate with will become scenesters by association. I think a lot of kids have watched too many John Hughes movies and feel the need to purge the scene of its hierarchy.

If you keep pointing out that there are cool kids and non-cool kids, eventually people will believe you and pick a side. The kids who give you shit for wearing an Anti-Flag patch are idiots. Why are you sweating it? Ryan definitely says he's had "grim realization after grim realization." Give me a fucking break. A grim realization is that the Patriot Act got passed, not that there is elitism in the punk scene.

Ryan's letter really angered me, not about what it said about my band, but what it represents in my mind, one of my biggest issues with the scene. If Ryan's letter could manifest itself physically, I would seriously slap it. I really question his motivations for writing this letter. I think it is an example of complaining for the sake of complaining. If he truly wanted to actuate change, writing the bands and opening a direct discussion would be a good start. Rambo has yet to receive any correspondence from him and our contact info is in the same booklet as the picture in question. Hey Ryan, drop me a line. Let's talk.

—Tony Pointless/5023 Cedar Ave./Philly, PA 19143; tpointless@aol.com

Dear *HeartattaCk*:

Don't you think you are being a tad hypocritical having Mike Ott on your staff reviewing records and writing for the magazine, when he is directing videos for Pretty Girls Make Graves for MTV, and bragging about it on his website? Last time I checked, MTV wasn't too punk. I think it's lame that the so called DIY underground you distribute exclusively in the

form of Sound Virus is releasing bands that are on MTV and the fact that Mr. Ott is involved with these people furthers my theory that when enough fame and/or money is on the horizon, people can change their tune mighty quick, even if it is a crappy little wanna be hipster hardcore label that is Sound Virus.

I think *HeartattaCk* should step up and do something about this. There are enough overtly PC-isms in *HeartattaCk* as it is, and I hope you guys do the right thing here.

Thanks,

—D. English;

wrackmybrains@yahoo.com

HeartattaCk,

I would like to first introduce myself. My name is Nicholas Thompson, Nick for short. I am 21 years old and I live in Agoura Hills, CA. Now the reason that provoked me to write this article is because of me being a hardcore kid and living in the surroundings that I do. Sometimes I get in these moods where all I want to do is sit down and write. To tell you the truth, I've thought about making a contribution to this wonderful 'zine more than once. So I guess the whole point of this is getting my thoughts down in print.

I don't understand why society has changed so much in the past fifty years, but it's a real bummer. I can say that I am ashamed to be living with my parents because there is this part of me that strives for something better. I used to live with my girlfriend, who is now my ex, for a few months. We found this really nice place in Westlake Village in a condo where it was \$400 a month for our room and we rented it from an acquaintance's father. A friend of mine lived there too. I was working for a bank as a teller. It was an ok job, but after a while I started thinking about this show I went to. I saw this band called A Days Refrain, and I remember the bassist talking about how he wrote this song about his dad because for years he had that same job that he went to day in and day out. He could tell that his dad did it only because he had to it made him depressed. Well, this is how the bank was making me feel. I felt like a machine that did the same shit every day. I started getting depressed.

Well, shortly after we moved in, my girlfriend was not working anymore so it was up to me to take care of us. It seemed kind of hard to me because I was only making \$8.50/hour, and that was what I was making after working there over a year. It was hard and getting frustrating. On top of all this, my girlfriend and I were having problems. I went from being depressed to being angry. And then one day last year in November it happened. We had no money to pay our rent and bills. I knew for sure that we would be evicted and I had too much pride to ask anyone for the money because after all, I needed to be responsible.

Well, I was pissed enough to wind up stealing money from the bank, because it was all

I could do to survive. It seemed justifiable and I can still look back on it to this day and feel no remorse or regret for stealing that money. Maybe I have no code of ethics, but I feel that if someone is struggling in life and they have nowhere to turn, they should have to do what they need to do to get by. But that's just me. In conclusion to all of this, I served only 10 days in county and got three years summary probation. I stole a large amount of money from that bank and should have ended up with a felony embezzlement charge, but they dropped it to a misdemeanor if you can believe that.

So why is it that fifty years ago everything was so nice, neat, and organized? Suburbia was a nice place to live and the baby boomers didn't have as much stress as we do today. With excess comes more responsibility. There is just too much stuff out there that we don't need, and some twenty-one year old kid didn't have to worry about stealing to pay his rent, credit card bills, insurance, etc. It's bullshit. I live for the day where everything can be simple again, but I'm afraid we're all screwed.

If anyone out there wants to correspond please write to me at the following address: Nicholas Thompson/5801 Woodglen Dr./Agoura Hills, CA 91301



HeartattaCk,

1) What is the Anarchist Black Cross?

The origins of the ABC date back to the Russian Revolution (1917). It was originally formed as the Anarchist Red Cross in Tsarist Russia, to organize aid for Political Prisoners and their families as well as organizing self-defense against political raids by the Cossack army. During the Russian Civil War, its name changed to the Anarchist Black Cross to avoid confusion with the International Red Cross, also organizing relief in the country. It has continued, at times very sporadically, serving its purpose of organizing aid for Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War (PP/POW's) for the last seven decades.

In the '80s, the ABC began to grow and for the first time a group of anarchists started an ABC group in North America. In the United States, the ABC name has been kept alive by a number of completely autonomous groups scattered throughout the country and has grown to support a wide variety of prison issues.

2) What is the Anarchist Black Cross Federation?

In May of 1995, a small group of ABC collectives merged into a Federation whose aim was to focus on the overall support and defense of PP/POW's.

Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War are not in prison for committing social "crimes," nor are they criminals. Different PP/POW's participated in progressive and revolutionary movements in varying levels. Some in educational and community organizing, others in clandestine armed and offensive people's armies. All are in prison as a result of conscious political action, for building resistance, building and leading movements and revolution... for making change.

Many of us in some way or another are

part of these very movements, part of that resistance that PP/POW's helped to build. As people continuing to struggle for change, we are obligated and it is our duty to support those people who are in prison as a result of struggling to make change.

Though some have a wider definition of Political Prisoners, we maintain that even if the definition of a Political Prisoner was expanded and widely accepted to include social prisoners of conscience, it needs to be clear that those prisoners who went to prison as a result of political action taken on the street would still demand our priority support. For movements to support other prisoners before we support the prisoners who have gone to prison for building the very movements we now participate in is backwards and criminal.

3) The ABCF Warchest Program

The ABCF has initiated a program designed to send monthly checks to those Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War who have been receiving insufficient, little, or no financial support during their imprisonment. The War Chest program was initiated in November 1994. Its purpose is to collect monthly funds from groups and individual supporters, and send that money to Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War (PP/POW) via monthly checks. Since the War Chest was created, we have raised well over \$30,000.00.

"Thanks much for the support you've been organizing, I really appreciate it. After not having any or very little support for so long, it now seems like (people) have all of a sudden realized that I am alive." —POW Sekou Odinga

4) The Warchest Art Raffle

The Warchest Art Raffle is an annual fundraiser for the Warchest in which works of art donated by Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War are raffled off. This year we have three works of art donated by Political Prisoners Sundiata Acoli, Ray Luc Levasseur, and freed Political Prisoner Laura Whitehorn. The Los Angeles Branch Group chapter of the ABCF is heading up this raffle. We are selling tickets for \$5 each or 10 tickets for \$40.

First draw, a painting of Assata Shakur by Black Liberation Army Political Prisoner Sundiata Acoli.

Sundiata is a New Afrikan Prisoner of War. He is imprisoned for actions carried out in the fight for Black Liberation. In 1968 Sundiata joined the Harlem branch of the Black Panther Party (BPP) and did work around the issues of education, housing, employment, child care, drugs and police brutality in the oppressed community. In 1969 he was imprisoned with 13 others in what was known as the Panther 21 case for charges motivated by community work. Held for 2 years without bail, the Panther 21 were acquitted and Sundiata was released in 1971. Upon being released, Sundiata was harassed, provoked, and followed by the FBI until it was impossible to do effective community work. He then joined the Black underground with the Black Liberation Army (BLA). In May 1973 Sundiata, with Zayd Malik Shakur and Assata Shakur were ambushed on the New Jersey Turnpike by state troopers. Zayd was murdered by the police, Assata critically wounded. Sundiata escaped this incident but was captured shortly after and is now serving a life

plus 30 year sentence for the killing of the state trooper.

Second draw, a hand made necklace and earring sets made by United Freedom Front Political Prisoner Ray Luc Levasseur.

In 1985-86, Ray Luc Levasseur and the United Freedom Front were part of an effort to bring the public's attention to corporate and government criminal activity in South Africa and Central America through direct action. They were sentenced to 45 to 53 years in prison. The four UFF prisoners have lengthy histories of political activism in various groups including: Southern Student's Organizing Committee, Students for a Democratic Society, Vietnam Veterans Against the War, SCAR, and AMANDLA! They are fathers and have worked in factories, agriculture, and construction. They remained confined in maximum-security prisons including the government's infamous Administrative Maximum (ADX) in Florence, Colorado. While the intellectual architects and butchers of South Africa's apartheid system go free, the UFF prisoners who resisted this crime against humanity are forgotten. While those who profitted politically and economically from bloody wars against the people of Central America go about their business as usual, the UFF prisoners remain caged.

Third draw, "RESIST" A mural by freed Anti-Imperialist Political Prisoner Laura Whitehorn.

By 1975, she was a part of an anti-imperialist delegation of women to visit Vietnam. A few years later, Laura joined the revolutionary clandestine movement because she feels justice is worth fighting for, and because she realizes the U.S. government uses the full force of repression to destroy developing opposition. Eventually arrested in 1985, she became a defendant of the "Resistance Conspiracy" case, she was charged with ... conspiracy to oppose, protest, and change the policies and practices of the United States government in domestic and international matters by violence and illegal means." After fifteen years of imprisonment, Laura was released in August of 1999.

5) The LA-ABCF-BG Constitution Preamble

"We, as Anarchists, feel the greatest crime against humanity is the imprisonment of those who fight for justice and freedom for all people. We view government, whose very design is to control and limit freedoms, as responsible for these great crimes since it is they who are responsible for the imprisonment of those who seek freedom for all. These men and women who have been imprisoned due to their involvement in the struggle for a better world are, from our perspective, freedom fighters; and it is the goal of this organization, the Los Angeles Anarchist Black Cross Federation, to support our fallen brothers and sisters and to ensure they receive unfaltering and undying support from the communities from which they came.

Our organization's goal is to provide support to these imprisoned comrades with the same dedication and honor as those who have come before us under the banner of the Anarchist Black Cross. We hope to continue the fine traditions of impartiality and justice to all those who need our help and we will continue to pass along the message of solidarity, commitment, and

the hope for the Anarchist ideal. We must continue with this tradition and hope that others will join us in support of all Anarchist Political Prisoners, for this is the truest act of mutual aid and one that we cannot fail to show full commitment toward.

We recognize the history of the Anarchist Black Cross and it is because of this that we support all Class War Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War. The LA-ABCF refuses to take part in the sectarian squabbles that plague our communities. We refuse to make the mistakes that others have made by gauging our support according to political factions. Any person(s) or group(s) that struggles against capitalism and strives for freedom, justice, and for a better humanity; we will eagerly support. Anarchism knows no dogma and we will not be bogged down by those who attempt to limit the ideas and work we put forth or attempt to discredit work that is done under the banner of solidarity and mutual aid. For these are the only laws known to Anarchists!

The mission of the organization is clear. Our work must be consistent with the struggle for justice, freedom, and humanism. Our actions must be done with the greatest acts of solidarity and mutual aid. Our goal must be to break the chains that bind our comrades into slavery and give them the greatest gift of all, freedom. For freedom is what we as Anarchist desire and struggle to obtain."

We will be drawing on the 1st of October 2002. You can still purchase the tickets up until September 20th. Please make your checks out to The Los Angeles Anarchist Black Cross Federation. Include in your accompanying letter your name, address, phone number and email, and we will send you your ticket stub within two weeks of your purchase, postage paid.

The LA-ABCF-BG is looking for people and organizations that might be interested in helping sell tickets. Please contact us at: The Los Angeles Anarchist Black Cross Federation Branch Group/PO Box 3671/Anaheim, CA 92803-3671; (310) 608-4106; la_abcf_bg@hotmail.com. Website: <http://www.abcf.net>

"This work is not done for the glory, but because we believe in mutual aid." -Boris Yelensky

HeartattaCk,

This is my first "article" or whatever, so bear with me. Nothing qualifies me as an authority on anything in our culture. Are there "authorities" in DIY punk culture? Well, there are at least those who know what they're talking about from direct experience and then those that babble, for better or worse, their abstract ideas and ideals without any specific evidence or knowledge to support them. Even at best, I only hope to achieve an even mix of the two. The way I figure, no one will ever settle the battle for definition. That is what so much of our perpetual exchange of ideas is motivated by: the question of what is, what is not, and who decides, and why, and how, etc. As long as there are a few fundamentals that we agree on as a collective culture, and very much more than is subjective,

disagreed about, and debated, punk will keep its momentum charging forward. In other words, I am just another yahoo with my own ideas. Fuck authorities anyhow. Just consider what I say, keep your bullshit detector on, and decide for yourself what you agree with or not and why. Anyway, as my first topic of consideration, I'd like to discuss mixtapes and their place in DIY punk culture.

When I was in high school, I was pretty culturally lost. I listened to a lot of big radio rock, and I was in full swing with the whole rap metal thing that was going on. The problem was that I didn't really identify with much of what was happening. The rap metal thing became more commercialized, insincere, and macho by the day back then, and I myself was a pretty liberal, sincere, sensitive person.

There was this girl named Ashley Murphy that intrigued me quite a bit. She had long black hair and wore neat, framed glasses. She was always reading, and reading stuff that I'd never heard of. She wore a lot of black clothing and seemed pretty hip because her style was so subtle. Back then, I was about as subtle as a sledgehammer to the forehead, so to look at someone who was obviously alternative but in a genuine way and not a Hot Topic "Alternative TM" way was a real eye opener.

Anyway, I wanted very desperately to have a conversation with this girl, but she seemed so alternative and intelligent that I felt very intimidated in a conservative, suburban kind of way. I was afraid it would be a very short conversation where I would demonstrate my feeble lack of background in cool music. (Conversations with über-punks in my area still feel like a name dropping contest.) I mean, hey, I could tell you who Kraftwerk and Gary Numan were, sure, but this babe actually OWNED THEIR MUSIC and, even cooler, LISTENED TO IT. I was obviously way out of my league here.

Then, amidst a sea of teenage angst, the answer came to me. Why, I was so elated with my brilliant solution that I was able to march directly up to this impossibly cool girl at her locker. I told her to make me a mixtape. She seemed kind of stunned that I was talking to her and making this strange request. She agreed to make me my mixtape, and asked what I wanted on it. I think I just asked for her to put on bands that I should be listening to but don't. I hassled her daily about making me this tape until the one morning when she pulled a cassette out of her cool purse with the band buttons pinned on it.

"You made a cover!" I exclaimed, genuinely impressed with this stunning display of creativity. It was a picture cut out of some textbook or brochure or something, a really awkward drawing of some construction workers, cut and shaped as a j-card. She looked at me and replied something to the effect of mixtapes always being better with covers. Geez, I felt like I revealed myself to be a complete dolt just by opening my mouth.

I took the tape home and listened to it obsessively. I was amazed! I must have bought ten CDs because of the two cassettes this girl ended up making me. More than just good, old gothic stuff like Siouxsie and the Banshees and old school Cure, she re-introduced me to the punk rock I had been shunning since the fashion punks picked on me in middle school. I mean, I honestly

owe having a Dead Kennedys collection to this girl!

So what am I getting at here? Well, in the mainstream music industry, there are very traditional channels of promotion. A major label releases a CD. They release a single to radio (that they pay to get played), a video to MTV (that they pay to get played), and get interviews, reviews, and features in corporate magazines (in which they pay for space and positive reviews). There are only four or five major labels, and each one is owned by a parent corporation that also owns most of the television channels and magazine publishers and radio stations. Free media, yeah right.

So when it comes to promoting major releases, there are two general operational tactics in mind. (1) Throw as much shit against the wall and see what sticks. (2) Take what sticks and saturate the fucking world with it. I worked at a corporate mall record store for three years, and what I saw from the retail level of the music industry, especially regarding the promotion and distribution, made me want to fucking hurl. For a few years now, the industry has been moving towards selling more copies of less albums at higher prices to increase profitability, and it apparently works. I could write volumes on this stuff, but let me not digress just yet.

In the DIY music industry, we lack the resources to promote music this way. We lack the media outlets and availability, which largely creates the purpose and usefulness of DIY distribution in the first place. While there are more releases coming out on a whole than any punk can keep up with, no one label can afford to "see what sticks" and run with that like the majors do.

Being DIY does not mean that punk businesses and labels do not have to consider or deal with supply, demand, and competition. While many labels keep their prices down because they want you to be able to own more records (hell, Havoc Records practically gives their stuff away), you must know that other labels only price their 7"s at \$3 because their *MaximumRockNRoll* ad appears next to other labels that do. While competition is a very ugly word to a scene based on cooperation and community, each of us only has so many dollars to spend, and some records will be bought while very many others will not be. Some labels survive, many go under.

So how do DIY labels promote their releases? I tend to notice releases with well graphically laid out ads and/or very descriptive write-ups/reviews. A lot of times, though, when I read through a distro's catalog or the review section of a 'zine, the consistently excellent write-ups begin to turn into a battle of the adjectives. Should I go with the "unrelenting grind" or the "turbo-charged thrash" or maybe the "all-out chaotic blasts," mmm? Does the "Discharge" band look better to me than the "youth crew" band? The problem with label's descriptions and 'zine reviews is that they are relied upon very heavily to be fully informative about how a band's music sounds and at the same time, be unique and clever amongst the other gazillion write-ups. This may sound like a non-statement, but think about it. In punk, there are no radio stations or television channels where we can actually HEAR what most of this music sounds like for ourselves before we buy it. Most of what we buy usually depends on

recommendation, or how something is described. (Thus, the creation of the hardcore "hype" band.) The internet is starting to change this a little, but for the most part it still holds true.

Making mixtapes of new (or old) bands you are listening to for your friends is one of the most awesome ways of exposing music because it gets the music out there, not the hype. Yet, I very rarely see it discussed or done. Why is that?

Making a mixtape does, of course, involve illegally copying and distributing a recording. There is a difference, though, between making a mixtape and making a bootleg. A mixtape will have one or two songs from a band with the intention of promoting their rad release to your friends. A bootleg will be a copy of an entire album, or the album's only good five songs, with the intention of getting the music out without ever having to buy the record from the label. Bootlegging DIY bands and labels is flat-out lame, and you should expect people to take issue with it. I saw someone in Kansas City, MO, selling CDR copies of entire Nile and Fuck on the Beach albums, and it disappointed me. That's not "just getting the music out there." Making a mixtape, though, should not cause any problems, because that helps promote the label's release. Do I run a DIY label? Yes. Do I want you to make copies of two killer songs from one of my CDs for your friends so that they might like them and buy my CDs as well? Hell yes!

Mixtapes, like radio, allow you to hear the music and make purchasing decisions based on the music. Mixtapes are a lot better than radio, though, because their creation and distribution relies on your involvement and activity, which is really what sets punk apart from other cultures and scenes. With CDRs also being so easily available these days, mixtapes are really easy and cheap to make. It takes a little time, but it is really fun to pick songs and arrange their order. It is also really rewarding to watch your friends get totally turned onto a band you discovered because of your mixtape.

To further encourage the creation and distribution of mixtapes, I am creating a mixtape trade box for my concert distro in St. Louis. I encourage all of the other local distros that go to shows and operate out of boxes to do the same. I have a small list of rules for the mixtapes, and the box just works itself: drop a mixtape you made in, take a mixtape that looks interesting out. The distro and trade box are something new that I'm doing, so I'll have to say later how successful this is, but I really hope it turns out well. My mixtape rules are really simple.

1. No more than two songs per band or release. A mixtape should be a sample of stuff people should buy, not a bootleg so they don't have to buy it.

2. Include a COMPLETE track listing, IN CORRECT ORDER, of the band name, song title, release its from, and the label's name and if possible, URL or address. This is a must for your mixtape to actually be useful.

3. Create some kind of cover or packaging. Clip some photos from a 'zine, or cut an actual photograph into shape, or use your fancy computer, just do something if you can. This makes it more fun.

Try following these rules and making some mixtapes. E-mail me or write and let me

know how it works out, or feel free to donate your mixtape to my trade box!

—Deye Mofo/PO Box 291/St. Charles,
MO 63302-0291; deymof@darkfront.com



HeartattaCk.

I've often enjoyed *HeartattaCk* in the past, reading the columns by people on fairly interesting and stimulating topics. As a woman, who's also fairly into punk, I like to read stuff concerning women in punk, and any stories, rants, essays, etc., enveloping systems of patriarchy, colonialism, etc... you know what I mean.

But one thing I have noticed is the level of blatant inconsistency that goes along with stating one (or one's magazine) is "anti-sexist" when what I see in the pages of the magazine contradict those highly regarded statements. For example, in the last issue (#34) in the record review section you have an ad for Good Life Recordings which has an ad for the comp *America's Hardcore*. I'm not sure if you looked at the ad closely, or if you just stick in anything with a sweaty white "hardcore" looking boy in your magazine, but this ad fucking sucks. Selling American patriotism and girls with big tits and shapely asses. This is the type of shit I thought I could leave behind when I became attracted to punk, when I realized that the mainstream is not the place for me. These types of ads are what I see every damn day on billboards and jocks' T-shirts. I understand that not every band or label is even known by *HeartattaCk*, but I also think that it is all the more reason to pay attention to what (and who) you advertise for. Understand that this label is selling WOMEN to try and sell their music, that they think it's OK to view our bodies as agents of the marketplace, to be manipulated and put on display to turn the cranks in the minds of boys to get them to drop a few bucks. For people (punks) who are all about breaking down barriers and changing something (our lives, communities, etc...) this sure looks like the "good ole days" where women were "real women" (read: sexy, curvy, available) and men were "real men" (read: tough, strong, consumers of all this). Give me stereotyped gender roles or give me death *HeartattaCk*!

Which brings me to another point. I was really surprised when I heard of the controversy surrounding the banning of *The Oath* due to their questionable art. I find this funny since you seem to have no problem displaying and advertising for other bands who have more blatantly "objectionable" art (well, maybe just for women who are sick of being seen as objects). I'd be curious to know whether you read, look at, or ask for explanations from every band about their content, or do you trust hardcore to be so right and pure? Only when something is in your face do you question it and look further into it? Is it only when a woman brings up and questions the oppressive tendencies of other is it noticed by the dominant many she is surrounded by?

I know this may not seem like a big deal to many... or that I'm being picky or "bitchy," but I do think this is a representative example in punk and hardcore. So many images, words, and actions are easily overlooked and we become

complacent to what we are a part of. Because so many of us have found a place in punk we are not so eager to criticize what has also given us so much. But we need to be ready and willing to deconstruct (and if need be) to destroy the parts that bind us and which recreate the tools of our oppression. For now, that's all. Thanks for reading. If anyone wants to write to further discuss or anything at all don't hesitate to write. Seize the inspiration from your pew!

—Gabriela Halas/PO Box 21530/1850
Commercial Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5N 4A5/
Canada; spitboy@hotmail.com

P.S. I'm also working on a 'zine that will be out in July (2002) on menstruation and women's lives in general. It doesn't have a title yet but, to get a free copy, write to me! It's an exciting compilation of different women's writing, art, comix! Also hello to my love.

P.P.S. If anyone writes back to say, "Well, why don't you write your own 'zine and put in whatever you want—stop complaining," you obviously didn't understand and should just fuck off.

Gabriela—

First off, Ebullition and HeartattaCk are not the same thing. Yes, Lisa and I are both doing HeartattaCk and Ebullition, but Leslie is really only part of HeartattaCk. And sometimes what Lisa and I do with Ebullition is not consistent with what we do with HeartattaCk. Ebullition and HeartattaCk don't have to be consistent. They simply are not the same thing.

Second of all, Ebullition did NOT ban The Oath. We were perfectly willing to distribute The Oath 10" if they did two things. One, they needed to show the record to an attorney and find out what problems Ebullition might get into with regards to distributing pornography to minors. Two, they needed to put together some sort of insert that explained their intended message with their graphic choices. They decided that they didn't want to explain themselves and that they didn't want to get any legal advice. So we were unable to sell their record. We still carry plenty of other Oath releases and we are still friends. They were never banned. Personally, I just didn't want to have tons of people complaining about the record when I had no idea what it was about. And I didn't want to risk legal problems for a record that I simply didn't understand. Do I think the record is trash that should not be sold or distributed? No. Do I think The Oath are sexist pigs that can't think past the ends of their dicks? No. I simply didn't want to distro the record unless they were willing to get legal advice and put together some sort of explanation to clarify their message.

As for the Good Life ad. When I saw it I did think about all the possibilities. Sure we could have refused to print it. Sure we could have made a big stink about it. But ultimately it was just too stupid and innocuous to put any energy into it. I mean really, it is just a dumb image. It is a rarity in HeartattaCk to see something like this and it is really light weight compared to all the sexist images that bombard us everyday. It just wasn't worth it. I didn't discuss it with Lisa and Leslie, and they didn't see it until the 'zine was in print, if they even saw it at all (I highly doubt they look at the ads, especially the Good

Life ads). So I just saw it, I thought about it for a few minutes, and decided to save my energy for something more important. Does that make me a hypocrite? Sure, maybe, who cares. Who isn't a hypocrite? It is just impossible not to be. No matter what I do someone can find fault. No matter what I do someone can probably convince me that I may have made a mistake. Unfortunately, I'm not perfect, I can't always be consistent, and no matter what I do I will never manage to please everyone.

The bottom line for me with that Good Life ad is that it just wasn't worth the time or energy. I understand that you didn't like it, and I completely understand your reasoning. I suggest that you write to Good Life and complain to them directly. Sorry if this seems like a lame answer, but sometimes the truth is lame. That's life.
—Kent

HeartattaCk,

I guess you could say I was always a punk. When I was 3 the child psychologist said that my reaction to authority was "socially inappropriate." When I was five I would play the first chunk of the Beatles song "Revolution" over and over on 78rpm. I loved the feedback and noisy guitar lick. When I was in third grade, I met icy stares from my classmates when I remained silent during the pledge to the flag.

Well, I'm 30 years old now and have spent most of my life involved in punk. I've been an activist, involved in 'zines and putting on shows, played in a pile of crappy bands and seen about a thousand shows—and I don't have a regret in the world! Punk is an ongoing life process—a stance, a realization, a calling. And if it has truly called your name, age and years never divert you from that path.

—Torie Bono (punk till forever... please join me!)

HeartattaCk,

I often wonder if my choice of punk rock as my particular subculture of choice at the precocious age of fifteen was such a good idea. More often than not I don't mention it in conversation—if the topic turns to music I mention that I listen to a lot of jazz, to avoid having to hear some fuck with a fashion mullet tell me how much he loved Blink 182's latest film clip. At least with jazz you can project an aura of subtle coolness, whereas any conversation about punk (just try to bring up the topic of hardcore—these kids will think you're talking about a genre of techno that was mildly popular in the Birmingham area in the mid nineties) inevitably leads to you wanting to punch someone in the face. I've been travelling around for a while; I'm depending on people I'd only previously had brief relationships with; I can't afford to be punching their friends in the face. So I retreat to my headphones whenever I can, and keep pouring over the gig guides of towns I'm only going to be in for a week.

The thing about coming to a new town

is that beforehand you have little idea if a scene even exists there, let alone what some names of bands and people are. I'm sure I've missed a thousand awesome shows in a hundred different towns because I had no idea that the band names that I saw in the guides didn't belong to acid jazz/funk bands. So when I illicitly snuck online in the library at Leeds University to find out that Sommerset were coming to town, it was more a sense of relief than jubilation that came over me. Not only was a decent band coming to town, but a decent band that were from a cultural ghetto not dissimilar from my own—they're from New Zealand, I'm from Australia; they surely know some people I know. Homesickness and longings for hardcore, dealt with in one night.

I asked the people I was staying with about the venue, known by its owners as 'the packhorse' but wittily referred to by my nightclubbing friends as 'the smackhorse.' With a bemused look on their faces they gave me directions, but declined my invitations to come along. Too bad for them. After three weeks of bad clubs, dance music and mass-produced party girls, it felt pretty damn nice to stand up the front of a tiny room and dance and sweat and feel good. Talking to the band and dropping names, positioning myself in their world, crapping on about melodic hardcore for way too long after the last band had finished and making crass jokes about sheep. Saw some local bands, picked up some fliers, and found myself looking into what kids in the scene sometimes refer to as 'the community.' At times, I know, the community can seem cliquey, can be as isolating and alienating as it is embracing. But when you're ten thousand miles from home, don't know where to get vegan food, have had to explain straight edge to drunk kids a thousand times, and been faking enjoyment while dancing to some indiscriminate boy band for the past three weeks, to rock up at a show and feel a part of something seems to me to be exactly what punk rock is about. Eventually knowing half the people at the shows you go to, corresponding with the people who make the records you listen to, singing along to the same bands every week. It's not everything, but it makes you feel, if only for a moment, that everything else—Starbucks, the fashion industry, bus travel and seasickness, just to name a few—has just fucked off to some other place and left you standing here, feeling alright.

—brendanrocks@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

By now, most of us are aware of the fact that Osama bin Laden is a "former" employee of the Central "Intelligence" Agency. Howdy... Yeehaw! You may say... well now, here's now I see it: Osama bin Laden is not simply a "former" employee of the CIA. Admit it: you know why "we can't find" Osama bin Laden. The reason is: Osama bin Laden is a CURRENT employee of the CIA. And you know what they say about organized crime syndicates: "If you join the Mafia, you join for life."

The Baby Bush administration's foreign policy fiasco blowback on September 11th emanating from the rapidly decaying ruins of the

"Pax" American Oil and blood-soaked piano-wire-for-hire Empire has brought this stark truth home to millions of adversely affected Americans: "our" government's actions have consequences. Or conversely, "our" government's lack thereof: depending upon the particularly peculiar circumstances.

Such as: the Enron-sponsored/Bush-approved plundering of the Californian economy (with accompanying artificial power shortages); for instance, were/are an egregious example of insupportable inactivity on the part of the Crackhead Cowboy's illegal and illegitimate administration. Isn't it interesting that longtime Enron chairman Ken Lay (aka "Kenny Boy" according to the drunk-and-belligerent fundamentally-challenged Thief-in-Chief: aka "Elmer Pudd" to anyone with a brain) is still carefreely roaming from megamansion-to-megamansion, spending all of his ill-gotten billions? Let's see now... Kenny Boy Lay's inexplicable avoidance of imprisonment wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that Kenny Boy Lay and Enron were the Bush Bastard's biggest "legal" financial backers, would it? The main illegal campaign contributors were of course the Bush family's fascist Gulf state oil baron business buddies (Saudi Arabia, Texas—what's the difference?). And of course, you know the communist Chinese also gave millions under the table illegally to Daddy Bush, who was Richard Nixon's Chinese Ambassador after all, not to mention Gerald Ford's gimpy CIA Director.

Speaking of CIA (aka "see-I-slay"), isn't it interesting how the "free" corporate press in the United States miraculously manages to take guffawingly great pains to sidestep that elephant-in-the-room! Attention "free" corporate press stooges: Don't you honestly think the fact that Osama bin Laden and his al-Qaeda organization ARE a creation of the CIA is of some interest to the American public? People: if there ever were a "vital national interest," this would be it. But why does the "free" corporate press in America ashamedly avoid approaching the awful horrifying truth: September 11th, 2001 was brought upon you by the CIA and the Bush Mafia! Isn't it fascinating that the "free" corporate press hardly talks about the CIA at all (Venezuela, anyone?), unless of course it involves some super-expensive CIA spy drone shooting missiles at down-on-their-luck scrap metal collectors in UnoCal's occupied territory of Afghanistan.

Let's be blunt, shall we? The United States of America is a democracy no more, if indeed it ever was. Anyone who still foolishly believes that childish high school history class after watching Bush and his banana Republican brownshirts rig and then (out of desperation) steal the 2000 presidential election is most likely hopelessly lost in a state of denial anyway, so what I am about to say is for the rest of us far less sheep-like types: IT IS TIME TO TAKE AMERICA BACK FROM THE CIA PIGS. It is time to send the poisonous profiteering oil companies and the greedy genocidal Bush Bastards back to where they belong: Texas.

The military-industrial complex that Dwight D. Eisenhower warned this nation against in his farewell address as president has been the permanent power behind the throne of American governance ever since World War II, and must

especially since the coup d'etat of 1963.

Name one American president since 1963 who has taken on the CIA. Answer: none. John Kennedy's brains splattered all over Dealey Plaza in Dallas had a saw of "sending a message" to all potential future occupants of "the people's" White House, if you know what I mean. And I believe you do. Just ask: Bobby Kennedy, and Martin Luther King Jr., and Malcolm X, and Fred Hampton, and the American Indian Movement, and three million murdered Vietnamese, Cambodians and Laotians, and over one million started and diseased, dead Iraqi children, etc., etc., etc.

Truth is not necessarily easy nor comforting; it is what it is. And the truth is: we Americans have been living in an imperialistic proto-fascist police state for some time now (with Daddy Bush's CIA death squads and all). It is a quite obvious (however harrowing) fact that "it can happen here." In fact, it already has.

The question is: What are you going to do about it?

—Jacob David/PO Box 3050/Eureka, CA 95502



Heartattack,

Why does anybody do anything anymore? What drives us to keep it going in our culture saturated and totally jaded existence. Better yet, how do you prevent yourself from slitting your throat when you face a life sentence in one of the most brutal prisons in the United States? This is the question I ask myself every day, and as time passes, I'm finding the answers.

When I first came here I was so full of despair I could barely eat, communication exhausted me, just getting out of bed every day was pure hell. I started hoarding aspirin right away and begged for more. By the end of my second week I had 123 aspirin and Tylenol. I waited until dark so no one could observe me and I took every single one. I took them knowing what few of the general population know: aspirin overdose can be fatal and I was glad.

An hour later my stomach was bubbling and rebelling. With a force of will I kept the bile down until the second hour when it became impossible. I tossed my cookies and while I did so I was hoping against all hope that I had ingested enough to bring relief.

Obviously if you're reading this, I failed.

I tried once more a month later with Thorazine. I was caught, stomach pumped, and punished severely.

I've come a long way since those miserable suicide attempts. That was six years ago and I know with complete assurance I'll never try ending my own life again. Now I face each day if not with a smile, then at least with acceptance.

Three major things consume my time: the first is reading. I read everything I can get my hands on. A good novel takes me away from this dungeon to a place far away, be it beautiful, snowy mountains or a brutal desert. A good author can make me smell the odors and feel the wind on my face. This stimulates my mind and body,

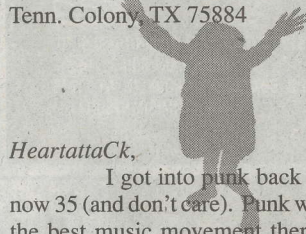
and this is a good reason to keep going. A non-fiction book or a donated 'zine increases my knowledge. The more you know the more you can imagine. Imagination stimulates my mind and body and makes me feel life; this is a good reason to keep going.

The second thing that consumes my life is my art. I can't say that I'm naturally gifted or talented, but through years of practice I've become a competent artist. Portraits are easy for me now. My creativity comes alive with a pencil. With creativity, I myself become alive. With my pencil poised my body vibrates with significance. I know I'm still a part of the human race, and this is a good reason to keep going.

The third vocation of any prison existence is writing. Reaching out. I have no family, they're all dead. So am I to sit here rotting away without what humans need most? The prison setting forbids emotions between prisoners, except for maybe anger. So how do I get to express my "weak" emotions? Loneliness, tenderness, fear, love? I'm doing so right now. I'm rebelling against the system and expressing my "weak" emotions at the same time. This makes me feel like a genuine person. This is a good reason to keep going.

What about you?

—John Adams 768543/Rt. 1, Box 150/
Tenn. Colony, TX 75884



Heartattack,

I got into punk back in 1980 and I am now 35 (and don't care). Punk was once (or twice) the best music movement there ever was and I will never forget the old days. However, today's various scenes are total shit. These idiots today are nothing at all what punk was all about. Does anybody fucking get it? Why don't you liars and fools all fuck off and go to hell? You probably are only going to call yourself punk for no more than one year in the first place.

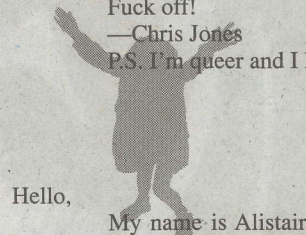
Another thing—all the bands are expected to sound exactly the same or they don't have the talent to have any kind of sound. So is this so goddamn cool?

Kiss my white ass!

Fuck off!

—Chris Jones

P.S. I'm queer and I love it too!



Hello,

My name is Alistair, born in 1966 in Dundee, Scotland. I first got into punk rock in 1984. My brother stayed in an apartment back in Dundee with a couple of other roommates and they listened to punk all the time. That's how it started myself off. The first record I remember seeing was G.B.H. City Baby Attacked By Rats. I got into G.B.H. in such a big way, then the rest followed. I knew of the Sex Pistols music and The Clash but not that well, as before punk I was a big heavy rock head. In fact, my first ever show was Motorhead way back in '81. So after staying with my punk friends in Dundee I moved to London in 1985 where it all happened. I attended

the 100-Club on London's Oxford St. and saw Broken Bones. That was my first show there, then English Dogs. It was always lots of fun going there. When I saw G.B.H. there it was a crazy show as everybody was going off and with myself being at the front I got crushed and had to be pulled out onto the stage. After the show my brother and I met Jack and Ross and Kai who was their last drummer back in the mid-late eighties. Today Jack and Ross have been friends of myself since back in 1986. We hung out together at San Francisco's Holidays In The Sun. So as well as those shows I also went to a place called Clarendon which was in a place called Hammersmith. It's a borough in London. A lot of bands played there. I saw Bad Brains, Cro-Mags, G.B.H... can't remember any more as I was always drunk. So when the 100-Club shows came to a halt due to skinheads and punks fighting I started to go to squat shows (DIY). Bands played that were local or from Bath. It was a good time hanging out with my mates, god rest their souls. A lot of them are no longer here.

Being of the old school second generation punk still seeing the scene you learn a lot from back in the days of squatting for 10 1/2 years in London. It was tough and hard but I have no regrets. I see it as a way of life as it is here in San Francisco. Good to see old and new black and white, all coming together. That makes me so happy. I would also like to mention my friend's band that played the 16th band show at Gilman, Amdt Petersens Arme. Seeing those kids play keeps me going and many other old schoolers like my friends here and in the UK.

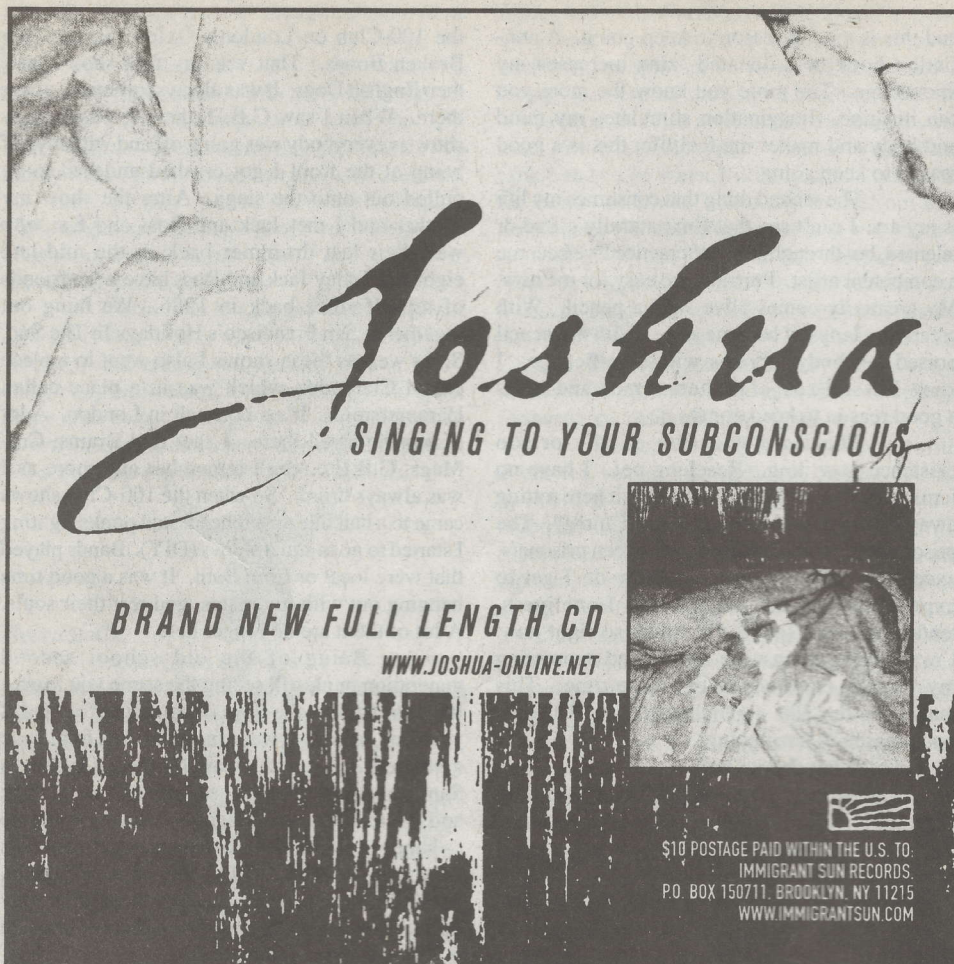
Being here in the US is like when I lived in London. Seeing all the punks down at shows I go to, it was fun being a Scottish punk in London. We all got along, each day begging (panhandling) to make enough money to get drunk and see a show. I remember going to a Peter and the Testube Babies show. I was supposed to work at that show but forgot all about it. Anyway, I came there very drunk after a hard day panhandling, so I went to the stage to watch the Testube Babies, started dancing, threw my leather jacket off.. It belonged to the drummer of the band called The Wall who came from Edinburgh, Scotland. So as I started moving on the floor I could feel myself being pushed then kicked. When I turned around I saw a number of skinheads just kicking and pushing me. That, I guess, was a very scary show for me. I hope you enjoy my story.

Peace, Alistair

heartattack

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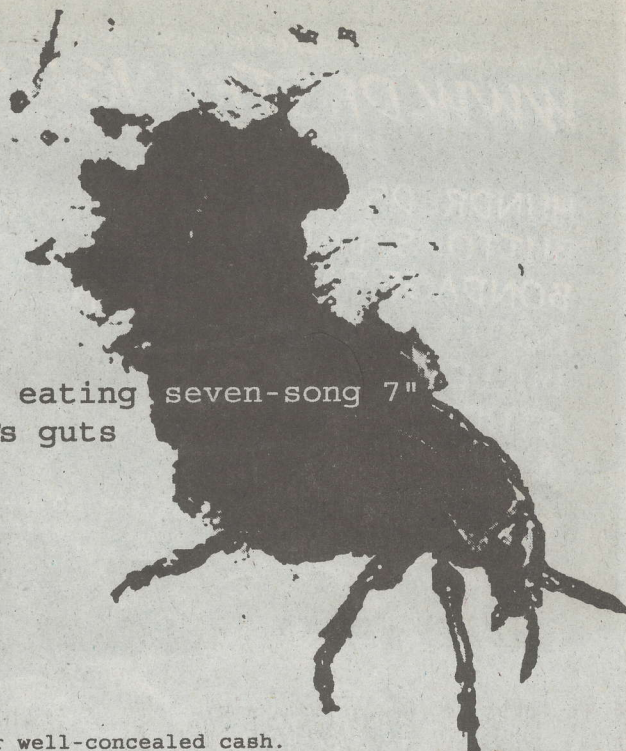


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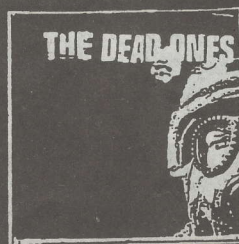
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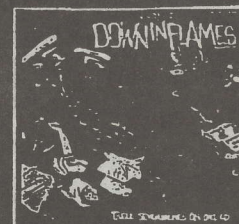
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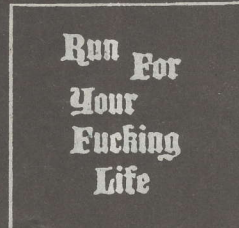
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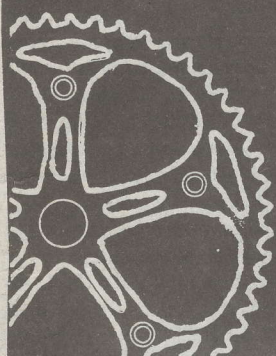


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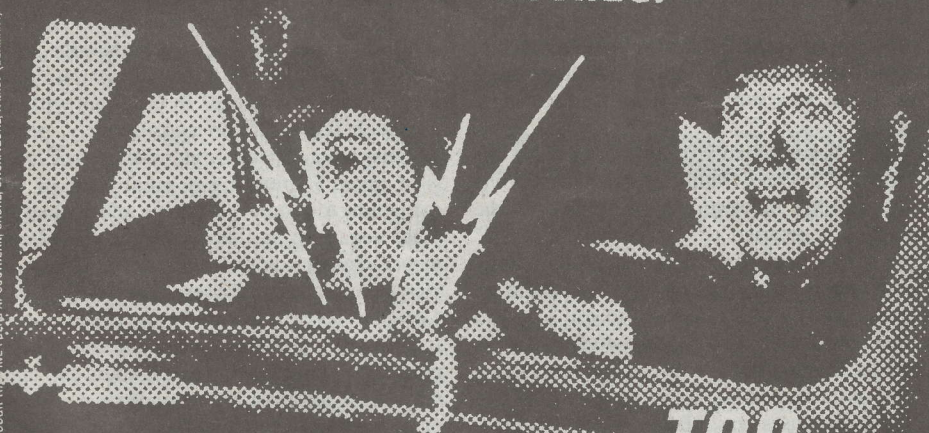
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THIRTY YEARS

Early this year I found myself, for the first time in a great while, a single man. While facing the requisite post relationship drama, I came to realize that being single does have some

Shittalking with OB

advantages. Namely, being able to date again. But during the years I was in a relationship, the dating world had seemingly changed. But was it for the better or worse? Yes, I am speaking of the internet, alleged cure for lonely hearts everywhere. I mean it seemed to work well enough for some friends and acquaintances of mine, acting as a gateway to a pool of like minded individuals, numerous dates, and, lest we forget, booty. Last being single in a pre-WWW world, (think usenet groups, dude), the idea of hundreds (or thousands or millions) of people just looking for dates, beat any bar, club, or social group I could ponder in terms of actually meeting someone interesting. So in March I took the plunge into the world of internet personals.

I selected Nerve.com based on the recommendation of some of my peeps. That and the fact that I like sex. And it would seem that if people were posting at a site devoted to "intelligent,erotic," than they would too. The Nerve personal works like this—you enter the answers to some questions, and based on the answers contained, fellow Nervers will contact you and attempt to strike up either a friendship, date, serious relationship, or "play." Each person answers the same questions, and for the sake of clarity (and because I know you are dying to see it) here is mine:

User name: eastbound2FKD

Clever Tag Line: "Walking the line between witty and wise ass"

I am: a man

Looking for: a woman, 25 - 35, within 50 miles, who is single and does not smoke.

Interested in: friendship, dating

Age: 32 plus my HT, WT, Hair Color, Eye Color, ethnicity, and location

Occupation: Docutech Operator

Education: College

Religion: Agnostic

Relationship status: Single

Cigarette use: never

Booze: never

Drugs: never

Self depreciation: sometimes (when I originally posted there was a category called self love, which I took to mean masturbation, so I put sometimes on that one. Subsequent viewings of my, and other personals, found this category removed.)

Ok, that is basic shit—here is where you get to shine:

Last great book I read: The Trial of Henry Kissinger (also Webster's Dictionary to look up all the ten dollar words Hitchens used.)

Most Humbling Moment: Back in the day I once had to say the Pledge of Allegiance over the PA

system at school. Of course I had no idea what the words were, so I just made some up as I went along. I received many an odd look in the hallways that day.

Favorite on screen sex scene: The one in Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love. Mostly because I was stuck on a woman who looked like one

of the actors. And yes, unfortunately for me, she also preferred the company of women.

Celebrity I resemble the most: No one.

Best (or worst) lie I ever told: I am not much for lying. Truthfully.

If I could be anywhere at the moment: At a craps table in Atlantic City rolling 11 after 11.

Song or album that puts me in the mood: Portishead, Christie Front Drive, Twin Peaks Soundtrack, Blue Ontario, The Cure—17 seconds.

Five items I cannot live without: Punk rock, my peeps, the ocean, hockey, and cursing

Fill in the blanks: Vegetarian is sexy, vegan is sexier.

In my bedroom, you'll find: bed, dresser, desk, books, and magazines.

Why you should get to know me better: You can discover my only real talent—the ability to come up with clever nicknames for friends, acquaintances, and bands. I have also realized two out of three of my lifetime goals by age 31.

I am looking for: a woman with a well developed sense of humor that is into hanging out and having fun. Vegetarian and drug free a plus (but not a requirement).

I also posted the most flattering picture of myself that I could find (but as I am pretty much busted, this was surely no help in procuring a date).

I was actually quite pleased with this personal, I answered truthfully and I think I come off as a pretty interesting guy. Plus with the fantastic "vegetarian is sexy, vegan is sexier" couplet, how could I not post this? A few of my friends gave the personal props too. So I uploaded it and waited for the responses to roll in. And waited. And waited. Yep, this work of genius garnered a grand total of two responses over a period of three months. And I am 80% sure one of those responses was a fake—one of my crew playing with me.

After about three weeks of no responses, I decided to be proactive and started to search for some ladies. In the search I put in my criteria (female 25-35, within 25 miles of Philadelphia, who does not smoke), and started checking out some personals. Let me tell you, people on Nerve like to smoke. I returned only a few non-smokers, and maybe five drug free ladies. I guess there is a correlation between the partying lifestyle and the inclination to post on a sex magazine's website.

Now I know you may find this difficult to believe, but I am a very judgmental person. No, no, really I am. So as I was searching through my relatively small list of "candidates" I found myself rejecting people to contact left and right.

Usually poor musical taste was the culprit. Sometimes I found myself cringing at the corny shit people wrote. In the end I never ended up contacting anyone, save answering the two responses I received (which went nowhere). Now I'd like to think my lack of dates was because there are no ladies out there that meet my criteria, but I bet it had as much to do with the fact that I am one highly judgmental ass.

Not to be deterred, I tried veggiedate.com, figuring here, at least all the meat eaters would have been filtered out before posting began. On this site, besides general information, posters are asked for a description. Here was mine: *I am an aging punk rocker who is way into music and hockey. I spend 40 hours a week in a love/hate relationship with a Docutech 6135. Over the years I have been accused of being the following: funny, responsible, bitter, jaded, sleepy, sarcastic, and judgmental. All of these things hold true sometimes, but not all the time. I am seeking a woman with a good sense of humor who is into hanging out and having fun.*

This personal got poor reviews from my friends. "Are you trying to attract the ladies or repel them," asked one, Brooklyn's Mr. Cool. As I am sure you can probably imagine, response to this personal was way low. One woman did write and we conversed via e-mail for a bit. I checked out the personals for fellow Philadelphians, but no one intrigued me enough to write. At the end of June, my experiment with internet dating ended when I took down both personals.

What did I learn from this experience? Well for one thing, single, straight-edge, vegan women over 25 who post on internet dating sites are few and far between. In fact, I am willing to bet such ladies are in short supply, period. Because I live a relatively atypical lifestyle, I often find myself spending a great deal of time explaining to people that I come into contact with what veganism and straight-edge are. People whose closest point of reference is Green Day. Hence, for dating purposes, I have settled on the *Cometbus* test: If a woman knows what *Cometbus* is, then she'll probably understand enough about punk that I don't have to spend hours explaining why I have all those X's tattooed on my forearm or how I spent my childhood jumping onto the heads of fellow scenesters. (Interestingly a fellow 30+ punk tells me he uses a similar test, substituting Hüsker Dü for *Cometbus*, which has the added advantage of also gauging a potential romantic interest's age.) But the bigger lesson learned (especially when I examined my just ended relationship) was that being a stubborn, highly independent and oftentimes judgmental individual does not equal mad dates. This, and refusing to compromise, will pretty much doom any attempt at a long term relationship, and it sure doesn't help in the short term ones, either.

And what the hell does all this have to do with being a punk? Well aren't some of these qualities I possess that make it hella hard for me to find a date, the same ones that make me a punk? My refusals to accept bullshit from society and

AND COUNTING

my desire to live my life, my way, surely is echoed in thousands of punk songs, and stands partly as the basis for my lifestyle. But this same independence and desire to do things my way helped pave my way to bachelorhood. And while many punks do grow out of the scene, the ones (like me) that stay involved past age 25 tend to grow more and more apart, both from society in general and "the kids" who make up our counter-culture, further exacerbating the isolation. I am sure many a punk has reached a breaking point—a wouldn't it just be easier if I hung out in bars, talked sports, ate meat, worshipped God, worked in middle management, moment. Some call it selling out, some call it growing up, some call it whatever. But such changes/compromises/realizations towards a more mainstream lifestyle will certainly move one out of a scene where most of the participants are 10 years younger (not to mention how it widens the dating pool). But there are some of us old punks, who, because of ideology or stubbornness (or in my case—both) choose to remain in this increasingly alienating sub culture. But that's how life goes sometimes. We've made our beds and we lie in them, even if no one else is under the covers with us.

Tom O'Hagan

I was born after the moonwalk and before Watergate, when endless possibility collided with the triumph of cynicism. For many, this trajectory could describe one's time involved in the hardcore/punk culture, where the boundless energy of a newly found world gives way to the biting cold of a jaded reality. Fortunately, this is not my story.

I am 32 years old. Half my life ago, at age 16, I went to my first punk show: Corrosion of Conformity at a CBGB's Sunday matinee (for the record, my first show ever was Metallica, WASP and Armored Saint in Brooklyn, NY, which I mention, because, well, it's such a damn cool first show). It wasn't until a few years after that show that I became fully immersed in the "scene" and what it was all about. Yet, having been exposed to punk/hardcore for half my life, I must say that at this time in my life, I feel more hardcore than I ever did. Yes, I go to less shows than I used to, I buy less records than I used to (but more than I probably should). I also have a job that is distant from the punk world. But the way punk has shaped my life resonates more at age 32 than at any other time.

I don't feel old. The thirties has always been the pension age for punk. Even since my late twenties, a friend of mine, who is about 5 months younger than me, has an ongoing joke where at every show he says "Wow, I'm the second oldest person here." And yes, I've been asked at a few shows if I was waiting for my son or daughter. But I've never felt old. My exuberance for the scene actually grows as I see new and younger people start bands, write 'zines, start labels, put on shows. The fact that this new

generation was born after *Star Wars* was released only reinforces the vitality of punk. This culture began in our lifetime. And it will endure in one way or another. I've seen the cycles take place, the styles, the sounds change. While I can't say I appreciated a lot of it, I understand the necessity for it. The necessity for our culture to move forward, to reinvent itself. I've never been one of these old-timers who longs for the past and discounts the current state of things. Admittedly, I talk at length about my experiences over the last 10-12 years, but it is never intended to be a "I was there" sort of thing.

My age is only a part of my current perspective. The fact that I've been around hardcore for so long makes it difficult for me to objectively view what it's like to be over 30 and still involved because I never considered not being around. My experiences, not my age, make up my current mindset. At the same time, it gives me pause when I realize that it's been almost 10 years since I was in a band and that I've been doing a label for 8 years. Where has the time gone? I'm not immune to having dialogues with myself about whether it's all been worth it. But, the fact is, 10 years ago, punk gave me the opportunity to be in a band and start my own business. And it continues to give others that same opportunity. I want to be here to watch all this come to fruition. I'm not uncomfortable with being 32. And I'm not uncomfortable with the way punk has shaped my life. I know what it means to be punk and I don't define "punk over 30" any differently.

—Tom O'Hagan/PO Box 260318/
Bellerose, NY 11426

Travis Fristoe

When & where & to whom you were born

Punks over 30? What about punks, age 30? I'm 30 now, making my interest in punk over half my life. But how do I feel about being 30? About the same as I feel about being a white, male & American. I have no control over it, but the responsibilities should come up as much as the privileges. When time came to renew the lease at Wayward Council, our collective record store, the realtor's credit check and income requirements ruled out many of the volunteers. Those of us, post-college and working closer to full-time had to step up. So we work together, complimentary and stronger.

Being 30 does come up when you live in a town dominated by a large state university and constant influx of 18-year-olds. In conversation I'll realize a 10-year gap in our ages. Or that I listened to that 1st Morrissey album when it came out. Or how I'm closer in age to their teachers, professors and parents. Are my peers the people I went to school with years ago, who are increasingly becoming homeowners, parents and full-time workers? None of those things are necessarily or inherently wrong. What if you

worked

a positive, progressive job you loved and/or lived with a supportive partner in a house that you owned instead of paying a landlord? With age, we get chances to live the lives we profess to care so much about. Yet I still identify with those much younger than myself, those banging out discordant songs, riding used bicycles and making sketchy plans. Do I have to choose between adult parties and makeoutclub.com? Neither one particularly appeals to me.

What about the romantic tales of dissolution after 30? Either the hippies or the punks recommended not trusting anyone over 30. Former mod band The Who sang about hoping to die before they got old. Richard Farina, author of the archetypal counter-cultural novel, *Been Down So Long it Looks Like Up to Me*, died at 29, in a motorcycle accident coming back from the party celebrating the hardcover publication of his 1st and only book. Robert E. Howard, *Conan the Barbarian* writer, killed himself when he was 30. Better to burn out than fade away, as Kurt Cobain referenced in his over 30 suicide note? Sure, it's less glamorous to keep doing a 'zine and volunteer shifts at non-profit organizations, rather than taking up smoking and move to a cosmopolitan city, but I'm in it for the long haul, mistakes and all.

So what happens when you realize all our records and books and late-night conversations might only offer temporary salves? What are you going to do when your hair starts to grey and thin, your back starts to hurt every morning and you slowly realize your band won't ever provide a "living" for you? My fears and worries aren't so different than when I was 15 (or 20 or 29). Parties still make me edgy and old mix tapes still get me worked up, but I can put it in perspective now. There's a sublime relief as you get older, a relief that your life is not a fad. Despite what relatives think, veganism is as much a part of my life as nearsightedness. Time lets you sort through what rings true for you—it doesn't have to be static, dogmatic or eternal. It's only now that I feel remotely comfortable about playing guitar and singing, even though I've been committing public mistakes to vinyl for quite some years. There's still so much to learn and so much to try.

What else? I do take better care of myself than when I was a teenager. Stretching, making to-do lists, making sure to drink water, wearing sunscreen—all the stuff I thought foolish years ago. Next I'll be wearing a helmet when I bike, nullifying the free spirit image. But I'd rather survive the crash than be a martyr for future generations of self-destructive reactionaries. Know the Big Boys song, "We're Not In It To Lose"? It makes a lot more sense now. Let's live! Let's up the stakes! Threats by example! Smarter, wiler, even more committed.

—Travis Fristoe/PO Box 13077/
Gainesville, FL 32604-1077;
obscurist@hotmail.com

Al Quint

Punk over 30? Try punk over 40! That's right—I've passed the four decade mark—reached that point in February of 2000, in fact, but I'm still here, more involved in the hardcore/punk scene than I've been in years and, while there are times when I do wonder why I'm still here and probably always will question it, I just can't get completely away from it. Even as I look in the mirror and see some gray hair, lines under the eyes, a lot more roundness in the face and, uh, my abdominal area, even as I wake up the next morning and find it hard to drag my sorry ass out of bed because I had a two hour drive back from a show in some far-flung part of the state or perhaps got in the pit a bit more than advised or stood too close to the amps and now have a vicious headache—well, I'm still having the time of my life. It's not always perfect and there are days when I think wistfully about what a long fucking time it's been, how maybe it's time to move on and do something else with my life or time.

But, see, the thing is, punk rock or hardcore or whatever you want to call it (and I really don't like all the separation between the two because, from my perspective, they're the same thing) is an all-consuming passion. Hell, music, in general. It's my lifeblood. I can't be away from it for too long. Even if I don't want to go to a show, even if there are times I'd rather watch a baseball game or listen to sports talk radio or just go to bed early, it's never far from my consciousness. There's always music in my head, even if it's not on the stereo. I have an obsession about it—an obsession my more-than-patient wife Ellen has put up with very bravely for many years, even when it reaches the occasional level of absurdity. Like at 1:30 in the morning when she's trying to go to sleep and I have to point out the obscure classic rock song the talk station is using as bumper music to go to a commercial.

Yes, it's *that* far-gone. My name's Al and I'm a musicaholic and have been for many, many years. Music was a refuge from a lonely childhood and adolescence with few friends, poorly-developed social skills and a family life that, while not physically abusive nor materially-wanting, certainly was emotionally empty. From childhood on, I was made to feel like a misfit, a pariah, a loser, both at home and in my social interactions. So I shut the door to my room and turned up the music—at least until my father made me turn it down to a more reasonable level. I read rock books and magazines cover to cover until they were tattered beyond repair. Over time, I veered from the top 40 of my pre-adolescence into harder rock and, finally, into punk.

I first became aware of punk during the summer of '77, just before my senior year of high school, and it hit me hard. It was purely on a musical level—a direct, no-bullshit sound that immediately appealed to me. It was rebellious. I was instantly hooked. Listening to college

radio, taping songs off the air, eventually making the trek into Boston and buying those import singles that cost twice and three times as much as domestic ones. I ended up going to college in Boston and did see my share of great shows but, in retrospect, I wish I'd spent less time studying my business textbooks and gone to even more shows during that '78-'81 period. But, even then, I was too shy and socially-reserved to really connect with people, although, truth be told, the early Boston punk scene was pretty damned snotty.

Then again, when the Boston hardcore scene got going sometime in '81, I wasn't a part of that crew, either. Once again, perhaps it was my own lack of sociability, but I didn't interact too much with those people—it was only gradually, over time, that I got more involved with the scene and, to this day, I continue to feel like an outsider, not part of any clique or group but, truth be told, that's pretty much fine with me.

I've never lost my affection for most of the music of my formative years, but it's definitely punk and hardcore that had the most profound influence on my life. I don't know if I would have lived my life differently without the influence of punk because I had already developed a rebellious and anti-authoritarian streak before getting more heavily-involved but let's say it planted some ideas in my head. Gave me the inspiration and stimulus to take control of my life, try to live it the way that I wanted, instead of the way anyone else wanted me to live it.

OK, let's be honest, here—it corrupted my way of thinking BIG TIME! What are my most pleasant memories of the first few years out of college, where I worked in a more corporate environment? It sure as fuck wasn't having career success... it was driving to work and singing that MDC line "Business on parade/corporate scam charade" to the point where my throat was raw. Or "Five O'Clock" by Articles of Faith. It was going to shows and seeing bands, getting so inspired that I decided I had to write about it and started a fledgling 'zine called *Suburban Punk*, which I later changed to *Suburban Voice*. Attempting to learn to play bass (badly) and/or sing in a string of bands that really aren't worth mentioning but were another outlet for my hardcore punk passion and a way to cope with life's frustrations. The music was getting me through some rough times, the transition from the college years to so-called adulthood. It was an affirmation that I wasn't alone. It not only spoke to what I was going through personally but also pointed out what was going on in the world and drove me to try to educate myself about such things.

Punk and hardcore, indeed, contributed mightily to my sense of alienation from mainstream society and also gave me the impetus to write about and express these feelings. To become an independent thinker and that's what I've always tried to convey through my work. I'm not much of an activist but, even if you're not out there on the streets raising hell, you can do it in other ways. You have control

over your life and can choose how to live it. Simple, but it's still a guiding philosophy.

I have a somewhat amusing anecdote. Last summer, I'm sitting outside of Exit 23, an all-ages club in Haverhill, MA, waiting for a show with Out Cold to start. A guy, probably around my age, walks up to me and starts a conversation—"So, are you here with your kid?" Ouch! I know I'm at the point where, if I'd done the expected thing, I'd have kids in high school or getting ready to start college by now. But that's not the case. I *am* fairly settled in my life—a house in the 'burbs, married, etc... kind of bourgeois, to be honest, but I still feel like an alienated outsider, to an extent. We've lived in this neighborhood for five years and, with few exceptions, we don't really know our neighbors. Since we don't have kids, there's not much commonality with them and, let's face it, when adults get together, that's what they talk about—the kids. I don't invite the neighbors to the backyard barbecues. Some of them seem okay and I do like my next-door neighbor Manny, a nice, older guy who also seems a bit off the wall—which is probably why I like him. But I don't really feel any connection with the other neighbors and conversations rarely go any deeper than "Hi, how are you?" That's it. I'm not too interested in their lives—except for the strange guy across the street who is either in some kind of high security government job or a consummate bullshit artist (probably the latter). And they could probably never comprehend this thing that I have for hardcore and I don't feel like explaining it to them, anyway.

Back to the conversation with the guy in Haverhill—I kept it friendly and informed him that I was there to see the bands, myself. He said he used to go see punk bands but I got the distinct impression it was something pretty much behind him. I'll have to admit that it created a momentary feeling of sheepishness. What the hell *was* I doing there at an age where most have moved on from the so-called scene.

The answer? Whenever people talk to me about my long-term involvement or what's kept me publishing a zine, etc... that's usually the first question they'll ask. And I'll reply that it's still something I enjoy. It's a stock, standard answer. It seems convincing, both to them and myself but, truth be told, there are times I question my continued involvement. When I do feel old and out of place—depends on the show, of course. If it's a show where I see lots of familiar, friendly faces, then it's an easier time. When it's not, I feel alone and tend to keep to myself a lot more. Or when it has a macho, locker-room vibe. Or when there's vandalism and kids puking on the sidewalk, outside. That's when it becomes less fun. Also, Ellen doesn't go to that many shows with me and, while a few friends occasionally accompany me, I'm usually on my own. Driving to the shows brings on mixed feelings, especially if I'm playing a tape of music from hardcore's "golden days" and come to the realization that, holy shit, that was 20 fucking years ago. Those feelings usually disappear when I get to the show and get caught up

THIRTY YEARS

in the excitement of seeing bands that strike a chord. Because it still happens—I disagree with these curmudgeons who claim that hardcore is “over” as a musical form. It’s alive and thriving and has been on an upswing the last several years. I *had* lost interest for a while, moved on to other styles of music and lost touch with the grassroots/DIY scene for quite some time. In all honesty, it also sucked for a number of years. But I’ve been drawn back to it. Whether it’s a mid-life crisis, where I’m feebly attempting to re-live my salad days, I’m not completely sure. But, as I said, I’m having a great time the last few years.

I do know that I *still* can’t really relate to most people my own age. And even if I feel like an old man at some shows, it doesn’t bother me being around kids. Because some of those kids are a lot more on the ball than many people my age.

It’s weird—I’ve stuck around a long time and *now* people want to talk to me. Maybe I’m a link to the past. Who knows... but it seems as though more people than ever want to ask about the “good old days.” That’s fine and I welcome it. I do like to tell stories—probably to the point of boring others. I tell them what I wrote above—that those early days were a special time for me. How can I put into words, without coming across like a pompous, know-it-all asshole that it’s hard to verbally express what it felt like to see or even hear a band like Minor Threat for the first time. But I also tell them that they’re getting to see some excellent bands now, music that they’ll hopefully carry with them throughout their lives. It keeps rejuvenating itself. I’m sure it’ll hit a down cycle again and I may drift away, as I did for a long time in the late ‘80s and early to mid ‘90s. Maybe I’ll get out for good at some point. Do I really want to be a punk at 50? I guess you’ll have to wait until the year 2010 to get the answer to that question

But, whether I’m here or not, I don’t think this music is going to disappear anytime soon. It’s up to people to keep revitalizing it and make it more than meaningless entertainment.

—Al Quint/PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA
01903/suburbanvoice@earthlink.net

Siggi

Being a punk hasn’t always been something that I could explain in any philosophical way. Surviving in a community that doesn’t understand why you are not satisfied with merely breathing in front of the TV and listening to music from the radio can be hard. The vicious circle of weird logic for acceptable behavior that people stuff down your throat when you break the rules can be tough when you are only twelve years old and the only punk in a fishing and farming community of 500 souls.

I didn’t know about the existence of punk until some years later. I found a newspaper article with pictures of people who had their faces decorated with safety pins and their own blood. I didn’t really feel like behaving like the article described

them but I found this fascinating still. I had been cutting my hair myself, pierced my ears and, for years, fighting my mother’s tendency to keep her little boy as pretty looking as she saw fitting. I didn’t fit, I tried, but I just didn’t fit.

Years of drinking and boredom, drinking because of boredom and being bored of drinking and all the time nurturing dreams of doing something creative, and in between trying to actually live some of my dreams, made me sick. I tried to escape my surroundings in Iceland through a non-governmental organisation which delivered me for one year to Germany doing voluntary work. Along with horrendous drinking sessions with the German punks, I worked in a theater and in a children’s daycare center.

Working with children was a new experience for me since it was the first time I had a job that actually included touching other people. Since my previous work experience included my parent’s dairy/meat farm, the fish factory in our village, a fox fur farm and a slaughterhouse, this was also the first time I did work that did not include slaughtering and/or exploiting animals. Some of the children voiced their unhappiness when my time to go back came and I left them. That was new for me too; actually working somewhere where people were grateful and respected me for my work.

When I came back to Iceland my family was happy to see me. Not like some of my gutterpunk drinking mates in Göttingen, I actually had a family who loved me. The experience with the children made me seek work in a nursing home. The work involved washing, feeding, dressing and in any other way taking care of daily needs of people disabled from sickness and/or old age. It was carefully demonstrated to me how to fold the sheets on the beds. No one told me how to respect the patients private life or private parts, or how to do things in their time or to do things for and with the disabled not to them, that was something I had to learn by myself. The old people were grateful and again I felt this strange and beautiful feeling of doing something that touched other persons in a good way.

After working at this nursing home for some months it suddenly popped into my head: I could become a professional nurse. That was a way I could actually work and still feel like I was doing something that mattered, work that mattered both to myself and other people. Working only to receive money meant work for alcohol and the occasional punk record, and at the time I was already getting quite bored with that drunk-punk lifestyle. Four years of university studies later I am a professional nurse and an active anarchist punk, thirty-five years old.

At the nursing home most of my workmates had come up to me after a few weeks and confessed that they had been scared of me when I first showed up, they said that now they knew that I was a good person. Dreadlock mohawk, facial piercings and black tattoos somehow didn’t fit into their idea of a person who cares for the elderly. My fellow nurses and medics at the intensive care and the Emergency Unit are

as surprised each time they are reminded that I am an anarchist and also a screaming vocalist of a grindcore band and another punk band. The hardcore kids find it hilarious, some of them, that I am a nurse. My patients don’t mind. They look into my eyes, listen to me and feel the touch of my hand. They are not scared of my nose ring or tattoos.

When people are sick they let go of the masks society teaches us to carry. Maybe they like the fact that their nurse looks a bit fucked up since after a car accident they feel rather fucked up themselves. I also stutter sometimes and that, as a social handicap, could make persons who feel temporarily handicapped themselves, less uneasy about their situation. Especially when they realise that despite the facts that their nurse is a punk and has a speech problem, he knows what he is doing.

Dropping the masks and allowing ourselves to be human is what punk is about for me. As a professional nurse and a lifestyle punk I sense that. Even when I work in a state run hospital. Life is too short to not to do something that matters.

—Siggi (Vocalist of Forgarður Helvítis and Dys) in Iceland; punknurse@helviti.com

Matt Average

I remember when I was a teenager. At the time I never even thought of myself as being 20. I thought I would be a teenager forever. At age 16 the idea of one day being 18 just didn’t register. Then after I hit my twenties, the thirties seemed a whole other world away. Like something that happened to other people. Now I’m 33, and for the first time the other day, I realized that in 2009 I will be 40. Granted, I get called “old man” at shows these days, but that’s a badge of honor.

I never really felt hung up on my age. I have no problem with getting older. It’s like death. Why fret over the inevitable? The whole thing about “You’re as old as you feel” I think pretty much is correct. I don’t feel 18 anymore, but I do feel like I’m in my early twenties. This way of thinking has to do with just life experiences, and the knowledge I’ve gained about myself and the world we live in from the past 10 years. I don’t miss being a teenager. I don’t know anyone who is in their mid twenties or thirties who misses that time of their life. No doubt, the feeling of invincibility and the lack of real responsibility can’t be beat, but I don’t fondly recall the messy feelings that came with that age. I like the fact that as we get older we are more secure with who we are. I didn’t really start enjoying life until I turned 22 and moved to California. That’s when everything became truly fun.

The only real grappling I’ve done with age is around the years where your life starts to hit more major turning points. When I was 25 I woke up one morning wondering what in the hell am I doing with my life? I was in a job I hated, and had nightmares about getting locked into. Hearing co-workers in their mid to late 30s or

AND COUNTING

40s rattle on and on about their high school exploits was sort of saddening. As though all their good times ended after graduation some number of years ago. I knew I didn't want to grow old in something that brought me no happiness. There's nothing healthy about dreading the day ahead, and doing everything in your power to make the eight plus hours pass as quickly as possible. Eight hours of your life, forty hours a week. The money was great, and through all the misery my view of bosses and the work force became crystal clear, but I hated life and was an unpleasant bastard to be around. So my solution was to get back in school and see what I could do with my life.

Then in the years of my late twenties, to about 30, I realized I'm pretty out of touch with what is happening in today's punk scene. By that, I mean I couldn't tell you who the most popular band is (I'm assuming Tear It Up, with all the records), or the best label (seems everything 625 puts out is really popular), or the latest controversy (I have absolutely no idea). To see these things listed is pretty trivial. But that was one thing that became a realization about what constitutes punk rock today. A lot of it is trivial. That's not to say punk rock, hardcore, whatever, is useless. Quite the contrary. But, unfortunately, a lot of punk rock focuses on non issues. Straight-edge is the biggest non issue of all time, if so-and-so who was once in the greatest hardcore band of the time is now playing indie rock or electronica is irrelevant, who said what about who on the Rev board is the equivalent of junior high gossip, and the list goes on. So during those 'twilight years' of my twenties I struggled with that. For some reason I felt I needed to know that shit in order to feel connected to punk. Living in California these past 10 years has fucked up my views on punk. The romanticism has definitely been killed. One day in an e-mail discussion on punk rock, a friend put it best, "Life is larger than punk rock." That one sentence put everything in order for me. It was the one thing I really needed to hear, and it said everything.

In order to remain involved in punk rock I decided to do what punk is really all about, and not give a fuck about what they're saying over in the next town, or who the latest flavor is, and just focus on what inspires me. Punk is inspiring, and it's fun. When it's none of those things, then you either do something about it, or move on.

There's some half-baked argument in some circles of punk that parenting (or marriage for that matter) is somehow just not punk. I've never heard a substantial reason as to why this is. Maybe it's because of the responsibility that comes with such a turn in life. Who knows. On February 21, 2001 I became the father to a 10 pound 4 oz boy named Henry Lee. That day changed my life forever. And I have never looked back. The very second I saw his face once he entered the world my first thought was 'Alright, it's time to get on with life. It's just become even more interesting.' He's great. I love this kid to no end. He wakes up every morning with a smile, and the energy to take on the day full stop, and is always full of laughter. Welly from *Four Letter Word* and *Artcore* 'zine, who is father to two

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told me before the birth of my son that one of the greatest things about being a parent is that you rediscover the world. Henry has mastered the art of laying on the ground and looking up at the sky in the park, taught his mom and I to awe the passing cement mixers, buses, and fire trucks, and to follow the cycles of the moon so we can view it at nights. On the punk side of things, he's reignited my appreciation of Japanese and Scandinavian hardcore. He loves music that has a big drum sound and is heavy and fast. He plays a mean set of air drums to Discharge, as well as can do a great dance for bands like Crudos, Harum-Scarum, and Void. And asks for more between songs on the Voorhees discography CD.

It's impossible not to be jaded to a degree. How can anyone not be? It happens with age and experience. The trick is to not let it get the best of you. As I said earlier, you just have to ignore what everyone else is doing or saying, and do your own thing. Sounds simplistic, but it's the truth. The best advice I can give you is to not get too entrenched in punk. Keep the gossip and all other negative elements that come into play at arm's length. I had my fair share of that shit when I lived in San Francisco in the early '90s. It's a waste of energy that could be put to better use, such as creating something. Anything. The best punk scene and the best that punk can be is your version of punk. I think the one thing that has kept me from burning out entirely is that unlike many of my friends from the past, I never for once believed that punk would change the world. I grew up in a part of the US that, at the time, punk was something that was met with ridicule, or a violent reaction. To even look remotely punk invited an ass kicking, and verbal harassment. Walking down the street with a shaved head and flannel was asking for trouble. Assholes in Camaro's would drive by and whip a large cup of soda, or a bottle at you and yell, "Get a haircut faggot!!" I knew those motherfuckers would never change, no matter how great a song Minor Threat or MDC wrote. I didn't want to change the world. I wanted to destroy it. At 33 I still want to destroy the mainstream. I hear the conversations of the shallow soulless fuckers prattling on their cell phones, see the billboards for their TV shows, watch how they measure economic status in the size of their SUVs, and it all needs to be burnt to the ground with the ashes scattered to the four corners. That's what keeps me in punk.

Anyone out there fans of "bad cinema"? What some deem as "drive in fare," or "B-movies"? Films like *The Burning* with minor roles from Jason Alexander (George on "Seinfeld"), and Holly Hunter, or *Never Too Young To Die* with John Stamos and Gene Simmons as the hermaphrodite villain. If you're as addicted to these cinematic masterpieces as I am, get in touch, and send me a list of your recommendations.

The latest Amdi Petersens Arme EP on Havoc is easily the best record of the year.

—Matt Average/PO Box 64666/Los Angeles, CA 90064; engine98@earthlink.net

Felix Havoc

Punks over 30. I remember when MRR did their Punks Over 30 issue (Issue 110, July 1992, ten years ago this month actually) I was only 23 but figured one day I'd be interviewed for such an issue because I knew I was in it for life just like on the cover of the Extreme Noise Terror/Filthkick LP I was blasting. Here it is 10 years later and at 33 I finally get to prove that I was not a poseur and did make it over 30 and I'm still punk. Being the smug fucker I am I will haughtily declare that I will be in the upcoming Punks Over 40 issue in ten years or you can call me a poseur. Here then are some thoughts on being a punk over 30.

First off, 33 isn't that old, in the big picture of things. To people in the real world I'm still young. I went to get a battery the other day and got called "kiddo" by the lady who rang me up. I don't have gray hair, a bald spot, glasses, a cane, or any of that stuff and I still mosh it up in the pit. But in the punk scene 33 is like ancient. I remember not too long ago a letter urging *HeartattaCk* to get rid of "that old fossil Felix Havoc." As a die hard participant in a youth movement I adjust pretty well to being the only person my age around. Here in Minneapolis in the crust and punk scene there are a lot of people over 30, at least 100 that I know and interact with regularly. But in the hardcore scene there are only a few and most of the older people don't go out to shows much. So I am usually the one old guy at a show with mostly kids ages 16-21. Both here and on tour I frequently realize I'm at least ten years older than everyone at the show. This doesn't really bother me, but it does creep me out a little bit.

There is a part in *Spinal Tap* where the interviewer asks the band if they feel that music keeps them in arrested state of development. I don't think I'm stuck in my teens or anything. I have most of the adult stuff, I own a home, own a business, a car, a cell phone, I have insurance, a retirement plan, a college degree—really square boring stuff that seemed so stupid when I was younger but I realized probably wasn't such a bad idea later on. But most of this stuff doesn't mean much to me. All I really care about is punk music and records. When it comes to this stuff, I am just like I was when I was a kid. I get over enthusiastic about the new Limp Wrist or Tear it Up record, sing along and finger point in my car, etc. The high points of my week are doing my radio show, working at the record store and working door or sound at shows. I really enjoy being one of the "behind the scenes" people in the music scene. I put most of my free time and money into putting out records, helping bands tour, setting up shows, buying, selling and trading records and generally trying to keep the scene alive. Hardcore punk is the only thing in my life that is real, that has meaning substance, purpose, the only thing worth living for or fighting for. I am 100% dedicated to hardcore. And because of this, I will stay young until I die.

I sometimes look at old pictures of shows and wonder about all those other kids at the shows and where

THIRTY YEARS

they are now, what didn't punk do for them that it does for me? How could they be a part of something so rad and then leave it behind? What made them want to drop out and move on? Can I track them down and buy all their old records?

Here are some of the changes I've noticed since I started thinking about this column. I used to be very political and very militant. I was a typical "angry young man" I wanted the revolution and I wanted it yesterday! I was all about the working class rising up and overthrowing the fucking system. I still feel that way I guess, but years of experience in the real world have made me extremely cynical. I can't take any display of righteous activism at face value without looking for a hidden motive. I distrust political parties and activists and their groups almost as much as I distrust the system. I tire quickly of the zealots and slogan chanters who I know will grow out of their activist phase before I can finish reading their manifestoes. I don't like cops, the system, the government, corporations, etc., but I also have a hard time seeing eye to eye with liberals, activists, student radicals, etc. I constantly ask myself, "What's in it for these guys?" and imagine myself living under a government run by said group and quickly get cold feet. Don't get me wrong, I think the system is fucked up and needs to change. But all the proposed alternatives look pretty undesirable as well. After my disillusionment and burn out from working at the EMMA anarchist center in Minneapolis in the early '90s I made a conscious decision to give up on activist work and concentrate on what I knew best, hardcore punk rock! Sue me, call me a cop out, whatever, but in the world of punk I think I know what I'm doing and I'd like to think after 19 years involvement I've made a contribution. Shit talkers and backstabbers can form a line to the right, but at least I'm fucking trying.

I often am reminded that I came into punk from different origins than most punks today. When I was a junior high school kid I was into AC DC, Judas Priest, Sabbath, etc. Metallica wasn't out yet, much less on the radio. There was no punk on the radio, no cable in my area to see punk or new wave bands on MTV, no internet. My only exposure to punk before meeting other punks was through *Creem Magazine*. When I did get into hardcore I discovered MRR, tape trading, and college radio (WMUC, College Park!) and a new world opened up to me. But being a suburban punk kid in '1983 was not cool in any way. We were outcasts, and misfits constantly harassed by police, jocks, preppies, grits, rednecks, gang bangers and every other element of society. When we went to shows we were hassled by bouncers and skinheads. Having charged hair and a nose ring meant you were from fucking Mars and people wanted to tell you, all day, every day. Now with punk-lite on MTV and stuff I'm sure you have to get pretty radical or be in a really small town to elicit those sorts of reactions. A lot of kids today don't understand my "us against them" mentality forged in the persecution of the early '80s. I am so willing to fight and ready to back up other punks against the outside world. Conversely, I get really disgusted when punks fight each other. I always

thought there was so much in the world to fight without rival punk gangs fighting each other. I took a lot of that unity stuff bands sang about seriously because I wanted to believe that we would stick together against society's attempts to stamp us out. Instead society figured out a way to make punk trendy and market it to the same fuckers who were beating us up a few years ago. This is still really hard for me to swallow and one of the reasons I have a tough time with Jock hardcore and preppy looking kids at shows.

I also have this musical history that few kids share. I saw legendary bands like Reagan Youth, Antidote, Hüsker Dü, Void, Black Flag, Youth of Today, The Clash, etc., and also saw lots of bands like Dead Kennedys, COC, DRI, MDC, the Circle Jerks, Seven Seconds, Bad Brains, Suicidal Tendencies, etc. WHEN THEY WERE GOOD. It always blows my mind when people are like, "Yeah I saw the Circle Jerks in '94 they were great" and I'm like, "Fuck that show was terrible, you should have seen them in '84!" To this day two of the biggest regrets of my life are not going to the Minor Threat, Big Boys show and hanging around outside during Negative Approach's set. How could I be so young and dumb! Well, because back then those bands weren't legendary, just normal bands and I figured I'd see them again. I still trip out when kids at shows are like, "Yeah my first show was Blink in '98" like that's supposed to be old school or something. I just bite my lip and nod. That said, being involved with punk means working with a lot of kids who were born about the time I was dropping out of high school and I get along with them just fine. I just have to remind myself that they don't have the musical experiences and familiarity with different bands that I have amassed.

OK here's a part sure to get me banned from *HeartattaCk*, sex and relationships. There is a critical shortage of cool single punk women over 30. Most of the rad punk women my age are married or have a totally different lifestyle than me. This means I mostly date women who are younger than me. I did a quick statistical survey and found that the women I've dated in the last five years averaged 8 years younger than me. It seems that a lot of women fall for this sort of "real world" crisis in their late 20s and abandon punk. Obviously lots of men do too, but I think a slightly smaller percentage. I'd say something like 5% of the punk scene is over 30 but of that 5% less than one tenth are single females. This is slim pickings for a bachelor like myself, so I spend a lot of time alone with my record collection, and I date younger women. This doesn't bother me now, but it could get kind of creepy when I get older. I do feel pretty guilty sometimes checking out hot punk girls at shows and realizing they are probably close to half my age. Since all I care about is punk rock, I'm totally not interested in getting married or having kids or filing jointly or any of that. This means my dating habits are probably stuck in an arrested state of development, but this I will live with.

People used to always accuse me of being stuck in the '80s. Don't get me wrong, I love the '80s hardcore bands like nothing else, but I'm totally committed to hardcore today. I

am one of the biggest boosters of bands like DS 13, Tear It Up, Nine Shocks Terror, Limp Wrist, etc. I am always there to support new bands and still buy about 20 records a week, every week to stay on top of new stuff. Shit was cool back in the day, but hardcore is happening now and we are all a part of it. I'm just another one of the kids working to make it happen. Young Til I Die, True Til Death.

Toxik

When I saw "punks over 30" as the main theme for this issue, I immediately thought about the problems that we have to face connected to this here in Hungary, Europe.

First of all, the punk movement in Hungary started in the early '80s when a lot of discontent youth decided to express all the frustration they felt under the so-called communist oppression. Those times were full of tension because of critical movements inside the eastern bloc, for instance Solidarnosc from Poland, etc. Soon a lot of kids joined, and around '82-'83 a serious crowd seemed to stand behind the word "punk." Of course the police was aware of the newborn movement (which was not that conscious in the beginning), and 1983 some members of CPG (Come On Punk Group) have been jailed for years. This couldn't prevent the rest to continue, although there were more cases similar to CPG's, people got beaten and arrested quite frequently. Parallel to this, punk became a fertile ground for all those who thought things could work otherwise. Many, many young people started from punk who later became the ones changing the system or going into another musical direction with the same message (Korai Öröm, an atmospheric band for example, or Trottel, the same way). The ones who stayed in the "scene" are now handled as outsiders. And if you want to understand this strange situation, you have to take a closer look.

There was a generation change in the early '90s when punk and hardcore became slowly divided. "Punks" and "hc kids" went separate ways after a while, there was almost no communication for years. After more times closing and reforming the once famous Fekete Yuk (Black Hole Club), there was no space to gather, no forum to exchange music and ideas. A lot of the older generation died for different causes, some left to live in Western Europe, and the rest just gave up, getting disappointed. New venues like Total Car came into sight, and these clubs supported more trendy stuff under the label "hardcore," so newcomers had the opportunity to learn biohazard and R.A.T.M. as hc. Punk has been reduced to the level of NOFX and the like, signed by bands like Aurora (they started in the '80s but in the '90s they became totally shit), Hétköznapi Csalódások (a band using the @ sign but with retro-communist ideas!) and others. The new generation of hardcore discovered then NYHC and tried to be as "oldschool" as possible. This time the hc scene started growing quite fast, but still torn apart from punk, and this fact made both scene one-dimensional and pointless. Nowadays we have a few bands consisting of old

AND COUNTING

punks and a lot of trendy U.S.-style bands. These include everything from youth crew to Trustkill-style emometal. They have only one thing in common: they forgot the roots of Hungarian hardcore, bands like AMD (Antimilitary Demonstration), Leukémia, Marina Revue, Új élet, Psycho. The new generation doesn't care about the old and vice versa, this is what we have right now.

Of course this all does not mean that the older punks would starve: most of them have their job that are not that usual either. They just learned to keep their thoughts on the musical products and the artistic efforts rather than to preach to anybody. Why would they? The new generation even haven't learned to shout out an opinion if they ever have an own opinion. How could they continue that spirit, if they haven't seen what punk meant before...? How could they conceive anything what happened here not so long ago if they don't see such shit around their western idols? OK, enough cried. I just would like to talk about generation problems and the opportunities of older punks who are not like the exploited, I mean, not that fake kind of persons... anyone feel free to write me.

Tóth "Toxik" András/Nonkonformist radical rock & roll 'zine/1476 Budapest, PF 113/ Hungary/Europe; nonkonformist@ak47.hu; (personal) 1984@theend.hu

Nate Wilson

So Leslie, Kent, and Lisa have finally done an issue based on old age. I've been waiting to read and contribute to this topic forever, as I've been old in the hardcore punk scene forever now. It's funny cos I don't feel 35. I don't have a "regular" job, I'm not married, I don't own a house, I still play in like 3 bands (The Oath, Deathsquad, To Hell and Back), I do a record label (Gloom) that most people my age in the "real world" would consider a joke, I travel and tour ridiculously (still sleeping on people's floors and couches). I would have never thought that 17 years after discovering punk rock, that I would still be motivated by it, and engulfed in it more then I was when I was 17 or 18. Granted it is harder for me to relate to some of the kids who are completely submersed in the politics and activism that are so heavily influencing the growing hc/punk scene these days. Shit, sometimes I find myself relating more to a kid's parent who might be dropping off or picking up their kid at an hardcore/punk show. Sometimes these kids parents have much more "real" problems that I can relate to. This won't stop me from trying to understand and love this youth culture that I grew up loving and relating to. It got me through the worst possible times of my life. It was there when no one else was. Most of my friends have already moved ahead, and are living to them what seem like "normal lives." Whenever I run into old friends I start to get paranoid when telling them what I'm up to. I assume they are judging me, wondering why I'm still involved in something so youth driven. I can't really usually explain to them why it is that

I am, all I can really say is that it helps me

stay young, and it helps me to feel good in this life. I love doing my label and giving kids a chance to have their noise heard.

I do know this, at 35 years old, if I would die tomorrow, I've almost done everything I've ever dreamed of. That's something I don't think most people my age can say. I embrace old age, and love getting older these days. I'm starting to love my gray, balding hair, the wrinkles under my eyes, and the age spots that attack my hands. I can't imagine growing up in this day and age... I couldn't do it. Give me the '70s and '80s, those were good times to grow up in. I know that I could never deal with growing older in such a youth driven scene if it weren't for other older punks who I've looked to in order to continue growing in this scene. people like Matt average, Kent, Marcel Coalition, Erica Boy, Neil Tribal War, Chris Dodge, Ken Sanderson, Bob Suren, Christine Boarts, Ken Sound Pollution, Ronald A., Erba, Jeff Six Weeks, Larry Don Austin, Mark Telfian, Devon Cahill, Ben Barnett, Bob Dropdead, Tom Hopkins, Jim Macnaughton, Pat West, Al Quint, Kenji, Matt Summers, and so many more people who are over 30. I hope I'm here when I'm 50... I won't let the new greenhorns drive me out!

There has been some major shit talking by Matt Average about the East Coast lately... I don't think he gets it. We are the scene! Try to name ten GOOD bands from the left coast mother fucker. It won't happen, because that scene has been sucked dry by all the leeches and parasites amongst them. He he he... send your demos if you think it's good enough.

Nate Wilson/Gloom Records/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212; cryptocomx@aol.com

Steve Snyder

Life is work in progress. The work continues without beginning and without end. Each living thing conscious or not will take it's turn in the cosmos. Galaxies, planets, mountains, rivers, plants, and animals will form communities that interact, sustaining, changing, and destroying one another as balances shift and adjust. Our nature refuses a status quo, refuses stagnation. Such things cannot exist when change is the definition of life.

Our nature guarantees endless variations of everything. Our nature guarantees that no matter what befalls individual things, everything will continue. When facing the edge of the ocean the waves cannot be ignored. The rise, approach, and crash on the beach relentlessly. They always have and always will. Each wave is distinct, an individual expression of the ocean but all waves are the ocean. Their variation is endless but not without definition.

Waves follow particular constants based on the nature of the ocean and the interactions it maintains with all of the cosmos. That observation is the basis of knowledge. We examine different things and determine their relationship to each other and to a whole that creates them. Waves rise to a crest and drop to a trough. The tides flood and ebb. The moon waxes and wanes. The planets travel their orbits and

the infinite cycles of our nature continue creating weather, producing food, creating warmth, and so on.

We cannot know our future. Change has no use for predetermination as every individual action alters nature producing more actions. No plants grow exactly alike but plants of the same species grow similar enough that we can learn from them through observations of their interactions and interdependencies. Plants borrow from the earth and collect from the sun enough water, minerals, and energy to grow thousands and millions of times the size of a seed. Many willingly share their fruits or bodies with whoever needs sustenance. Salmon hatch at the tips of watersheds, grow in tidal lagoons, mature in the ocean, and bring their mineral rich bodies back to the plants and animals deep in the ancient forests. The trees stabilize the soil and shade the creeks keeping water cool and flowing clear. Millions of generations of salmon bodies provide rich soil for the trees. We can learn much from these cycles of recognizing relationships with cycles of our lives. Humans are change and our nature is to observe and evaluate change, creating knowledge of life that will be helpful to others whenever they call upon it.

Knowledge is joy and expressions of knowledge are expression of joy. Humans are joyful creatures and the greater our knowledge the more joy we will have. Knowledge is also responsibility. Observation of change provides knowledge of consequences. Changes by humans have consequences for humans and many more living things. When a garden is planted most seeds will produce plants which will provide food for the gardener. Human created gardens often introduce species into places they have not always been. Through responsible care the gardener receives the bounty of the plants which also provide place and food for insects, birds, reptiles, and other mammals. The birds keep insect populations in balance but gophers eat the roots of many plants. The garden itself displaces most of the plants native to the location. Many garden species require more and different minerals in the soil and far more water than plants native to the location. What do we do about gophers? Where will we find extra water and minerals? Will the native plant community, it's affiliated species, cycles, and accumulated knowledge be lost. We must create knowledge of the consequences human communities create. Every community or species lost removes it's knowledge and potential for change from our nature.

Time created by humans is a tool for observing and measuring change at a scale comparable to change observed in our bodies. Our bodies are nature. We collect time as we collect knowledge, a joyful activity. In our world of infinite change time also becomes infinite. Each human gets their time and we each create our own changes whether we are aware or not. All human changes combine to create our time. Our future is created by ourselves. Every action will in some way, small or large, contribute to our future and the future of all life. This knowledge brings great responsibility to species that create planetary scale changes to our nature and can readily adapt to most or all of those changes. Nature is infinitely adaptable and

THIRTY YEARS

will continue with or without individual species and their communities. So what time is it? It is time to pay attention to our lives and understand that we are creating a world very different from the world we know and future generations of all species will have to live in it. Will they approve of our lives or will those that survive know us as destroyers of life. Will humans live our future days as a short sighted failed species with a tenuous grasp on life? Only if we choose to create that future. I believe some of our species wish to control nature for their personal benefit. These persons wish to construct life, own and exploit everything that is of our planet, and determine the future for each human. These persons have succeeded only in changing nature enough that our planet will no longer sustain it's human population. Diseases, swift changes in climates and oceans, and human brutality over "resources," "territory," and "ideological supremacy" are some of the consequences. We can single out a few villains for opprobrium and ignominy but the future is determined by all of our actions combined. We are all responsible for the actions of our lives.

I believe we live at the end of the Holy American Empire. Those who rule it share nothing with us. Their only power is what they steal from us. They deserve nothing but our contempt and relentless derision. We must call them by their true names: Haters of Life, Masters of Stagnation, Persons Without Nature. Remember, nothing seems more powerful than an empire on the morning of its collapse. As it falls we are creating a new human world. Hopefully we have enough knowledge to place it within the cycles and communities of our nature rather than struggling to dominate and control them. That is our work.

As I write this I am thirty eight years seven months alive. I have collected more time than some and less time than many. I could not be happier about that accomplishment. I have collected knowledge with that time and try to write down these things that stand out as important to me. One striking beauty of collecting time is knowing that everything I write is just my variation on knowledge and my variation is in harmony with many more. And we are change.

Peace, love, and respect to all who read what I write.

Gordon Lamb

When I saw the announcement in the front of HaC #33 about a "Punks Over 30" issue I remembered that MRR had done a big issue on the same subject several years ago when I was in my early 20's. It never occurred to me that I might someday be writing a column on the same topic but with myself as the subject.

Is it really significant to be a 'punk' over 30? Not really. Eventually you get to a point where you don't have anything to prove to anyone but yourself. I know plenty of people that have dropped out of hardcore and punk but they went on and did other things with their lives. You can't call this 'giving up' or 'selling out.' People find happiness in all sorts of things. Most of the scene kids I know today won't be around in 5-10 years. Hopefully they will have found other things to

be passionate about and that are just as fulfilling.

It's true, though, that one of the main reasons I am still involved in the scene is that it IS so youth oriented. Young people have a passion and curiosity that so many people lose over time. The excitement at shows is tangible and emotional. I love the rush that comes from seeing a band 2 feet in front of me and being surrounded by friends rocking out. This may seem trite to attribute such grandeur to a house show, but it's the truth nonetheless.

Even though I find myself agreeing less and less with typical hardcore and punk politics I am inspired by the conviction of the people that hold them. There is no crime in being wrong. The crime is when you are so beholden to your views that you can't see someone else's point of view. Older people in the scene really should listen more and realize that the same voices they are disagreeing with are their own from 10 years earlier.

The worst thing anyone that's been around for awhile can do is go on and on about how things were 'different' in the 1980s or early '90s. Bullshit. It was the same but with different band and different issues in vogue. People still wore 'punk rock' costumes and still hated the president.

I guess I could go on and on about how I've grown and seen so many things change since I went to my first show back in 1985, but that's a tale for a fireside chat many, many years from now.

Final thoughts: Listen more, judge less. Don't give into cynicism. You're only as old as you think. Be curious. Be creative. Keep loving, keep fighting.

Gordon Lamb/PO Box 1101/Athens, GA 30603; ultramod2000@hotmail.com

Dan Fontaine

A couple of years ago, a friend by the name of Adam Brandt decided that he wasn't going to let the fact that he was not in a band keep him from going on a summer tour. He and some others procured an RV, and improvised a few songs for which the primary instruments were empty five-gallon water bottles. Nothing was booked, they just intended to freelance their way around, and they were calling it the Positive Summer Tour. They collected some shirts from the free box and silk-screened them with a blurb that I believe Adam wrote:

"I will live my life, not watch it or wish for it. I will unpack my heart and soul, and cry and hug and laugh, because isolation is no way to spend the next 40 or 60 or 10 years, and the next 40 or 60 or 10 years are more than adulthood, more than a permanent vacation from conscience, they are my life. I will wake up each day in full realization of the possibilities contained in the next 24 hours, because the next 24 hours are more than a day, and today is more than a day. Today is an opportunity for creation, learning, and loving. Today is my life."

I liked it when I first read it, and my appreciation has slowly grown over the years. A couple parts particularly speak to me. The opening, for me, is about staying sensitive. The way I currently see it, as young children, we all

start off as sensitive beings. Initially, all you can do is feel things, and you feel everything. In anyone's life, there's a fair amount of bad stuff, and you progressively learn to desensitize yourself to things. I think this process results in what is considered a "well adjusted" person, but I'm afraid desensitization is never entirely selective. Numbness spills over and dulls everything to some degree. Closing yourself off to painful feelings runs the risk of closing yourself off to people. And unfortunately, closing yourself off to people leads to isolation.

However a person gets there, isolation is a bad place to be. Whether motivated by emotional safety or the result of alienation, isolation ends up being a vulnerable place because you no longer have the support of others. The decisions I've made from this place have been selfish and have always taken me in the opposite direction of where I've wanted to go. Conversely, even though building a foundation of community (or solidarity, or what have you) takes some real effort, it is a very supportive place from which to operate. And so it is with this mindset that I'm making decisions at the age of thirty.

In the context of hardcore, this process is not always obvious or trivial. In the beginning, when I was younger, it was pretty easy. I had a lot of peers going through similar things in their life and I could consult and learn from them. Plus, the music and ideas were mostly new and interesting to me. As I've gotten older, both of these factors have faded. Lots of people drop out as they get older, and there are less people to relate to as new things come up in my life to deal with. Supporting myself, health issues, aging parents, having children. And as for music, my taste has become more particular, just like most things often do with increased exposure. A lot of stuff starts to sound the same, because much of it basically is. When you start to feel like you've heard it all before, cynicism becomes very tempting, and when the faces around you no longer look familiar, it can feel alienating.

Alongside these challenges, I have noticed several positive aspects to growing older as well. First of all, as the number of elders that I look up to diminishes, the remaining ones have become much more important to me. Those people in my life don't usually come to me for any kind of interaction, but I go out of my way to stay in touch with them, because their experience is very valuable to me. Conversely, I have also found myself learning more and more from people younger than me. Cynicism and isolation have less of a hold on many of them, and their perspective is generally fresher for it. I have been reminded of many things I've forgotten, and realized several things that needed to unlearn. Finally, the last part of growing older that I enjoy, but still haven't gotten used to, is being somebody that others look up to. It's been an odd feeling. It does make me nervous when I feel like I have to live up to their perspective of me, but ultimately I like to pass on to others anything that might be a benefit to them, and it feels good when people acknowledge that. Sometimes it feels like I'm pioneering my way through adulthood, and when I look at it that way, I feel fairly confident I'll find a course that remains positive and sensitive.

Dan Fontaine/430 Whitman St. #42/Goleta, CA 93117

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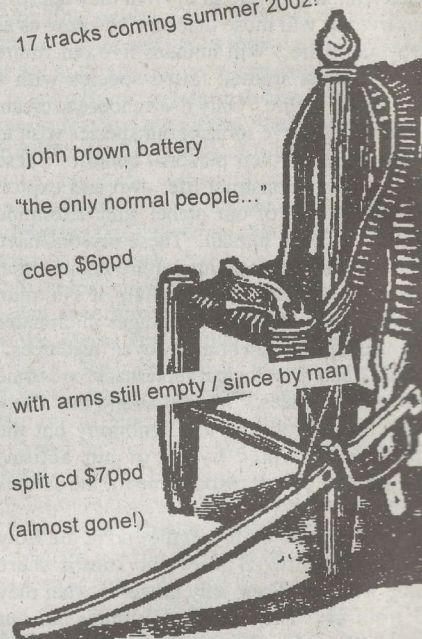
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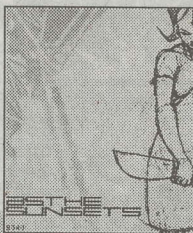
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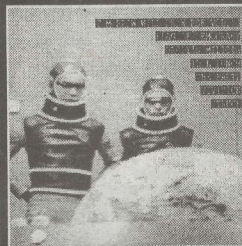
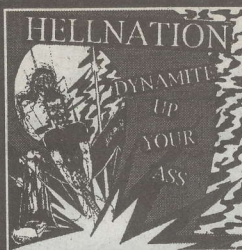
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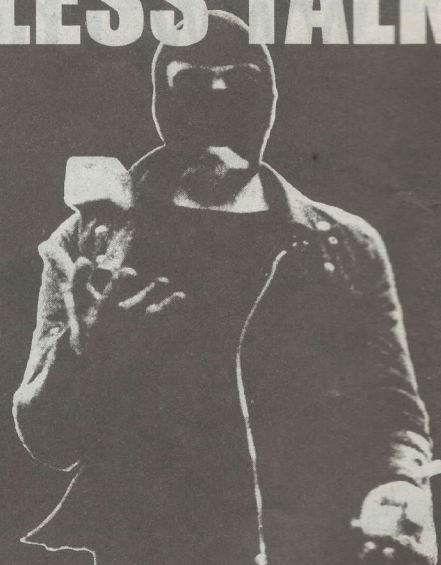


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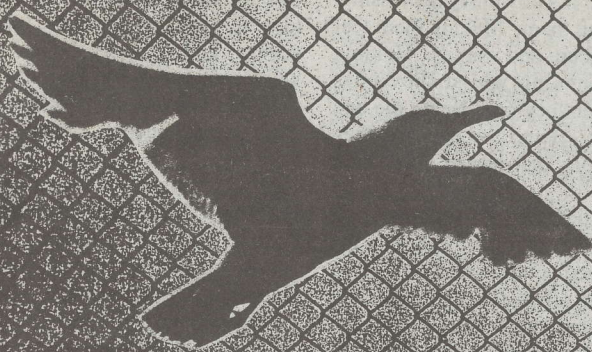
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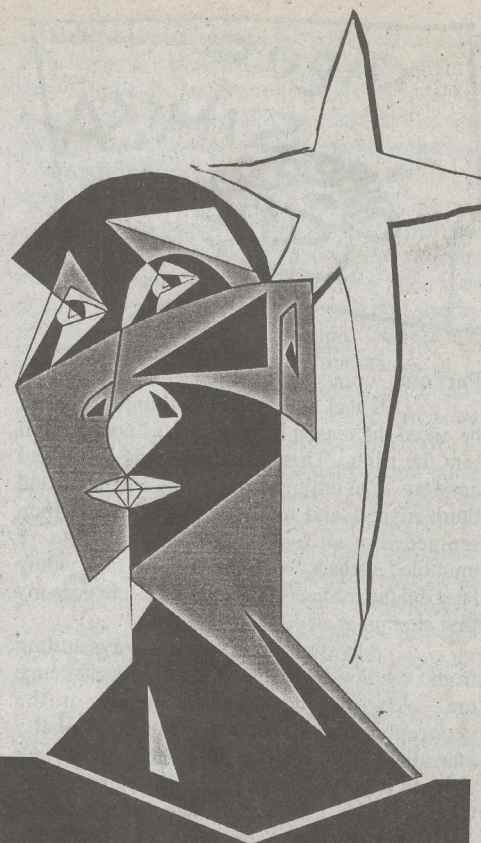
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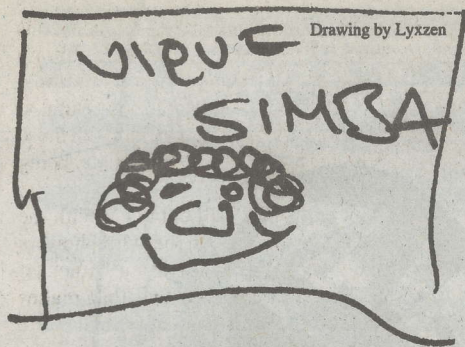
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Part one

'I had a hard day' I whimpered when he asked the reason for my tears. I couldn't tell him the truth. That would presume that I had answers. I'm only just beginning to understand them myself and to communicate them then seemed like an overwhelming challenge. I mumbled excuses for the tears at the time. Only later did the reasons become clear. Here goes my first attempt at an explanation.

Always running and always hiding from a relationship that would actually challenge me. Always choosing the needy or the geographically disparate or the emotionally unavailable or the young. Preferably all four. Or even, in several circumstances, the pathological. Can't possibly choose someone close by, sane, stable and balanced. They always fall into the category 'dull' or 'boring' and don't hold my attention.

When he put his arms around me from behind and held me tightly to his chest [spoons the scary way round] of course I cried. I was on the verge already, teary in the darkness, and this just exacerbated the situation. And of course I couldn't tell him why. I can't tell him "You make me feel safe, and that's the scariest thing in the whole wide world." I strive to be the safety and the warmth—to make them feel that way, so that I don't have to. Mutual safety—spoons that go both ways—can't have that. I could have it, but I choose to avoid it. That would be scary. That would be someone that I would want to be with for always. I'd have to trust them that they'd stick around past three years. I'd have to trust him that he'd love me for always and not just whilst convenient.

I think I might have fallen for this boy. I think I'd like to pursue a relationship with him. And he's only one of the four—the geographical problem. That's the least of the issues. Really. If there had to be one of those things, that should be the only one that can be worked with, right? He's not weak and he's not crazy and he seems to set good boundaries and be stable and sane. And I think I might have fallen for him.

But he's sane and stable enough not to want to be with me because I live three thousand miles away. And that's terrible. Maybe I need someone who's just a little bit crazy if they are the other side of the country. A tiny bit crazy—enough to want to take chances and enough to want to follow their heart instead of their head.

After the tears dissipated we ended up having sex. This should never have happened. Now I know what I am missing and it hurts all the more. If I'm to have a boyfriend then I want it to be one that I can work at being with for always. And this one could be a contender. The

most likely candidate that I've met in a while. Only it doesn't seem like I fall into a similar category in his world. It's obviously depressing.

Arms around them. Making them feel loved and safe and secure and wanted. Holding them tightly and listening whilst they talk. Comforting them when they cry. Being the one that holds it together. Being the one that they lean on. Being the one that makes everything better.

It's very different to leaning. To pouring out my heart and opening the door to the chance of being scorned or left or let down. That vulnerability can't be allowed until trust is so firmly established that these things aren't a possibility. So to allow myself to be held in that manner scares me. If I felt safe who knows what might slip out? There's too much kept inside. Open that door and it'll open the floodgates. Best not to allow myself to be with someone who listens, who holds, who comforts, who understands. Best not to be with someone who might give me those things and then take them away again leaving me sadder than before.

But I didn't have time to know what to do with him. I just had a sample, a taster, a glimpse into a place I've rarely gone before. And it reminds me of why I never go there. And makes me feel like sometime I could go there, with the right person. And that when I do it will be truly amazing. Because spoons that way round are a wonderful, wonderful thing. But only when voluntarily given. And can only really be coped with when not just for one night.

Laying in his arms, crying, in the small hours of the morning, in his bed. His chest felt like it was pouring warmth into my back in a way I've not felt in a long time, in a physical way. My back is always cold. The sadder I am, or the scarer I am, the colder it gets. I may have only laid there feeling that warmth for twenty minutes that night. But it's branded in my memory for always. I've rarely ever accepted that physical warmth from a boy before. I think that says a lot for how far I've come.

There's a whole lot of cold back memories with my ex-husband David. With it being so cold I was almost in tears. Him rubbing it constantly in an attempt to warm me. Him ending the relationship two days later. My back knowing before the rest of me. But, seriously, who gives a shit? I'm so past that. It's just a point of reference. A way of comparing the bad with the good. A way of knowing what partly not to look for and a way of knowing when something feels right.

When I look for my next boyfriend the quality that will be top of the list is that they must spoon both ways. The crazier the boy the more unable they are to spoon that way round. They must be so many of the things that this new man is. They must be smart and funny and beautiful and considerate and curious and interesting. They must communicate openly and warmly and listen intently and responsively. They must fight with me about things that don't matter. Yet kiss me like it's the only thing in the world that does.

And this man gives me faith that there's someone out there. I just have to get past this feeling right now, of it seeming like he's the only one. Simultaneously he gives me the knowledge that ideal men exist and a renewed optimism in

the world of dating with the feeling of sadness that he can't be the one I'm with. But I'll get over the latter and at least I'll have this newfound idea of what I'm searching for, what I refuse to accept, and the way I want to interact with whomever I chose to be with. There will be a time that I have spoons both ways. Let's raise a glass to that concept. Cheers.

Part two

Trying not to be crazy about someone is so hard. Attempting to break old habits and change ways of thinking. Sick of the same patterns and the same hurdles and the same hurts. Determined that this time it will be different. That all future times will be different.

So, I haven't rung him or written to him or sent him mix-CDs or poured out my heart via any means possible. I've talked to friends, written things only my computer knows of, and kept it all under check. And Daisy's watching every move making sure I do.

It would be so easy to be the Vique Simba of old and switch gears instantaneously, jumping in feet first, and following my heart. But how many times must one be burnt before one learns? Not necessarily not to take the leap, but at the very least to look first. I don't want to lose my passion, my spontaneity or my way of living life to the fullest. But I do want to lose my inability to see red flags, to develop a little self-preservation and to think a little more long-term.

There's been so many times of repeating the mantra "I must not fall in love" and then ignoring it and going ahead regardless. And I have no regrets. But I can't get caught in the cycle again. Can't put myself through that again.

But of course, who's to say that this would be that same cycle? Who knows without trying, without taking a risk, without going down that path? Well, whilst I don't know that for sure, at least I can develop the ability to stop, pause, think, and assess the situation, without rushing ahead, gung-ho and fearless.

The checklist must be marked. Are they young, unstable, self-absorbed, closed, emotionally unavailable, secretive, shallow, dishonest or do they have serious pathological problems? If the answer is yes to more than one, then I will walk away. If the answer is no to all of them, then I'm doing better than ever before...

Two weeks ago I was all set. If he'd said the word I would have replied "Yes, I'll be your girlfriend," despite the fact the he lives far away, despite the fact that I don't know him very well, despite the fact that I don't think he can deal with how intense I am. Despite that I scare him.

The fortnight has allowed me the luxury of reflection. Yes he is really amazing. Yeah, I do think that I totally fell for him. But no, I don't think he's going to be my boyfriend. Partly because he doesn't want to be. Because if I read the paragraph above and think about him telling me how my intensity scares him, it saddens me, but I know he's at least honest.

There's also the knowledge that he's definitely not perfect. He isn't everything that I want in a man. There would be many times when our interests and opinions would be too different. He's definitely wonderful, but he's certainly not the one.

So, I think that in the two weeks since

sleeping with him it has been good to have abstained from communicating. I think that it gave me something I never normally give myself: time. For both thought and digestion. For realizations of how little I know him to be coupled with understanding that I need someone whom I don't scare.

And maybe if I'd behaved in my normal fashion I'd have swept him along and persuaded him that this is indeed okay, like I did that night two weeks ago. But his behaviour then, to some extent, and his behaviour since that night has illustrated that this man is not ready for me. I'm a lot to handle. I'm a complicated woman.

So, I'm going to be good. I'm going to be patient and calm, and keep the reigns in tight. If and when he's ever ready for me, he knows where I am. Yeah, he's wonderful, and he makes me feel a way that no-one ever has before. But that's because of the growth that's taken place within me during the last four months rather than him per se. More about my abilities to get something from relationships that I was never able to get before. And I found some of that with him, albeit for just one night.

And if nothing more happens between us, at least he gave me that. At least that night was a massive step for me. I gained from him what I have rejected time and time again from others. Gained from him what I have always run away. I lay in his bed and soaked it up. And feel warmed because of it.

The man is good for me. But I will repeat the mantra "I will not be in love" as it's possibly too late to talk about falling for him. But I can control it at this current level. I can take it for what it is, and for what I gained that night, what I've learnt since and what I continue to learn as I work through this shit.

And yeah, perhaps he's right to be scared. For one is only scared when something seems really powerful. And he could be so good for me that it's terrifying—that is true. But I'm at a time in my life where I'm okay with that. That's why I got what I did out of the time we spent together. If he's not able to take that chance, to make that leap of faith, and to chance things with me, that's his decision. I have no aim in mind of attempting to convince him otherwise. It would be nice, but a boyfriend must come willingly, or they're a hell of a lame boyfriend. This we have learnt by experience. Some things have actually sunk into that stubborn, stubborn head of mine.

And now it seems that a million things are following it. The ability to know when someone is a possibility for a boyfriend. The feeling that it wouldn't be scary to have a monogamous relationship. Well, it would be scary, but not impossibly so. The knowledge that if it were with someone like this man, then I'd be fine with it. That there are men out there that are possibly capable of fulfilling the dream... that's a weird thought... but one I'm adjusting to.

The fantasy gets out of control now and then. Thoughts of him reading this and realizing that I'm the best thing that's ever happened to him. That he understands that we would be really good together. That the fear that we both feel is the signal that it could actually be huge. That it's not a one-night stand. That we connect on some level that could easily be love. And the long-

lasting kind. That he says "To hell with the fear and the distance, because you're worth the risk."

But more likely would be that he'll be scared and find things too intense and that we'll have this fluctuating friendship fraught with sexual tension, whereby it's all up to him when and where we sleep with each other b/c I'm so smitten and he's so scared.

And that pattern [something that's often occurred in the past] won't be repeated. I won't put myself through that either. He stirs up too many complex emotions within me to allow myself to suffer that taste of honey. So I'll be strong and I'll set up boundaries and I'll deal with things as they occur. But always with the hope that sometime we'll be in the same place—both geographically and emotionally—and we'll be together. Because the way he made me feel... it's not something that's easy to do... and it's not something that I've felt in a long time. I'd like to feel like that some more. I'd like to be with him some more. I'd like to see where this path, taken with care and caution, could lead us. I think it has distinct potential. I just hope he realizes that.

But regardless of this man's realizations or abilities it's definitely wonderful that this happened. Have you noticed that this is about a man, not a boy? There's a first. I'm finally getting past being attracted to the bad guys. To those who seem intriguing and fascinating and complicated are at last seen in their true colours of manipulating, needy, weak and unworthy of my love. They're the ones that suck the life out of me and take, take, take, and leave me wondering what went wrong. No more. Never again.

No more boys. Just men. Probably not this man, but that's okay. At least I learnt and grew and loved. One more chapter in my life. And no matter how many more chapters with this man I'd like, that seems to be up to him. I know he thinks I'm amazing but I know he's scared. So, we'll hold our thumbs and hug Bob the bear and think nice thoughts. Maybe he'll realize that women like me are few and far between. Maybe he'll know that the connection that we have, and that night we spent together, they don't come along very often. Maybe.

Part three

There's someone else in my life who doesn't fit the pattern. He may be young and he may be far away, but he's different to all the rest. Or maybe it's just my reaction to him that is different from the past. I was trying to explain it to him last night and in searching for the words I realized the changes in me.

My sister once asked me when I was going to allow myself to be loved by someone who was good to me. *Consistently*. I always rationalize others' behaviour, either by their explanations or through my knowledge and understanding of their issues. It's okay that they didn't do blah blah, because they are messed up about it because of x, y or z. I swallow the disappointment, explain it in a way that makes it seem unreasonable for me to expect any more, and either lower my expectations or standards. When you do this enough you end up thinking this is normal.

But the balance between wanting to take what they want to give rather than placing demands, and having certain needs in the way I

am treated, is hard to achieve. All I really need is to be treated with honesty and respect. I am a grown-up and I can take care of myself. I want to have no other demands or expectations. But that leads to sometimes surrounding myself with those I shower with love and care, and not actually being the recipient of it myself.

And perhaps it's all entwined with the above. That being with someone who showers me with love is a scary, scary thing. Lack of control, lack of me being the one that makes myself irreplaceable and needed. Rather the chance that they might become that to me.

Easier to surround myself with the self-absorbed or the selfish, as then I already have low expectations and can't be disappointed or let down. Easier indeed, but certainly not a good thing. But my growth is apparent as this boy I've become close with doesn't fit this pattern. He showers me with love. And I lay back and enjoy it. Maybe I can do this because he's young and he's far away, so it's less scary. Or maybe because we aren't dating, we're friends. But either way I think it's a huge step for me. I'm allowing myself to be loved, rather than doing the loving.

That's not to say that I don't have amazing friends that treat me like a queen, because I do. But this is somehow different. Last night I was trying to explain to him how I never snuggle like this with friends. Apart from ex-boyfriends I know of no-one in the last nine years that I sleep entwined with all night long. That we flip throughout the night from side to side, spooning one way and then the other, always moving around, readjusting and constantly receiving/giving warmth, security and comfort from/to each other. Whether I'm laying in the crook of his arm, held tightly against him, head on his chest, or curled tightly around his back, I feel content.

My back, when I'm with him and now that I've just left, is warmer than I can remember. He curled around me three days ago and I fought back the urge to try to describe to him what he gives me. Because I can't explain why or how this happened. But last night when I was trying to tell him why this isn't normal for me to do this with someone I'm not sleeping with [or an 'ex'] the only way I could explain it he couldn't understand. The feeling of being with someone and feeling like their physical affection is smothering. Feeling like it's just yucky and you can't breathe and it's kind of gross. It's usually okay for five minutes, or maybe one night. But it's not something like this.

I don't remember the last time I had a friendship like this. Where it's the unspoken rule that we go above and beyond the call of duty for each other whenever possible. That has been blunt and open since the beginning. That when he annoys me I actually tell him, rather than just taking it and swallowing it, and thinking less of him. That I care enough about to voice my let downs and express disappointments and he does all he can to fix them and always succeeds.

I'm done with disappointments I guess, that's something I think I worked through this year. Done with being angry and swallowing it. I express it so much better than before, and give the person a chance to make it better. And when they don't, I tell them that they haven't and give them another chance to do so. The more I do that, the more people surprise me.

This person is good to me. He tickles my back when we lay in bed. He tells me nice things and he makes me laugh. He reaches for my hand and holds it constantly when we walk along the street. My eyes well up with tears when he makes this gesture of warmth. Every time he does it he mends a little part of me that was broken every time someone else failed to do that. He makes me feel like it's possible to be close to someone who adores me and treats me well without feeling smothered. He gives me hope.



Since September 11, those on the right wing have leapt at every chance to promote their conservative agenda through legislation, browbeating and out-right witch hunts. Suddenly there is serious discussion about how best to form a domestic spy agency, how to utilize small tactical nuclear weapons, when we should preemptively attack other nations, and redefining when it is ok to lock up individuals and suspend their rights. These are the extreme examples, but there are many more conservative reactionaries with ideas on how to change our society to fit their vision. The queen of these reactionaries is Lynne Cheney, wife of Vice President Dick Cheney.

Lynne Cheney, former head of the National Endowment of the Humanities and current senior fellow at the right-wing American Enterprise Institute, fancies herself an expert on U.S. history and the acceptable beliefs and behaviors of true Americans. She wasted no time after 9/11 before leading the attack on anyone she deemed un-American. Cheney became a vocal founding member of the American Council of Trustees and Alumni (ACTA). This group issued a report in November of 2001 that singled out and denounced university professors who didn't live up to their standards of what a solid, U.S. citizen should be in these times of "war." The report condemned professors who criticized U.S. policies in the Middle East and reasoned that U.S. actions may have contributed to the hatred that spawned terrorist attacks. As ACTA reported, "College and university faculty have been the weak link in America's response to the attack."

The other day I had the chilling opportunity to hear a broadcast of Cheney speaking here in Minneapolis. Apparently, she has been so concerned that the proper patriotic fervor be embraced by America's children that she published a new book for children, *America: A Patriotic Primer*. This book contains such fabulous lessons as "F is for Freedom and the Flag we wave" and—believe it or not—"T is for Tolerance." No, I didn't make this up!

The most amazing portion of Lynne's speech cited the lives of a few individuals she has deemed true Americans who struggled to fight for what was right. Cheney's model Americans were Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Fredrick Douglass and Thomas Paine. I'd never deny their greatness or the importance of their contributions to our history. What astounds me is Cheney's incredibly

shallow and one-sided interpretation of their lives.

What Cheney's zeal for patriotic revisionism fails to illustrate is that the individuals she features fought from outside of mainstream society. They were radicals.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was one of the original feminist suffragettes, co-founding the first Women's Rights Conference in 1848, a time when mainstream America denounced the idea that women should have the right to vote, let alone be treated equal to men under the law. Stanton's radical views—from her advocacy of free love to the right of a woman to get a divorce—led more conservative members of the National Woman Suffrage Association to split off and start a new organization with positions that were more palatable to the public. The views held by Stanton wouldn't even sit well with many conservatives today, but surely they would have found her vocal advocacy of socialism most shocking of all.

Fredrick Douglass is a well known figure in American history for his fight to abolish slavery in America. Of course, his struggle to win freedom and equality for African Americans in the 1840s hardly found Douglas in agreement with most Americans at the time. Furthermore, his alliances with suffragettes and labor organizers certainly didn't win him favor with the powerful in the mid-nineteenth century.

Thomas Paine, is most recognized in U.S. history as author of *Common Sense*, his tract on the need for democracy in the American colonies. However, what Cheney fails to acknowledge is that Paine held beliefs that continually pushed him far outside of acceptable political discourse not just in America but in Europe as well. Expelled from England for his support of the French Revolution, and then jailed in France during the conservative backlash against that revolution, Paine was freed but never failed to speak out against the institutions in power. He later drew more disdain when he wrote *The Age of Reason*, criticizing religious institutions, and even more when he published his outline of a socialist welfare state, *Agrarian Justice* in 1797. Paine's denunciation of George Washington as a betrayer of the revolutionary cause further alienated him from society. When he died, Paine's body was refused burial in the local Quaker churchyard. Surely Thomas Paine was so radical as to be ostracized by the Lynne Cheneys of the his day.

Patriotic zealots love to trivialize and simplify history to help illustrate their own neat little version of U.S. history. Such revision is useful when attempting to intimidate modern day Thomas Paines or Elizabeth Cady Stantons. As James Löewen, author of *Lies My Teacher Told Me*, wrote in a book review of Cheney's *America: A Patriotic Primer*, "The real problem with Cheney's entire inclusionist approach: It leaves out conflict." The most significant changes in our history—the abolition of slavery, women's rights, the labor movement, the modern environmental movement, even the very revolution that started this country—came with struggle against the status quo. This struggle came from people who fought from the outside, despite the fact that their opinions and beliefs were unpopular—not unlike the very voices Lynne Cheney is so eager to silence today.

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Bryan Alft/Contrascience/PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408; balft@isd.net

Shittalking with OB

A continuing failure of American liberal, leftist, and anarchist activists is that these activists appear to be working on behalf of the disenfranchised, in paternalistic, caretaker, shut up cause we know what's best, manner. For me, this arrogance is a huge turn-off. And I am willing to bet that many other members of the working class feel the same way. In fact, in some cases I know this to be true. Some recent events (two of which I attended) clearly illuminate this conundrum.

One Friday I went to a screening of *60%: The Sentencing Policy of The War on Drugs and Their Effects on America*, sponsored by the Self Education Foundation. The reason I went to the event was that William Upski, the author of *No More Prisons* and *Bomb the Suburbs*, was to speak. Except Upski didn't really speak—instead he just rambled for about 10 minutes, seemingly appearing only to lend his celebrity to the event. Oh, and to ask those in attendance to donate to the SEF. It was some embarrassing shit. The film, however, was not embarrassing, it was a well made take on the War on Drugs. Film maker Sara Zia, stated that she sees *60%* as a discussion tool, a first step towards real debate on the War on Drugs. However I don't know how much debate it was going to stir up on this particular night, as easily 75% of the audience was of the West Philadelphia activist variety. You'd think that when screening a film on the War on Drugs, the organizers might like to target as an audience those that are on the so called front lines of the war—like people in drug infested neighborhoods, law enforcement, treatment workers, or prisoner support groups. However I saw little to no advertising for the event in my drug permeated neighborhood, or in any of the other communities like it that I sometimes frequent. I did, however, see some old posters for the April 20 march on Washington, so apparently someone has a clue as to how to and where to advertise, so I might have to chalk up this the lack of publicity to budgetary issues. (As I am sure Upski would). Still, I think a poster at K & A would go a lot longer to furthering audience diversification than one at the Mariposa CO-OP.

The film itself traced the War on Drugs from the Reagan years through today. It seemed to rely heavily upon evidence (provided in the form of a FAIR representative) that the violence associated with drug trafficking and use was overstated in the media. This allowed for the climate in which Reagan, Bush, Bennett, et al, were able to foster "tough on crime" laws such as mandatory sentences, seizure laws, etc. Now

speaking as a former resident of Kensington and current resident of Frankford, I can only say that crime and general decay of social structure because of drug use and trafficking do not seem to be overstated in the 19124 and 5. A place doesn't become known as the Badlands for no reason. I also seem to recall that the jump in murders after crack was introduced was real, not a media invention. Come on, even Fugazi had a song about it. Whether this was because of crack per se, or the laws against it, or simply demographics (an increase in violence prone teenagers and young men at that time), is up to debate. The film again brings up the CIA imports crack story, which is really a moot point, but again displays the Left's caretaker attitude. Nearly everyone knows the CIA is bad news. But providing a new market for Contra cocaine is not the same as making people smoke the shit. Here the Left has fallen into its typical modus operandi of embracing the avoidance of personal responsibility. Thus that crack decimated the "inner cities" is the fault of the CIA, not the people that used and dealt the shit. Apparently the Left has not heard the old adage that you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink.

The film certainly gets it right when it says that draconian mandatory sentencing laws, particularly those for possession, favor no one but "tough on crime" politicians, least of all the minorities that serve a disproportionate share of said sentences. The film goes as far as to question such laws as a blatant racial attack. The film does not go into detail about solutions, whether they be repealing tough on crime legislation, decriminalization, legalization, increased drug treatment, or complete overhaul of the capitalist system, instead leaving such ideas to further discussion. It is content on showing the War on Drug as being both a failure and extremely unfair. Unfortunately this evening's post viewing discussion was limited due to time constraints, but there was one telling comment. A woman spoke up to say (and I paraphrase here), that we must educate the people in the communities that increased policing is not the answer, that there are other solutions to the scourge of drugs. That this comment got a lot of right-ons shows just how out of touch today's American Left (mainly academics and downwardly mobile white middle class kids) are with the so-called "people." Who the fuck wants to be told that they are (a) duped by the media, (b) racist, or (c) just plain ignorant when they call for increased civility in their neighborhoods? I sure don't.

Which brings me to Saturday. The following afternoon I found myself at one of the Mayor's Operation Safe Streets rallies. Operation Safe Streets is a program developed by Mayor Street and the city's new Police Chief, Sylvester Johnson, to eradicate open air drug markets in Philadelphia. Basically the program provides funding for police officers to sit on known drug corners 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, in an effort to eliminate sales and/or force them indoors, where they allegedly will have a less detrimental effect on the quality of life. The goal of the program is disruption, not arrests, making it somewhat unique in the War on Drugs. Cynics pointed out that the timing of a program (Johnson had just been named to his position permanently, and Street had just taken a very public ass kicking

over city wage tax reductions) seemed a tad political, but from media reports, response in the neighborhoods was generally positive. And that's how it was at Church and Tackawanda, three blocks from my house, and the site of the rally (complete with band, food, and T-shirts). Drug selling at the intersection (very accessible to Interstate 95) had long been a source of complaints from residents (as witnessed at all East Frankford Community Association meetings), and many in the neighborhood were happy that business was shut down or displaced. In fact when I asked a noted anti drug activist what he thought about the program, his complaint was that it did not go far enough. As for me, I used to avoid the corner when on my bike or walking to the number 56 bus, but now have no problem transversing it.

Which brings up the point that preserving the rights of those convicted in the war on drugs is a hard sell for the Left to make in drug infested inner city neighborhoods, where most law abiding citizens have lived for years with their rights infringed. Like the right for their kids to play in the streets without fear of getting shot, the right to go to the subway without being solicited by drug addicted prostitutes, and the right to open their windows in the summer without having to worry that some junkie is going to crawl in and boost their goods. People want results, and after years of neglect by the police and City Hall (again, it didn't become the Badlands for no reason), they will accept increased police presence if it leads to a better quality of life. As for me, a pretty anti-authoritarian dude, I really don't mind seeing the cops parked at Church and Tackawanda. And while I do not think that this is going to stop drug use or trafficking in Frankford, I am having it, partly because it is what people in my neighborhood want. And the Left would do best to heed what people want, instead of trying to force them into doing what it wants, if it hopes to really bring about change.

But hey, at least one Lefty gets it. Ralph Nader, in a much maligned press release/letter, wrote NBA commissioner David Stern, demanding that he investigate the awful (and possibly conspiratorial) officiating in game six of the LA Lakers-Sacramento Kings series. While Noam Chomsky probably doesn't know jack shit about basketball, Nader knows that the working man loves it. Was the officiating an NBC-NBA-big business conspiracy to get the Lakers (and higher ratings) in the finals? Does Scott Pollard have bad style? And does Ralph Nader know what the people want, or is he just a crackpot in a rumpled suit? But if more on the Left would vacate their ivory towers and endless workshops and get out onto the street corners, then the Left will "get it" and thus have more of a chance of making a difference in America.

The working man likes punk rock.

Before we get to this issue's all important live music happenings, I must say that Lucero gave me a call demanding that I explain the extenuating circumstances that lead to the drinking at the Hank's Saloon show. See, Lucero had their van broken into early that day, and a lot of equipment was stolen. So the band was in a somber mood, and therefore predisposed to a little partying during their set. And that is on top of the predisposition that comes from just being in a country band.

Now, onto the cavalcade of punk rock events. Well maybe not—as the first gig up is the Pop Disaster Tour featuring Green Day and Blink 182. Held at the Tweeter Center, this tour brought out countless suburban 14-18 year olds and some very uncomfortable looking parents (excepting the one cool mom who was singing along with The Ramones when they played over the PA). Green Day is the same show I've seen the last few times the band has played—play some of a song, fart around, have kids play a song, call and response, fire and explosions, Trey breaks the drums and Billy Joe plays "Time of my Life." It was mildly more entertaining this time around since there was no need to promote some new, wack ass material, and the explosions were bigger and louder than ever. Next up was Blink. Lots and lots of talk about the guitar players balls. Play some hits. More talk about the guy's testicles. More hits. Can you please stop talking about your balls when it comes time to play the anti-suicide song? I guess not. Blink plays some more hits, including the loud-soft emo jam "Holiday," then the drummer does a drum solo while spinning around in the air like Tommy Lee. Best part of the set was when the kid in front of us, who had warned us that he was going to take off his pants when Blink came on, did just that, and then stood up on his seat. This brought over the security, who shined a flashlight on the dude, illuminating his turquoise polka-dot boxers for all the Tweeter center to see. Kid got real embarrassed, real fast and pulled them up. At least this guy had some moxie, unlike his boy who turned real pale, real fast when the young woman next to him began grinding on him—to a song that was obviously in her head, cause it sure wasn't the one Blink was playing. Ah youth. Tried to make it to see Pretty Girls Make Graves at the North Star, but fell victim to My Friends Enemies, some kind of bullshit from California. If there had been more people than seven at the gig, I am sure their idiot frontman would have gotten his comeuppance. Needless to say walking to the car in a downpour was better than listening to this Buddyhead approved crap, so PGMG were missed. Panthers opened and were good, though I only got to see two songs.

In Brooklyn I witnessed the spectacle of Kaiju Big Battel, wild professional wrestling by people in foam monster costumes. Opening band, Enon, featuring both Beck and Keith Moon, were fairly awful in that Touch and Go kind of way. The Battel itself was quite awesome. I was worried that it would be a mockery of professional wrestling, but instead it was celebratory, and there were some good moves and sick spots to go along with the comical shenanigans. I was very pleased to see Soup finally rid Kaiju of Sandwich (and the mayonnaise contained there in). Let's talk about The Hives, this month's appointed saviors of rock and roll. Talk is all I can do, since I could not make it into the building at Making Time to see the band, and neither could some people who had actually purchased tickets ahead of time. I made a second attempt to see PGMG a few weeks later (does this band only play the east coast?), this time enticed by the Blood Brothers as the opening act. I am not seeing the buzz on the Blood Brothers, though being sort of a Scremo System of Down is all right. I jetted upon hearing that the Gloria Record was not only still together, but

playing next. Wound up in West Philly where I continued my quest to single handedly support the scene by checking out 1905. Pretty good "classic emo" (yo—I just trademarked that shit—so if you use it give me cred) from this Maryland band. 1905 was heading out on a six week tour—they must be playing everywhere. I myself was heading down the shore on vacation, so I left early and missed the headliners.

Closing the deal on a house

In my last column I wrote about selecting a property to purchase, and this issue I will attempt to cover how you go about doing just that. Coincidentally as I have been writing these columns more and more people in the Philadelphia punk scene (and others elsewhere, as evidenced by Mr. Chung's column) have been buying homes. Good luck to all these new homeowners, and all those thinking about buying.

After selecting a house to purchase, contact the real estate agent so that an offer can be made. I did not have to sign an offer sheet at this time, though that law may vary state to state or from one real estate office to another. If there is a noncompetitive situation (AKA buyer's market—which I believe most of the readers of this 'zine would be in), do not offer the full asking price. Instead do some research as to the relative worth of the house. Ask the real estate agent to provide a list of "comps," sales of comparable homes in the area that have been settled in the last year. Unfortunately in Philadelphia, where the quality of housing stock can vary significantly on the same block, let alone over the area, comps are not as great a tool as they would be in a cookie cutter suburban housing division. Also try and access the property tax records for neighboring homes. In Philadelphia this information is online at the city's web site. Depending on how often reassessment is done (in Philadelphia it has been years since a significant reassessment of the city's housing stock has been undertaken) this can be a valuable tool. Ideally houses of comparable worth should pay the same amount of property taxes. One can also go to City Hall ask to see the history of the house, which will reveal when and how much the current owner paid for the place. On the one sheet there will be a column that states on what date the house was initially listed, and what the initial listing price was. If a house has been on the market for a long time, the owner may be willing to take less money for it. Or the seller could be one stubborn ass with no intention of selling until they get what they want. It's hard to tell. If after researching the situation, the actual value of the house remains nebulous, a good rule of thumb is to offer 90% of the asking price.

After the buyer tells the agent his (or her) offer, the agent contacts the seller, and they will do one of three things, accept the offer, reject the offer, or provide a counter offer. If the seller provides a counter offer, negotiations begin (the seller offers another amount, etc, etc) until an agreed upon price is reached. At this time I had to sign an agreement of sale, and put up 1000 dollars (a deposit, basically so that everyone knows the buyer is serious). The agreement of sale is a document that says I offer so much money to buy the property, settlement will be completed by such and such date, and the following terms and conditions apply. Make sure one of those terms and conditions is a home inspection. I

received mine for free from a city in a first time buyers program, but a home inspection is easily worth the money it costs. You will learn tons of things about the property. I cannot recommend enough that you have a home inspection before buying.

Provided the inspection goes well (or that problems are rectified and/or negotiated into the final sale price), the buyer must obtain a mortgage. This should just be a formality, as the buyer should have already been pre-approved for the sale amount. But as formalities go this one is very formal. Get ready to sign about fifty documents. The mortgage broker should go over each and explain what everything means. The agent will also be able to give you a pretty good idea of what your monthly mortgage payment will be.

After obtaining the mortgage make arrangements to obtain homeowner's insurance. If the buyer already has some type of insurance (particularly car insurance), contact that company because it will probably offer a monetary discount for multiple policies. Now there are some difficulties with obtaining insurance in certain situations, and one of those situations is buying in an old industrial urban core. Oftentimes if a home is over a certain age (like say 100) companies will not insure it. This is because the replacement cost (what it would cost to completely rebuild the house as it was if it were ever destroyed in a fire or something) is so much greater than the homes value, that the insurance company deems it not worth insuring. This leads to situations like mine, where I have to insure my home for four or five times what I paid for it.

There may have to be other inspections certifications completed on the property before settlement could be made. This depends on what type of mortgage the buyer has. (A government backed mortgage like a VA or FHA carry with it a host of requirements designed to protect the buyer. They range from a two year roofing certification to stairwell handrails. This is why some sellers refuse to sell to a buyer with a FHA mortgage.) At the very least expect to be required to get a termite inspection. Depending on the situation the buyer, seller, or a combination of both will have to pay for these inspections/certifications. There also will be a title search on the property by a Title Company to insure that the property is free and clear of all liens and other legal entanglements. After everything is in order settlement is ready to be made.

On the day of settlement the buyer goes to the property with the real estate agent to do what is termed a walk through. Basically this is a quick tour around the property to see that it meets the conditions agreed to in the agreement of sale. For example, if a condition of sale is that a new toilet was put in, the buyer will check that it is there. The buyer can also check that there are not significant, detrimental changes in the property (like a broken window) that have occurred since the agreement was signed. If everything looks good, then settlement can proceed.

Settlement works like this: The buyer and their agent meet with the seller and their agent, with a representative (usually from a Title Company) acting as intermediary. Some buyers and some sellers bring lawyers to settlement. I did not, and neither did the seller in our

transaction.

One thing to be sure and bring is a bank check for the amount of the down payment and closing costs (get an estimate from the Realtor or mortgage broker). Closing costs include things like real estate transfer taxes, fees for registering the deed, and many other items depending on jurisdiction. Be sure to include some extra dough in the check. It would be real embarrassing to hold up settlement because the buyer was \$100 short. (Any overpayment will be returned to the buyer at the completion of settlement.) Also identification must be presented (like a driver's license.) There are lots of papers to sign. The real estate agent should explain them to the buyer, if the buyer is confused as to what they are signing. After exchanging the money and signing the papers the buyer should come away with at least two things—a set of keys to the property and a settlement statement. It behooves the buyer to get a copy of each document that was signed, so be assertive about this.

Congratulations—the buyer has just become a homeowner. Change the locks on the property and start paying that mortgage. If all goes well, in 30 years it will be yours, free and clear.

Self Education Foundation:

www.selfeducation.org

Operation Safe Streets:

www.phila.gov/pdfs/safestreets.pdf

Pitching at Inclines

With

Eric

xxx



Part 1.

Taking a little of my own advice, I began sifting through some old copies of HaC, particularly issues #1-#6. I suppose part of this trip down amnesia lane was to fulfill my desire to see some of those old ads, but I found myself drawn even more to the old columns. I forgot how amazing Daisy Rooks stuff was. Where is Ms. Rooks these days? Is she still writing? Any help to answer these questions would be great. Maybe some day we could see another one of her column's in these pages? Who knows?

At the closing of my last column I mentioned that '94 style will save us in '02. It's kind of funny. I've gotten a number of mixed responses in regard to that comment. Some folks even went so far as to say that those were the times that made them want to turn their back on hardcore and never look at it again. That's fine. For me, however, those years and those bands and

those 'zines served as some of the most inspirational, most amazing stuff I've ever come across. If it made you want to forget hardcore ever existed, fine. Perhaps you should forget it. If the sight of silk-screened manila envelop 7" covers turns your stomach, great. For me, the more manila, screening and yarn or twine involved is an excellent sign.

If you have no idea what I'm talking about but for some reason want to know, write or electronically mail the address at the bottom of this column. I'll make you a tape. Oh! Speaking of tapes, will my tape label/distro called Cheater of Death ever become a reality? Will we ever put out the Puritan discography on cassette (in part to remember one of the best, and in my opinion, most important bands in hardcore, and in part to piss off record collectors and ebay speculators by putting the damn thing on a cassette that anyone can copy)? Who knows? I'll keep you posted.

One more miscellaneous note... my friend and co-conspirator-zine-geek from Gainesville, Florida, none other than Travis of *America?* 'zine, is working on a new 'zine project that I'm very excited about. It's a Smiths oriented 'zine called *Don't Forget the Songs that Saved Your Life*. He's looking for submissions about what the band means and meant to people. He can be reached at PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604-1077. I'm really excited to see this project come together. Get in touch.

Part 2.

There are strange things afoot in the 3 Rivers area. Strange but great. I was very excited to see so many people come out and enjoy a CD release show of Pgh's own Pikadori. One fellow who used to live in Pittsburgh happened to be in town and took in the show. Afterwards he asked me how things with The Mr. Roboto Project are going. I told him that things were going well. He seemed really taken aback by the number of people at the show and the dancing and singing along that was going on. He remarked "I don't remember Pittsburgh being like this!"

I can't say for sure if he just wasn't looking hard enough a few years ago, but to some degree, he's right. Things around the Steel City are moving. These moves are positive ones. It's one of those situations that exists almost entirely because of inertia. An object in motion tends to stay in motion. It's neat. There are shows at the Mr. Roboto Project, but there are also basement shows at the TBA hole and a few other South Oakland houses. That's not to mention the suburban fire hall and VFW shows. Plus, a venue in Squirrel Hill and one in Down Town recently opened up. In no way am I saying that one, or even a couple of people are to thank for this, but I am saying that the degree of movement and activity that now seems to be making Pittsburgh buzz is catching. Some are moving because they are inspired. Some are moving because they don't like what is being created. Either way, we all win. As long as it's done in the spirit of the Do It Yourself/People Before Profits motto, we are all the better.

The What Collective still rolls. There are separate Men's and Women's groups that meet to discuss various issues. Sometimes they meet together and the overall idea is that some day perhaps, these types of groups will merge into one because comfort levels and common goals will

merge. The Big Idea Book and Reoord Distro is still going. The Roboto Projects new neighbors called Cyber Lounge at Wilksburg (CLAW) is offering one of the loosely formed community oriented groups that sprung up a while back a space to run a free bike workshop for anyone who wants a bike called Free Ride. The Thomas Merton Center is active and always on the move for Living Wage legislation in the city and county. People are still pumping out 'zines (from artistically amazing prints and woodblock cuts to cut and paste xeroxed masterpieces) and there has been a rash of amazingly creative and aesthetically pleasing (if not provocative) flyers for shows and events. Some folks have whipped up an activists guide to the city. A branch of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) is getting off the ground.

People are taking control of their lives. More and more people are attempting to work at things they love. Some are quitting go-no-where jobs in favor of making a living doing something more rewarding. Some are trying alternative ways to make ends meet. Many of these folks are not lazy or turning to being bums. Rather, they are doing things the hard way, attempting to make their life work in conjunction with their ideals and dreams and compromise as little as possible. All of this is going on. All of this, and more.

This is inspiration.

Part 3.

With all of these amazing things going on, one would be daft to not look at the larger picture and reflect on why these alternatives are necessary. One reason, at least in the Great State of Pennsylvania is the recent move from 3900 to 4310. That is, the State Senate approved a bill that will raise the maximum number of State Police from 3900 to 4310. That's just state cops. It doesn't count county, and local fuzz. Now, because of political wrangling, the Great State of Pennsylvania is saddled with 410 more mouths to feed and retire with fat benefit packages after 25 years. I'm glad I have inspiration and hope because the fight is nowhere near over.

No one outside of the city of Pittsburgh likely knows about Allegheny County Common Pleas Judge H. Patrick McFalls. This fellow is a 58-year-old judge who has a serious problem with alcohol but because of his position and the system that exists in Pennsylvania for 10-year terms on County Common Pleas Judges, sees none of the negative ramifications of his substance abuse and reckless lifestyle. On Saturday, March 30, 2002 Judge McFalls was pulled over by the fuzz for yet another drunk driving offence. The big difference this time was that McFalls refused to take the Breathalyzer test. He was held for 19 minutes and then let go. That's it.

If you or I had refused that Breathalyzer test we would be punished by an IMMEDIATE AND AUTOMATIC suspension of our driver's license and we would face possible jail time. Judge McFalls gets NONE of this. Please consider that this is AFTER his recent (read: days after) return from a month-long stay at a Rehab center for his booze problem. These double standards for "officials" still exist and it's sickening.

Speaking of double standards, the Supreme Court of the USA recently returned a decision dealing with a class action lawsuit

brought forth by some elderly residents of Public Housing. In a "get-tough-on-drugs-and-crime" political move, any folks who live in public housing are now forced to comply with the most stringent codes yet. These include a penalty of EVICTION if any member of the household is caught with illicit drugs either on the housing complex grounds or off. The three elderly plaintiffs in this case included a man who was homebound. His personal care attendant, (a member of his household) was arrested on charges of possession of cocaine. The man was evicted. My argument is that he had no way of stopping his personal care attendant from using even if it bothered him. How was he supposed to? This statute and lease clause for people who live in public housing punishes many people who don't have anything to do with illicit drug use, abuse, sale or purchase. It's unfair. The Supreme Court upheld the decision that these statutes are fine because people entering into a lease in a public housing complex know the terms of the agreement.

Jeb Bush, King George II's brother and governor of Florida, has a daughter. She has a problem. She is addicted to narcotics. She tries to get falsified prescriptions filled in her name and then she takes the narcotics and gets high. This was reported in the national media earlier this year when she was caught. Jeb Bush lives in the utmost public housing. You can't get more "public housing" than the governor's mansion. She was a member of his household. Hmmm... I think Jeb and family might need a place to stay.

No, wait, they won't.

And that's the problem.

Part 4.

Keep hope. That's what keeps so many people going. I don't want to forfeit my hope. I know it keeps ME going. Besides, to surrender hope is to side with people who are Right Wing Christian Capitalists. How? They have the luxury of giving up hope and placing their faith in a system of religious and economic structures that are based on oppression. They can fall back on the idea that things really don't have to get any better, because, if you "just believe" in the system or the religion you'll get to where you need to go. They've given up hope, but I won't.

Part 5.

There's a war on. A very real one. Many people aren't thinking like there is, but it's happening. The powers that be say the war is happening because of terrorism. The Industrial Workers of the World have a newspaper called the Industrial Worker. In that excellent paper (which can be reached by contacting the union at IWW/PO Box 13476/Philadelphia, PA 19101/USA; 215-763-1274; ghq@iww.org) there is a column by C.C. Redcloud called "Left Side." In the April Industrial Worker C.C. states: "The primary target of 'modern' warfare is the breaking down and demoralization of the non-combatant population... Face it, war is terrorism and terrorism is war." I couldn't have said it better than that.

Until next time, In Peace and Solidarity.

Paper and Pens = PO Box 162/Turtle Creek, PA 15145

Beep Boop Squeek Skwak = xerixx@telerama.com

Frank Stapelfeldt



Disclaimer:

In the past issues I have written about what I have been going through due to the effects of September 11th. As much as I try to get away from it I find that it is a more defining moment in my life than I ever thought. It has changed my actions, my emotions; my sleeping patterns... my life. I hope you can all understand what a life altering experience something like this is. But as a hardcore kid I was left torn between everything I ever thought and believed and what was going on around me. It was hard for me to go to a show and hear band x talk about this and that. I would think to myself, "What do they know?" How dare this band complain about such petty things when I am going through so much. I was selfish, should time stand still for me and my pain? But when it all came down to it, I love this music. I love to hear other people talk about their feelings or what they have been through. I myself play in a band called Murdock. I am in band x and I tend to talk about this and that from time to time. This is what I love; this is what helped shape me.

So now I hope that you can read on with what I write on these pages. I am trying to make a real life "growing up punk rock." Some people say you have to leave it behind to mature and grow up. Well I have lived and seen more then most people in my 25 short years on earth. I am still here and I am still hardcore and punk as fuck. So on these pages you might read words from a confused kid, a kid who is struggling with his life, his work and his dreams. Like most of you I am just trying to live everyday to the best of my ability. People take different roads to achieve happiness. For some people happiness is a Co-op Vegan farm away from it all. My happiness lives in a uniform and the drive to run in when everyone else is running away. I will be the first kid to have a hardcore show in a working firehouse.

Saying goodbye to a partner:

Once again I find myself amidst tragedy. On April 18th I started my day out like any other normal day. Wake up, spend time with my girlfriend and then leave for work. When I got to work my buddy Mike—who I call "Dad" because he bears a striking resemblance to an older version of me—met me outside. He asked me if I would switch units and work his unit instead of mine. This was common practice because two units have the same start time (1800 hours). We would always rotate and switch trucks depending on how busy or how many trauma jobs you wanted to see. Mike was assigned to 39D3, which is a slower unit and does not get to see many trauma jobs. Myself, I work 39B3, which happens to be one of the busiest units in all of NYC. Mike wanted to be busy and he thought I might want to switch. I was all for the idea. We ran into one snag with our plan. Mike was assigned to work with Andre... Andre wanted to drive and I wanted to drive. I love working with Andre, he has 25 years on the job and he is funnier than most comedians. But all I wanted to do was drive that night, so four guys chose up for whom was working where. Andre and I both pulled driving spots, Mike pulled 39D3 and Walter pulled 39B3 with me. We sat around the station teasing each other and talking about the who's and the what's of the station. We said we would meet up for dinner later around 10pm (2200 hours).

Like clockwork we all met up and shared a quick meal and more joking conversation. We all parted and went back to our designated areas. Walter and I were assigned to a possible stabbing so we went off to handle our call. We got to our assignment, which turned out to be a 50-year-old male who was beating off in a schoolyard while he watched children playing. Some of the locals then beat him with broomsticks. He had minor injuries and did not want to go to the hospital. While finishing up some paper work we heard on the radio "39D3 for the SHOT, police officer shot." I turned on the police radio and heard over the police radio that it was a prank call. But 39D3 still was not onscene. I then heard a blood curdling scream over the police radio "10-13, 10-13" (10-13 is the radio code for officer down). Then the next message "10-13 I have a MOS ejected from the vehicle" (M.O.S. = member of service). Chaos then ensued. I turned on my lights and drove as fast as I could to the scene. As I came closer the first ambulance on-scene says over the radio "EMS MOS in traumatic arrest"; my heart lumped up in my throat. Traumatic arrest is when you go into cardiac arrest after sustaining trauma to your body. I knew it was either Mike or Andre. I jumped out of my unit to see paramedics from my station starting CPR on Andre. Mike was nowhere to be found at this point. Over the police radio you could hear police screaming, "We have another EMS MOS down." Their location was about 1 block away from the scene. Another unit raced over to them. Mike was found crawling a block away. Mike was bloody and disorientated, alive. I think we were on-scene for about 5 minutes with Andre before we got going to the hospital. We closed down every street on the way to the hospital; police car, ambulance and fire trucks shut down every road in every direction. The whole way there everyone worked as hard as they could to get Andre's heart beating again.

I remember opening those ambulance doors, jumping on the stretcher and riding the stretcher into the trauma room at the hospital. As the doctors worked on Andre I stood and pumped on my friend's chest. I didn't want to let him down; I wanted him back with me I wanted just to hear him laugh. The lead surgeon stepped in and worked his ass off. Before we knew it Andre's heart started beating. But that would be the last good news we would get. Every day we would visit him for hope of some improvement, and every day we were met with more of Andre suffering. He was being kept alive by machines at this point. His family was given a choice to leave him on the machines or to pull the plug. In typical Andre fashion on April 26th, before his family was to make a choice, Andre died quietly on his own. Andre lived and fought for a week. My friend, my partner, my mentor died... no more laughter... no more stories... just memories and stories I will tell about Andre to the new guys.

Mike "Dad" was taken the hospital with cuts, bumps, bruises, three broken ribs and a punctured lung. It is now the end of June and "Dad" is not back to work yet. His wounds have healed but his mind and his heart have not. Mike has no memory of April 18th beyond all of us joking around at the beginning of the night. He does not remember anything of April 18th besides the first 30 minutes of our workday. He has joked with me a few times that "next time we are switching no questions asked," he tells me that I did my best and Andre knows I worked my hardest to save him. But there is still an absence there. Andre's Locker is next to mine; it is filled with notes and memories written by other co-workers. I sit and look at it some days and tell him I miss him teasing me. But that's all I have now.

Here is the twisted story of how Andre was killed. 39D3 was called to a "cop shot." In truth someone called 911 because her son was shot with a pellet gun. She thought it would get the ambulance quicker. But when all the cop cars started showing up, she put the boy in relative's car and sent him to the hospital. She then told the police that she didn't call at all.

Andre and Mike were on their way to the call when a Chevy minivan blew through a stop sign and hit the driver's side of the ambulance. The impact snapped Andre's seat and seat belt; flipped the ambulance 3 times, one of those times ejecting Andre into a chain link fence. Andre landed upside down against the fence and the position he landed in transected his trachea... in other words it completely cut off his airway. The minivan was driven by a drunk driver and was estimated to be traveling at speeds up to 90+ mph. The driver of the minivan and his two passengers escaped with minor injuries. All three of them tested at four times the legal amount of alcohol in the blood. They were shit faced when they hit the side of the ambulance. I will never forget that night. Every minor detail has been burned into my memory. Mike asks me all the time to repeat the details hoping that it might spark a memory. We all just seem to have something missing from us after the year that we have had.

Andre's funeral was nice. Over 2000 people showed up from all over the country. I was one of the pallbearers. We marched up to the church alongside the funeral ambulance, then carried Andre up the church steps and into the

church. Looking across his casket at my other partners filling up with tears I said my last good-byes to Andre. We then carried him out of the church and marched with Andre one last time to his final resting-place. I attended entirely too many funerals this year. The bagpipes just tear me apart.

After the investigation it turned out that they traced the original 911 call to the very same women who said she didn't call at all. Her son who was shot with a pellet gun had what doctors called "a scratch" on his leg. The driver of the mini van was arrested for DWI and vehicular manslaughter. The women who made the prank call now faces charges as well. But no matter what happens, I lost a friend, a wife lost a husband, four children lost a father, and the world lost a wonderful human being.

Andre's death in a way helped me get over the hill of hurt left over from September 11th. Believe it or not, I had something else to focus on. Andre would tell all of us to chase our dreams. He would grab your wrist and look you in the eye and in hysterical laughter tell us to "get out of EMS." When Andre spoke to you one-to-one he would always grab your wrist. He knew how bad I wanted to be a firefighter and whenever he saw me he would ask me, "Are you a firefighter yet?" I miss him. Andre moved here when he was a child from Haiti, he joined the Marines, then EMS, and started a family. Andre loved tennis and started an after school and summer program for inner city kids to learn how to play tennis. He would get the kids out of the city and into the country to learn something new and feel good about themselves. Andre said he always wanted to play tennis with Arthur Ashe. Well, that's how I think of him now. He is off somewhere playing his dream tennis match and winning.

Rest in peace Andre "Duckman"
Lahens #1354

I am just a squirrel trying to get a nut:

"I started off a hardcore kid trying to save the world." Well, what happened? My life has changed and I struggle everyday to maintain my beliefs and ethics. I question sincerity of people who don't challenge their beliefs or ethics. I feel that it is a healthy way to know what ground you stand on. When I say my life has changed, it doesn't mean that I have given up wanting to make this world a better place. I think I am more focused on making that real now. But I think about it on a smaller level now. Plant the seeds to watch it grow if you will.

When I go to help someone a lot of times I think about where I am and what I am doing. I work in a predominately Black and Latino community, Battalion 39 East New York/Brownsville section of Brooklyn. Myself, I am the milkiest of the white boys you will ever see. I am big, pale and bald. I stick out like a sore thumb. But think about that child that has been taught to hate me when he sees me helping his family. I think of the people who know me by first name now. John Valez, he is an alcoholic that gets into fights a lot. He used to be a golden glove boxer, now he sees life through the bottom of a bottle. When John sees me he call's me "the great white hope." I can go on with names of people I help day to day. I can also write a list of people that I helped everyday that eventually died. But I want to be that role model. I want people to

see people of all colors working together to help.

My intentions are good. The problem is that in an area surrounded by so much poverty and crime most help goes unnoticed. Where does the poverty and crime come from. Why is it so prevalent in this area? Does this neighborhood need help or a kick in the ass? This is my struggle. The hardcore kid in me tells me that this area needs help. We need to create more housing and more jobs. We need better work training centers, community outreach. But the reality of it is that the area is saturated with jobs, low-income housing and community centers on nearly every street. I walk into apartments where I am told "I don't pay rent, the city pays it for me." I ask if they have medical insurance—"I got Medicaid" is the answer. So the city pays your rent, your medical insurance, and they give you stamps to get your food as well as money every month. So why the hell am I working? The struggling working class guy in me tells me that this area needs a kick in the ass.

I work my ass off to pay my bills; I am barely making it. When I go to work all I see are people taking advantage of a failing system. If you can somehow afford a Cadillac Escalade with 20+ chrome rims then you can damn well can afford to get up and move out. If the city is paying your rent who bought the projection television with 5:1 Dolby surround sound? That sure is a nice Phat Farm outfit you have on... why do I only own 2 pairs of jeans? You called 911 cause you went to the doctor this morning and the medicine he gave you isn't working yet? Does anyone see where I am coming from? How do you help those who don't want help?

I started 2002 off with a bang. At 00:10 hours on January 1st. I arrived at 301 Sutter Avenue for a confirmed male shot. I jumped out of the ambulance grabbed my gear and started running. I told my partner to pull the ambulance around back closer to the patient. I took maybe about 5 strides when I heard gunshots and hits next to me. I dove behind a metal structure where more bullets bounced off of; the police returned fire and eventually an ESU officer with a bullet shield crawled out to get me from my pinned down position. The shooters were shooting at me because I was there to help the guy who they had just shot. Happy New Year Everyone... I had 3 other people shot that night along with one guy burned when someone dumped boiling water on him in a fight.

The job stress is high and you always have to be on top of your game, all the time maintaining the non-bias professional that you are. In December that was put to the test by a friendly patient of Arabic decent, he was out partying and got into a fight. When we arrived to tend to his wounds he told me to get away from him, and proceeded to spit at me followed by "FDNY we should have killed more of you." This was 2 days after I went to the funeral of a friend who died on September 11th. Every fiber of my body wanted to tear this man limb from limb. I am human above all things, but I did not lift a fist in anger. I told him I never forget a face and someday will meet him again, and maybe on that day he will wish he never said that. But that comment hurt, and burned into me, so much that almost 7 months later I can say it still bothers me.

So take all this stress and throw it on to

a fire burning since September 11th. Two FDNY emergency medical technicians have killed themselves since September because of this. Both of them worked in this area of Brooklyn. It scares me to know that people of my age group exposed to the same situations have taken their own lives. I have terrible nightmares some nights. My temper has been horrible. I am overly sensitive, sometimes crying for no reason at all, mostly when alone and at rest. I know I am a changed person. I just don't want to change in the eyes of those who love me. My family and girlfriend have done they're best to understand. But how could they? I keep them away from the horror. A reoccurring theme always appears; I want them to stay innocent. I just don't want them to ever have to know what the pain or guilt is like.

I go to work to save lives, and I don't always do it. Sometimes I just can't help someone. I work my ass off to save this life with every resource I have. Sometimes it just isn't enough. How do you walk away from that? A family's life has been changed forever. They just lost a loved one. I drive my ambulance back to the station and wash the blood out of the back. Cleaning up another human's remains. Tell me how do you come home and tell mom about this one? There are times when my family and girlfriend seem to forget how hard it is sometimes, and I am wrong for it but I lose my temper or just get nasty with them. I am learning that I set myself up for this sort of thing. I won't tell them anything but then get nasty with them for just not knowing "what I went through last night." They love me and I love them more then anything, so as they come to terms with the unspoken things I go through I am learning and growing with them. As we learn and grow I need them to stay that innocent loving escape for me, and I have to understand that when I am at work they go through just as much not knowing if I will come home that night. Will that be the last time we say I love you?

I don't ever really speak of Andre's death, or of the suicides of co-workers. This column is very cathartic to me. I can write my thoughts or feelings down and send them off. Writing it down gets it off my chest. It just took me two days to tell my parents about my last night at work. For the first time I actually sat down and told my mother and father how bad my night was. I told them about Stanley who was shot right through his heart and didn't make it. I told them how I took Stanley to the hospital once a week for his bouts with Sickle Cell Anemia. Well, Stanley was a member of the Bloods, Stanley is dead now. Blood in blood out, I think that is how it goes. I did five shootings back to back. Let me not forget the guy who wasn't shot but pistol-whipped, giving him a partial avulsion of his forehead. The butt of gun handle cut this man so bad to his skull, his forehead flapped over his eyes. It was a busy night. My tally for the night was 5 shootings, 2 stabbings, 1 Partial Avulsion, and 2 assaults. I saw a lot of blood that night.

So what do I do? Do I give up? You don't grow out of being a hardcore kid... you have to grow with it. "I started off a hardcore kid try to save the world..." Now I am a hardcore kid trying to stay alive. I still want to save the world, but I am doing it on my terms now. I have grown and changed so much this year. I wake up

knowing that everything I do has an effect on the world I live in. It's up to me to make a change... and no matter how small it is, it is still change. What I do and where I work can pound me down but it won't break my spirit. I have my hopes and my dreams. By next year I hope to be a firefighter... in the future I hope to start a family. That's where the real change will happen.

"I don't live here anymore. This body, this mind. They are not mine, and everyday I fight for pieces taken from me. This is not my home. These are not my people, and so I am dying. Before I find myself dead. I will take back my smile. I will take back my heart, and I will give all the love and happiness that I am to someone. They will take it and change the world."

Thank you again for taking the time to read this. Thank you to Kent, Lisa, and Leslie for giving me the chance to contribute my thoughts and feelings. I ramble quite a bit in my columns. I just spill out what is in my head. Please contact me if there is ever a concern or problem with something I wrote. Let the reader beware that I am a Hardcore kid through and through. It's who I am, but I am also very proud of what I do. I love working in Rescue and this is what I plan to do with my life. I put my beliefs on the line and to the test daily. I love this life and I plan to do what I can with it. You are only as old as you feel and Hardcore keeps me feeling like I am thirteen years old. Feel alive with high fives and stage dives. I am going to "stay young until I die."

Frank Stapelfeldt/115 Elmwood Ave./
Staten Island, NY 10308-2637;
pissinx@aol.com

"LOVE IS STRONGER THEN DEATH... FOR THOSE I LOVE I WILL SACRIFICE" 09-11-01 BOX 55-8087 never forget our 343 brothers. We will not leave you behind.



There is no question that law school is a pain in the ass. I was able to make it through undergraduate because I worked harder than everyone else. I knew if I worked my ass off I could do well. That is simply not the case here. Starting about half way through the first semester people begin to worry about exams. Law school exams are a strange thing. There is one exam that counts for your whole grade at the end of the semester. Most exams go like this: There is a basic fact pattern. So and so did this and this and this, etc. Then you are asked to "spot the issues" and discuss them. Some professors want a conclusion, some don't care. All want a discussion of the different questions of law raised in the fact pattern.

Everyone starts to get a little crazy as exams approach. I refuse to study in the library because you can feel the tension in the place. Everyone buys different study aids because you begin to realize that what you learned in class has little to relation to what will be on the exam

(although this varies from class to class). But you have not learned at all how to take a law school exam. People would come up to others in the library and ask what study guide they were using and then go out and buy it. Grading for first year classes is on a strict curve and people looked for every advantage over others. People also form study groups to go over old exams that are available in the library. It is impossible to describe the stress and tension of this time. Every conversation is about exams.

My property professor had model answers and comments with his old exams. Basically the comments would consist of calling people idiots for saying certain things on their exams. He would also give a score distribution which ran from about 10 to 45 out of 100 for each exam. The thing I picked up on the most was that he would scold people for bringing in things that we didn't do in class. This would later come back to haunt me.

Exams end in the middle of December. Grades come out in February. Why it takes so long is a mystery. My guess is that the professors are lazy. Being a law professor is a pretty cushy job. You make a lot of money to work 6 or 7 hours a week. The rest of the time you can bank on your title as a professor at a prestigious law school to make even more money. For some professors, students are a bother. So are exams.

Last column I talked about Professor Katz. Most of his criminal law class consisted of dead babies. What if there was a baby drowning and you could save it but decided not to—is this murder? (The answer is no by the way.) His exam was a joke. It consisted of two hours of ridiculous multiple choice questions and a short one hour essay. Our grade was a mixture of the two scores. On the essay part he put a check mark next to each point he liked and counted them up. This was combined with the number of multiple choice answers correct for your grade. There were two problems with this. First, we were told that the other crim professor used some of the same questions but the answers were different. We heard a story about Katz and his wife (who also teaches crim) having a joint review session and disagreeing in front of everyone as to the correct answers. Second, it looks like he took about five minutes to skim the essay part and make his check marks. After all the work we put into studying it was insulting to be graded this way.

The property exam was a 6 hour take home exam. In class we discussed different kinds of residence ownership situations. We discussed co-ops and condominiums. In the fact pattern we were given a housing situation that was neither of these. So we had two choices. First, we could look it up, find what it is and talk about it. Second, we could distinguish it from the two situations that we discussed in class. I looked it up and it was something called a "tenancy in common." I decided to throw that term in, but not to discuss it. I distinguished the situation we were given from the co-op and condominium situations because we did not discuss tenancies in common in class. Needless to say I picked the wrong thing. The professor said that he mentioned in class that the hallways and common areas in condos were held "in common." Basically I blew the exam, and thus my whole grade.

For the most part people don't talk

about grades. Everyone here is used to being at the top of their class. Half the people are the bottom half of the class. I really have no idea what most people got. There are a few obnoxious fucks who let you know they did well. It's really a brutal time. I watched as much basketball as possible after grades came out and took my frustration out on the NBA referees who obviously had it out for the Sacramento Kings.

I had to work to keep myself sane throughout the whole process. All of this crap was not at all why I came to law school. Penn requires students to do 70 hours of public interest work in order to graduate. Most of the students hate this. The closest they have come to a poor person is telling a homeless person on the street they have no money to spare. This keeps the public interest office tied up a lot trying to get people to complete their hours. I jumped right into it.

There was a great data base of potential employers. I poured over it and decided to put first on my list of choices the Women Against Abuse Legal Center. About a week later I got something back with their contact info. I called them up and soon enough I was volunteering for three hours once a week.

Unluckily cases would go start to finish so quick that I they would be done by the next time I came in. What the WAALC did was pretty simple. When someone wanted to get a Protection From Abuse order (PFA), they would go down to the court and the court would issue a temporary order. At the same time a date would be given to make the order permanent (actually 18 months). At this point, people would come to us and ask us to represent them in court at the hearing. There are plenty of other related issues, but this is basically what we would do. Since I was only there 3 hours a week, I basically did a lot of research. For example, could a man who was incarcerated for stabbing his wife force her (legally) to bring their child to visit him in prison? What I would do is try to find cases in the appropriate jurisdiction that would support the position of our client.

This, along with basketball, really saved me. The 3 hours a week helped me to remember why I was putting myself through the hell that is law school. What were my fellow students doing? Second semester big law firms start to have these events in the evening. Basically they rent a room in a fancy restaurant and invite first year students to eat and drink for free while they sell you on how their firm is better than the other faceless firms. The whole thing is sleazy. I went to one because it was at this fancy Chinese restaurant and I figured I could score some free food. It was horrible. First there was absolutely nothing vegan so I got no food. Other than that, it was drunk 35 year old law firm dudes who don't get out much because they work 80 hour weeks trying to pick up on law school girls. The girls knew that in order to get the high paying firm jobs they would have to play this game, so they went along with it. Every time someone from the firm walked up to my group of friends I went to another group. It was one of the most disgusting experiences of my life. I left feeling dirty and never went to another one.

In the second semester, you also start to look for a summer job. Summer jobs range

from jobs at firms to government jobs to public interest. The firm jobs pay about \$30K for the summer. Obviously most of my classmates try to get these jobs. I sent resumes to different public interest organizations. I ended up accepting an offer to spend the summer working at the WAALC. I figured I could really get a better feel of things being there full time.

Next time I'll get more into my summer job, and what it entails. Needless to say it makes me feel great to be able to do something that reminds me what I am doing here in law school.

Some nice kids have set up an Amber Inn website. If you are interested, check it out at amberinn.vze.com.

As always, you can get ahold of me at storguso@law.upenn.edu

Rahula Janowski

Once I knew I was pregnant again (my first child died during delivery), I started seeing pregnant women everywhere. I noticed this last time I was pregnant too. Like my prego hormones have tuned me into other women's prego hormones. A pregnant version of gaydar.

Unfortunately for me, one place I don't see pregnant women, or for that matter, babies or kids, is in my political community (with notable exceptions). That community, for the past 7 or 8 years, has been, loosely, the west coast anarchist scene. Mainly white folks in their twenties. Recently, my community has shifted a bit as I've been focusing on learning about and challenging racism, but the demographic of who I work and play with hasn't: mainly white folks in their twenties, committed to radical, positive, social transformation, and childless.

As I become more visibly pregnant, I am often on my guard in anarchist and/or punk spaces, half expecting to be directly attacked for my intentional pregnancy. This hasn't happened, but I'm not ready to let my guard down. I have been privy to too many dogmatically anti-'breeder' discussions. I know that many activists think having a child is one of the most selfish, planet killing activities anyone (that is, any woman) can do. I've seen the sticker that says, "Love Your Mother, Don't Become One," and I've read the countless essays by and about men in our community who've gotten vasectomies. Nothing wrong with getting a vasectomy, but it's plainly considered way cool and politically righteous, and the emphasis on that choice at the expense of any attention paid to the choice to have kids shows a plain bias in our community.

There seems to be a general unchallenged assumption that when anarchists and activists choose to have kids, they're on their way out of the scene. Because of the dearth of parents and kids in our communities, it's hard to argue that this is not a natural consequence of parenting. I don't think it is, though. I think that parents are subtly forced out of anarchist and activist space because people have no understanding of the experience of parenting and judge the actions and choices of parents based on childless twenty something criteria, and because

the mainstream's general anti-child bias is replicated in our community.

Parents are forced to consider factors that non-parents aren't when making decisions about political activism and participation. For instance, who's going to watch the kid while I'm at this planning meeting? (This problem could be alleviated in a pro-kid community, where making sure kids and parents were present, nurtured and cared for was a collective responsibility.) If I get arrested again, will the state declare me an unfit mother and take the tyke away from me? (This is a real concern, although activists of color are far more likely to have their kids taken away than white activists are.) Parents also have an extra factor to consider when thinking about things like employment and housing. It's one thing to be houseless and jobless with no health care as a resourceful, healthy, and unattached twenty something, quite another when you have a dependant child. And raising kids takes a lot of energy, leaving less for the activities our childless comrades engage in.

Because non parents in our scene aren't aware of, or don't consider these factors, the choices parents make must look pretty uncool. There's a lot of anarchist/activist cred to be gained by going to every meeting or event, or jumping into the fray and getting arrested every time the cops come around, or even just staying up partying and talking heavy theory longer than everyone else.

Although there is a lot of anti-child/mother/family sentiment in the community, I think there are also many people who would be supportive if they had any idea how to be. But as it stands, folks with kids leave the community due to lack of support and understanding, and the potentially child-friendly folks in the community don't get the chance to learn how to support parents and kids.

Then there's the societal pressure that comes into play when you have kids. It's really not societally acceptable to be a punk, or a radical, or a queer, or an independent, in your face woman. But it can be written off as youthful excess, or unrealistic youthful idealism. But when you become a parent, most folks expect that now you're going to settle down and straighten up, you've got kids. You owe it to your child to be responsible, stable, respectable. I don't much expect to get this kind of pressure from my parents, who, after all, raised me on a commune, but I expect to get it from acquaintances, strangers on the street, and perhaps from other family members.

With the combined pressures of mainstream society and my subculture, I expect it to be quite a challenge for my partner and I to continue to live our lives according to our ideals. And yet, with the arrival of a child, it becomes ever more crucial that we do. I walked past a woman begging for change today without saying or doing anything, and I realized, once I have the child I can no longer do such a thing, because she will learn how to act directly from me. Walking my talk is suddenly more important than it has ever been before. So many of my political friends and comrades (if not all of them) have had to spend so much time and energy unlearning things like racism, homophobia, heartlessness, competitiveness. When I think about what a

person who never learns those things in the first place could do, it takes my breath away. (By the way, I don't presume I'm so over my own deeply ingrained crap that my daughter will have none; but if we raise her right, maybe HER daughter...)

And I do not believe it is enough for our daughter to be raised by parents with strong ideals. She needs to be raised in a community that is dedicated to justice, to agitating for change. She needs to grow up around people who walk their talk as much as they can, who choose their own identities, who treat each other with love and respect while still challenging each other. A community that loves it's children, it's elders.

And while I want my community to become such a community for the selfish reason that it's where I want my daughter to grow up, I also believe that an inter-generational anarchist community, with teens and young adults and babies and toddlers and grannies and parents, would be a force to be reckoned with, beyond our wildest dreams.

So many people tell me that once my baby is born I won't have the time or energy to worry about such things, that my politics will take a back seat to breastfeeding and diaper changing and being smitten by baby belches. I can't wait to prove them wrong.

—anarchakitty@riseup.net

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DIY punk records should cost more.

Or at least, they could cost more. And it might be a good thing. Hear me out.

Vegans though we are, let's bite the bullet and kill the sacred cow. What if all the right-on DIY punk labels—I'm NOT talking about those other profit-oriented (or even "financially realistic") labels, FUCK THEM—added fifty cents or a dollar to their record prices? What happens if we abandon the three dollar 7"?

I'm writing this because I feel like the other side of the debate about punk prices is monopolized by our enemies. Also, because whenever we compromise with the capitalist system, which we are doing from beginning to end whenever DIY records are released, we need to be thinking clearly about how those compromises will get us to a better place. We need to be thinking specifically about the capital in the punk scene, and where it goes, not denying that it's going anywhere.

I'm not going to make the hackneyed argument about how "a worker should be paid a living wage for his work" that has been trotted out before as an explanation for higher record prices—those who want to rate all their activities according to a dollar value and then try to get the market to provide them with that (best of luck!) are free to; I'm not a fucking reformist, I'm not interested in trying to survive under this system but in changing it. This is all about tactics.

It's been a knee-jerk reaction of punk consumers to judge a band's or label's integrity according to their prices since I got involved in this community. This is short-sighted and superficial: sure, having low record prices makes

a symbolic statement against the high prices of profit-hungry record labels, for those who witness the statement (da punx, who already hate said labels), but it also ensures that the labels (and, also, their communities) never have the capital to achieve much besides keeping the wheels of alternative production/distribution/consumption turning in their corner of the underground. Break-even prices—this is something often forgotten—mean that the label doesn't get its original investment back until months after every single record has sold—assuming they all sell—when the last distributor finally pays up—assuming they do all pay. And there are so many hidden production costs in making records—so many labels (yes, there are a lot!) forget to factor in all the unforeseeable expenses in their hurry to prove how pure and DIY they are. They end up burning up all their energy as well as resources in a handful of releases or less, and giving up, while the capitalist scum on the fringes of our community continue to rake in punk money and even establish careers for themselves.

We should be thinking of who our prices benefit and how, for one thing. Flat record prices are like flat taxes: they are hardest on the poorest. If you want the prices low so the records will be more accessible to people without much money, then why not sell them on a sliding scale? The band I'm in has done some tours in hardcore communities outside the wealthier nations; we sell our records at higher prices in those richer nations so we can sell them significantly cheaper in poorer ones. Sure, some people in the former countries are poorer than some in the latter; but it's easier to give them cheaper prices or trades, too, and still break even ourselves, when the price for those who can afford it is somewhat higher than break-even.

It's no secret—so I might as well point this out before going on—that there are some kids in our community who have access to a fair bit of money. Some of these kids have hundreds and hundreds of records they never listen to. Another dollar for them is nothing—though I guess you can always sell them t-shirts, which really are absurd luxury items, instead of raising record prices, since records are regarded by some fanatics in this community as necessities, not luxuries.

But—is affordable consumption our highest priority here, anyway? It seems to me that if higher record prices discourage consumption, that could actually be a good thing. If the DIY ethic isn't just about making a kinder, gentler self-managed capitalism, a capitalism that is more consumer-friendly (and significantly harder on the producers), but rather is about revolutionizing our relationships, then let's scrap mass-consumption as a model of success: it just means making more future garbage, anyway. Are we fighting for the right of every punk to own his own extensive record collection? Shouldn't those punks be cutting down their consumption, maybe buying a collective copy of the record for their house or town to share? The buyers in the punk community tend to be the richer kids, anyway, while the poorer ones, whose needs the lower record prices are supposedly geared towards, already tend to share more.

Now let's talk about class issues as they relate to this, since the costs of commodities and the startup costs of doing business tie in closely

there. Fifty cents extra for a record isn't all that much, for rich or for poor; but when record prices are kept so low by punk tradition that you practically can't release a record without being sure to lose money, that makes record-releasing significantly more difficult for working class kids than to rich ones. One of the oppressive conditions that keeps the classes in their places is that under capitalism, almost everyone can, to some degree, afford to consume, but only the rich can afford to manage production. That means—in hardcore and outside it!—we always hear the voices of the wealthy, and almost never of anyone else. Higher record prices in the DIY community might thus, believe it or not, be in the better interests of the less wealthy kids: sure, records would cost a little more when you buy them instead of trading for them or taping them, but on the other hand, if you could borrow enough money from your aunt to release one, you wouldn't have as much reason to fear being unable to pay her back.

Now, I hope you've all trusted me enough up to this point not to misunderstand and think I'm suggesting labels need to make more fucking profit on their records for their own pockets. No sir! It seems to me that, if we're trying to supercede consumer-friendly capitalism as the model of punk economics, we should sell the records for a bit more and put the extra money that will come back towards things that CAN'T fund themselves: free literature, activist projects and legal support, cooking pans for Food Not Bombs. Let's put our money where our mouths are, not keep the records cheap so the kids can buy more fancy vegan snacks after the shows! If we have to make consumer products, they should make it easier for us to accomplish our anti-capitalist projects. Otherwise we'll be treading water forever, or at least until we get burned out and sell out.

The existing precedent we have for this is benefit records and benefit shows. There's something to be said for these—at best, they provide a channel through which financial resources can go to worthy causes from a community that wouldn't otherwise be able to get its shit together to support them. At the same time, there's a difference between giving a handout to someone else trying to deal with a problem and working yourself to create a sustainable strategy for solving the problem—and I have to say the latter, in my experience, is almost always more effective. Our experience with CrimethInc. is central to my argument here, and if it turns out to be unrepeatable, then you can throw out my thesis, but I don't think it will: like many Do It Yourself labels, we started with only a few hundred hard-earned dollars, astoundingly bad organizational skills, and a couple decent recordings by our friends' bands. Unlike some other labels, we always had the intention to do something more than release records, and aimed for that from the beginning. We priced our records like our enemies did, the smaller but still profit-oriented hardcore labels, rather than like the DIY punk labels we admired; and after a year and a half, we had enough money to publish tens of thousands of copies of the first *Harbinger*, a free radical paper. We kept investing the break-even money we got back in more projects, spent the profits on free publications and similar projects, and eventually

found we were accomplishing a lot of the things we had only fantasized about before, without having to borrow money as frequently. Admittedly, this has been easier for us because most of us are fortunate enough not to work or have financial needs, living instead through the usual tricks (contrary to popular belief, none of us have trust funds—if anyone does meet the much-spoken-of-CrimethInc. kid with a trust fund, could you refer me to her, please?), so we've been able to put in a lot of hours of work without needing money or whatever back... still, I can't believe we're the only punk kids who can do that—I've seen hundreds of others living the same way, with a lot of energy just waiting to go into something!

I would love to see others duplicate our experience with raising money from record sales to go into political work. I believe it's important for us punks to not only support other political projects going on out there, but also establish our own sustainable foundations for projects of our own (you know, a couple of us can accomplish with \$25 what one of those Non-Governmental Organizations would need \$3000 to do). As a long-term goal, punk labels would do well to aim to take the private capital that they end up with from doing business and turn it into public capital: that is, use it to fund show spaces, community resources, projects from which everyone could benefit whether rich or poor or punk or not. From each according to her means (record sales are voluntary, you know!) to each according to her needs, that old ideal. Sure, we can keep selling the records and break-even prices and passing around the jar to collect pocket change when one of us goes to prison, but... well, how's that been working out?

I understand that, in making this proposal, I'm placing a lot of emphasis on trusting the people doing the labels—and that is an Achilles' heel to this whole idea, it's true, especially since the more money anyone makes, the more they want to make it, whether it starts out being for a good cause or not. At the same time, losing money to keep consumer prices down, as I've pointed out, hasn't been helping our community progress much, either. I guess this is above all an appeal to anarchists and activists who are already considering releasing records, a suggestion of how to create a synthesis between punk and activist work that isn't often achieved. Also, as a side note—organizing labels in collectives, with discussions as to how resources should be deployed and attention paid to the wishes of the larger community, can really help to keep them on the right track.

To conclude—this is no set of rules, I'm not trying to tell you what to do. I'm just bringing up one thing that's like, so important to the whole world (I hope you're recognizing my reference here), that it seems to me could be done differently. When or if you see others trying something different, don't write them off immediately—talk to them, figure out what they're working towards. Maybe they're actually doing something more right on than the label that sells 12's for \$5!

Always saying what nobody wants to hear, [a member of] the CrimethInc. Work-Shirkers' Collective/2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345/USA



ravilution

I. Brownsville - a call to all desis!

South Asians into punk, this is for you. Two kids by the name of Muna (moon_beam) and Kiran (grayargyle) have started up a live journal desi.punk community, so if you're South Asian and a live journal user check it out:

www.livejournal.com/~desirock

Or you can directly get in touch with

Muna for details: muna_je@hotmail.com

We also want to start up a South Asian hardcore email list so we can all introduce ourselves to each other. So far I have a little over 10 email addresses and I'd like that number to increase. If you're desi and reading this get in touch with me and let's talk, even if you don't have access to email or the internet. (South Asian/Desi = anyone who's ancestry is from the Indian subcontinent ie. India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Nepal, etc. Includes those residing in North America, the UK, Africa, the Caribbean, or wherever the hell else we've gone forth and multiplied at)

II. War on Terrorism debate

Several years ago I worked for a program called Ameri Corps and ended up keeping in touch with a co-worker who later on became a Lieutenant for the Air Force, currently stationed in Boston. Following the WTC/Pentagon tragedy she emailed me to see what my opinion was on the whole thing.

When people debate on something serious like the subject of going to war, they should be able to tackle it from every single vantage point. There should be a million different arguments that a person can use to back up their position. In anti-war circles the common argument that is used is simply "killing is bad, therefore war is bad." This argument is just too simple. It's already obvious that this opinion has no legitimacy with the public as the majority of Americans are backing Bush and no one seems to be buying the anti-war position. I started off in my email to my friend with this argument and then realized that it was a waste of time to even use it. So then I tried to use various other reasons to avoid a bombing campaign (whether or not I succeeded in convincing her I really don't know) to convince my friend of why war is not the proper response. I am including pieces of my responses and her response here for ideas for others to use if they want, because it doesn't look like we're going to stop bombing nations anytime soon. Bush seems intent on waging war with Iraq even though most of his military advisors have publicly come out against it. Again I stress that it's important to have a lot of different arguments to back up your position rather than one or two simple responses. Unfortunately, since most Americans don't really care if people on the other side of the world die, I tried to talk about Americans dying needlessly. This seems to be a more convincing anti-war argument which hits home with most people, particularly flag waving patriots and nationalists.

Before going to that though, let me quickly share two facts. My friend's church went to see former President Jimmy Carter speak in Georgia, and this is what Carter told the audience: 1.) The US gives Israel \$10 million a day (which is why such a small country can afford such a large military arsenal) 2.) The US only spends 1% of its budget on humanitarian aid, while countries like England give 10%. Humanitarian aid as opposed to risking American troops' lives overseas is an argument that I think should be stressed and can be used to convince people on opposing war. Hopefully people reading this can use such arguments with the people in their communities who are backing the war.

My first response:

I think going to war is a very stupid idea. We aren't fighting a nation, we're fighting a very large global network. People in Afghanistan are already dirt poor and Kabul is a city full of beggars. What exactly are we gonna bomb? There are no military targets, no bases, nothing. Just a bunch of humans who can't afford to put food on the table. Aren't we doing the same thing the terrorists did? Killing civilians and acting as if it's a military accomplishment when in reality we don't even hurt the very people responsible for the crimes against humanity? Yes, bin Laden should be punished and brought to a UN court and tried. But why should we go bomb a bunch of different countries to accomplish that goal?

I think rather than seeking a quick short term solution of bombing some nation we need to analyze the root of all this, and seek a long term solution towards peace. Terrorists aren't afraid of death. They strap bombs to themselves and show no signs of fear. It's extremely naive on our part to think that just launching some missiles is all it takes to wipe them out. I think we need to gradually pull out our troops out of the Mid East so that Americans don't risk their lives and also play a neutral part in the Israel-Palestine peace process rather than always backing Israel. We also need to lift sanctions on Iraq, which Saddam Hussein has convinced his starving people that it's our fault they are going hungry. If we give them food and medicine I'm pretty sure they'll like us and look at us as their allies and friends, rather than blaming their starvation on us. It's the same with Afghanistan. If we give starving Afghans food and medicine and make sure to tell them it's from the USA, chances are that that will increase the #'s of resistance against the Taliban and Islamic fundamentalism. The way bin Laden gets recruits is by offering starving men shelter and food (b/c they're already dirt poor). If we bomb Afghanistan, people will hate us for killing civilians and they will retaliate with more terrorism as a way of revenge against us.

I also strongly disagree with Bush putting so many nations in a bad corner. He says "you're either with us or against us." Iran despises the Taliban but if they back the USA then terrorists from Afghanistan and other nations who support bin Laden will go into Iran and blow up their buildings or threaten their lives. Naturally Iranians are going to be afraid and say "no we won't back the US." I mean, Iran is right next to the border, it's very easy for Taliban terrorists to go there. It's the same thing with Pakistan.

Afghanistan is right there next to the border. It's extremely easy for them to cross over and it would be very easy for them to overthrow Pakistan's govt and take over (and maybe this is bin Laden's plan since Pakistan possesses nuclear weapons).

Her response:

Okay my thoughts. Hmm. Let me think. Honestly, there is quite a bit of what you said with which I happen to agree. Amazing, huh? :) Just because I'm in the AF doesn't make some militant guerrilla hoping for war. I believe fighting the Afghans that have no money, food, etc. will only make us into ogres. However, (you knew there was a "however" didn't you?) I don't disagree with the placement of troops. The American presence nearby in some ways is very important. To me our presence gives the locals some protection. Obviously, we make them targets; but we did that just by garnering their support. No, I don't think we should bomb the tar out of a bunch of destitute people. I think our country has found itself in a very unique war where it's almost doing a guessing game. You know a lot of the wars, battles, conflicts, etc. that we've been involved in the recent past could be compared fairly directly to something in US history and would follow Sun Tsu's Art of War. This one isn't comparable to anything, except for Pearl Harbor. What followed Pearl Harbor? WWII. It's almost instinct. I think our government is trying to account for the similarities and differences in the current situation to the past. I think the reason the media is offering so much supposition on the forces in the Middle East is because the US government is telling them things just for entertainment value. They are using the media to confuse the Taliban and the average US citizen. I'm not saying what the media reports isn't happening. I'm saying there's more to it.

Maybe it's my job, but I support the President completely. I may not always agree with his path and the path of those around him, but I'm certain that they will do what's best for the country. They might be wrong. From what I see on a personal level, they are doing the right things. Does that comfort you? :) My job has shown me some different perspectives on the population at large vs. the military. Now is where I creep you out. This is where I trust that God (yeah, I'm a freak) will take care of my country and me. Does that mean I don't believe innocent or not so innocent people will die? No. It means that I believe that it will all work out in the end. We as the stupid people may make wrong decisions that result in unnecessary violence, death, heartache, etc., but should still survive. I think it's important that the US leaders make the right decisions for the right reasons, so those that are on the front lines are there for the cause. They believe we have a right to freedom. It'd be nice if the process to regain that freedom was a respectful one. Let me define freedom: It's the ability not to worry if the plane you're getting on has hijackers that will fly you into a national landmark. It's the ability to go into Boston without being concerned it's targeted for an attack. It's the ability to go to work and not have to drive by an airman with an M-16 at the gate. The terrorists have left us with our basic "freedom" but have taken some of the comfort zone away. A lot of people will ignore the eroding comfort zone until they run smack into it. I respect that. We shouldn't have to live

our lives paranoid anticipating evil around the corner. However, the evil is there. I do have to drive by an airman with an M-16. I do have to ensure that people sign in and out of the building during 3 or 4 two-hour shifts a week. I do have to wonder why an F-16 is flying over my home as I type. I do have to wonder what caused my "Happy Hanscom" to turn into a base such as this. I do have to wonder what is causing me to work extraordinarily long days and come home to do homework. I do wonder if I'm going to see one of my best friends again if he gets deployed. With my friend though, there is no other person I would trust more to do what he may do. I'm kind of rambling I know, but oh well. :)

Bottom line: I do agree that bombing innocent starving victims won't get us very far. I also believe that my government will figure that one out too. I do think we need to confuse the Taliban and bin Laden as much as possible. I think the media is a crucial element to that. I do believe that we need to be localized to that area in some fashion. We owe it to the countries that support us. They know what our presence does for them. I believe we did open trade again with a couple countries over there in order to help them out.

My second response:

Ok, my thoughts on the Mid-East. The air war has proven effective in bringing troops to seek out bin Laden. But I seriously doubt he's there. I'm sure he left for Africa or somewhere way before Sept. 11, the guy's not an idiot. I saw stuff on Al-Jazeera. We really need to work on the psychological war before we expect to destroy Islamic fundamentalism and its mass appeal. Bin Laden shows footage of US-backed dictators and bombed children who were killed by our planes. We need to counteract that by showing videos of our Peace Core workers giving food to those in Africa and the Middle East. We need to show videos of Americans building schools and teaching sustainable development. Unfortunately we aren't doing these things b/c we're more concerned with showing off military might rather than being compassionate and investing money in humanitarian aid. Bin Laden has won the war on influencing the Muslim world, he uses his personal wealth to build up infrastructures in dirt poor countries, and is using our bombing of Afghan civilians to further his cause. Why can't we be the ones using our wealth to build up developing nations and garner their support??

I want to comment on what you said about American troops protecting locals. I speak from personal experience living in Asia when I say this. First off let me ask you this. If you walked down the street would you enjoy the sight of looking at a Mexican Air Force base in Boston? Or British Royal Navy in San Francisco? We have our problems in the US. We have white supremacists sending anthrax letters and dragging Black men on the back of trucks. We have bombs at abortion clinics and in Atlanta at the Olympics. We have students going on shooting sprees in schools, we have Timothy McVeigh, Charles Manson, child molesters, women who get raped every 4 seconds, corporations that dump toxic waste into rivers which people drink, gang violence, housing projects next to mansions etc., etc. And now we even have people waging war on us by using civilian airplanes as weapons. But

guess what, this is OUR country, we can handle it and we will do what it takes to deal with it. We don't need Canada to come in here and "protect" us. If a nation invaded our borders then that is a different story, that is a violation of international law, and yes we can ask for assistance, but actually stationing a foreign nation's troops in our country is not something that Americans would be pleased with. We never stationed troops in Russia or South Africa yet both these governments collapsed because of international pressure and economic policies. War is not the only option that can help us succeed, we just act like it is.

When I lived in the Philippines from 1988-1991 there were 2 US military bases there. The Filipino civilian population didn't like the US being there. They wanted the US military to leave, and eventually they did just that a few years later. I heard a lot of Americans, including my American classmates and American teachers in school keep saying "this country is gonna crumble, they're nothing without us Americans being here." Well, when the US left the economy actually improved, and the gap between rich and poor decreased. Of course the Philippines is still a developing nation and still has a long way to go, but when the US left the country did not collapse as everyone predicted. This is the same thing the British said when they were fighting with Gandhi. That Indian people would fight amongst themselves because of ethnic and religious differences and that the British were there to "protect" them. Well yes, Indians are still today fighting among themselves, there is still inter-religious conflicts and discrimination, but India will deal with it just like Americans deal with all our problems and we deal with our infighting. This doesn't mean that everyone hates the US. Nobody hates you or me. They just hate the fact that foreign troops are in their nations with machine guns and bombs and jets. If Iraqi troops armed to the teeth were in your city you would feel uncomfortable, even if they kept emphasizing "we're here to protect you from yourselves and violence in your society." I point this out because I have lived in a foreign nation, and while I'm an American I understand why Filipinos wanted US bases out of there because I would not want Filipino troops here in my country either.

I talked to an older woman from UAE once who told me that one of the major reasons US troops are resented is b/c rape is a common crime perpetrated by soldiers and they practically get away it. She said many cases of Arab women being raped by Am. soldiers have happened. All the US does is restations them in another country. I'm sure you heard the recent news in Japan about a 13 year old girl being raped by 4 US marines and another teenage school girl being sexually harassed by American soldiers? Well are these people sitting in jail? No. The reason people in Japan were so upset was b/c the base didn't carry out any form of punishment against the soldiers. Again you have to realize it's not Americans people hate. It's the fact that this group of people who have no clue about the local culture or country are in there saying they are "protecting" them. Protecting them from who?? Let me also point out Japan is one of the wealthiest nations on the planet, not to mention the most technologically advanced. They only spend 1% of their budget on military, saving them a lot of

money, and making us spend our money on them. Surely they can afford their own high tech national defense and do not need us Americans to be stationed there more than 50 years after World War II?

I don't know if you are aware about what is going in Saudi Arabia where we have the largest amount of American troops in the Mid-East. Saudi Arabia is NOT a democracy. It's a MONARCHY run by a royal family. It's the year 2001 and they still have a king. They outlawed slavery in 1976, and that was a year before I was born! We are Saudi Arabia's biggest customer. We literally send them billions of dollars every year when we guzzle gas in our 12/mi gallon SUV's. We also risk a great deal of American troops' lives by stationing them over there. 2 or 3 years ago 200 US soldiers died in a bomb blast in Saudi Arabia, carried out by terrorists. For what? Why did these 200 Americans have to lose their lives?? Some multi-billionaire Saudi king who lives in huge palaces, who has 50 wives, all for the sake of protecting him and his oil? I would rather those 200 soldiers be here in the United States defending OUR country, being close to their families, not defending some wealthy royal billionaire who has no clue what the common person on the streets is going through, and has more than enough money to spend on his own personal military. Also realize the Saudi Arabian government has been known to give money to madrasahs, schools that train Al-Qauida soldiers. They do this to show terrorists "hey look we gave money to your schools, don't blow up our buildings." Again, where do you think part of that Saudi money is coming from? Us, we are buying their oil and we also let them save even more money by not having to spend the Saudi government's money on national defense. Instead our national defense budget is spent on them (instead of spent on us Americans), and American soldiers have to put their lives in danger.

I also don't buy Bush's argument that drilling in Alaska will free our problems on relying on Arab oil. In Alaska there is only 4 months worth of oil to last us. And in the US, we only have enough oil to last a few years. Then what? Unless we look to alternate energy sources then we will have Americans coming home in body bags dying for some anti-democratic nations where people don't have a right to vote for their leaders. I don't want soldiers risking their lives for some idiotic royal family who are living in the lap of luxury while citizens of this country (American troops) have to live in fear or have to worry about being killed by some terrorist. I suggest you go to www.time.com and type in "Roots of Rage" in the search box. You will see an article detailing all the human rights abuses going on in the Mid-East and why the US needs to stop supporting those nations (including Saudi Arabia) both economically and military-wise. I might also add a news report I saw recently which confirmed that G.W. gave \$48 million to the Taliban to fight opium smuggling in May of 2001. Of course, I'm sure that money went to the weapons they are using to kill our soldiers right now.

You said you believe that God will take care of everything... then let me ask you: do you think Jesus would say bomb a starving nation? There are 7 million starving Afghan refugees on

the border, we are only dropping enough food to feed 30,000 this coming winter. If Jesus was here I'm pretty sure he would say "help the poor" and "love your enemy." I'm also pretty sure he would tell us to allocate our wealth to humanitarian aid and not building up weapons of mass destruction or telling American troops to go off and die somewhere on the other side of the world. If we are showing compassion to these people by helping them out, building up infrastructures, providing food, bettering their education system, helping build up a sustainable economy, etc. it will make it a lot more difficult for bin Laden to gain followers, and then we can win the psychological war for the hearts of the people in the Middle East. Then after we win that war, we can openly cooperate with people who reside in these countries, seek bin Laden out, and arrest him. Our anti-terror coalition should play the role of international police and have criminals tried in a UN court, not the role of military "savior," which just results in bombing of civilians, puts Americans' lives at risk, and manages to get people like bin Laden and Saddam Hussein to convince local populations that the US hates them and that they should join their fundamentalist cause.

III. Action Alerts

The easiest way to make a positive impact is to simply write a letter or send an email to someone in a position of power. Below are some sites worthy of checking out that promote Internet Activism

1. Send an email or sign a petition telling the Abercrombie & Fitch clothing company that their disrespect and ignorance towards Asian Americans by making up racist t-shirts will not be tolerated. This boycott also sends a strong message to other corporations that they can't get away with marketing racism and sexism. While you're at it, add in some comments telling them to make all their clothing in the US and not in third world sweatshops: www.boycott-af.com

2. Send a free fax to your senators telling them to stop interstate shipments of nuclear waste to Yucca Mountain via trains. These very trains travel through numerous states in America putting communities all over the country at risk if an accident were to occur. These shipments could also be targeted by terrorists: nuclearneighborhoods.org/takeaction

3. Various actions to take surrounding both global & domestic human rights issues: takeaction.amnestyusa.org

4. Calls for renewable energy, particularly in the most energy consumptive state in the US—California: www.cleanenergynow.org/bin/actioncenter.pl

5. Resources to tell the US government to fully support the International Criminal Court which prosecutes war criminals:

- a. capwiz.com/usaforicc/mail/compose
- b. www.peace-action.org/home/icc.html
- c. www.usaforicc.org
- d. www.endgenocide.org

Send all correspondence to:

Ravi Grover/PO Box 802103/Chicago, IL 60680-2103/USA; sanyasi@juno.com

—Buy these 'zines! *How2 Zines* #1 and #2 are out now. "Practical and inspirational guides to actively pursuing more independent, self-sufficient, and empowering lifestyles. Tons of

advice, tips, diagrams, etc. on how to do things yourself: gardening, composting, sex, crafts, skills, art, food, health, and more." Real thick, real informative. \$3 each to: Kyle Bravo/PO Box 14523/Richmond, VA 23221/USA; By the time this column is printed Jenny Leblanc and Kyle Bravo will have tied the knot. Congratulations!

—Vincent Chung lies. His middle name is Bertha

—Jen Hate will now be referred to as J. Kelly because all the young people love her

—Check out these websites formed by people/groups trying to defend their cultures:

- a. Cultural Survival—covers global indigenous struggles: www.cs.org
- b. Solidarity USA—information regarding post-Sept. 11th roundup and detention of Muslim Americans: www.solidarity-usa.org
- c. American Indian Movement's National Coalition on Racism in Sports & Media—deals with racist mascots and images of North American indigenous people: www.aimovement.org/ncrsm/index.html (respect to the sports team who took on the name "the Fighting Whiteys"!)
- d. Africa Reparations Movement—addresses reparation payments for descendants of slaves; also answers questions about blame and how past colonialism still impacts the economic situation and relationship between 1st world & 3rd world peoples presently: www.arm.arc.co.uk/FAQs.html
- e. La Resistencia—information on the war on immigrants: www.laresistencia.org
- f. Asian American Movement—e-zine that covers issues revolving around the Asian American community: www.aamovement.net

—Good info and essays to dispute the widely accepted theory that North American white punks are being "attacked by the mainstream":

- a. Self explanatory: www.whiteprivilege.com
- b. "Global privileges of Whiteness" by Kendall Robinson: monkeyfist.com/articles/764
- c. "White privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack" by Peggy McIntosh: modelminority.com/society/whiteprivilege.htm
- d. "Breaking the cycle of White dependence" by Tim Wise: www.raceandhistory.com/historicalviews/timwise3.htm
- e. "Why whites think Blacks have no problems" by Tim Wise: www.raceandhistory.com/historicalviews/17072001.htm
- f. "USA Elections"—2000 by Noam Chomsky. We always read or hear these little debates about how it's not "punk" to go to college or to vote, but how many counterculture white males were historically excluded from attending colleges? Escorted by armed National Guardsman? How many whites were beaten or bullied for registering to vote? How many white punks were pulled over in the last Presidential election by Florida Sheriffs when driving to the voting booths? This essay covers voting discrimination against Blacks: www.progress.org/chomsky07.htm

Don't have access to the internet? Send me two first class stamps and I'll mail you a printed copy of all these articles for your reading pleasure.

—If these websites still don't convince you then I also suggest checking out a book by Native American activist Ward Churchill titled A Little Matter of Genocide: Holocaust and Denial in the Americas 1492 to the Present. I have to

warn you though, there were several times I had to put this book down because it's both disturbing and outright depressing as it traces in detail the mass murder of indigenous cultures. Other good reading includes The Autobiography of Malcolm X (one of my personal favorites) and also Strangers From a Different Shore by Ronald Takaki,



The Golden Oldies: When Life's Done Them Wrong, Old People Complain About Urinary Incontinence, I Complain About the Goddam Sun

One of the main reasons I left North Carolina was to escape the brutally scorching summers which consisted of running from air-conditioned storefront to storefront through a dense fog of humidity pierced by UV rays that make your skin peel on contact. This strategic form of duck-and-run is fairly commonplace and lounge friendly places like libraries and Linens and Things served as popular oases for the heat-stroke ridden. When the clerk asks, "May I help you?" and one replies that they're merely escaping the intense heat, Southern hospitality dictates that the helpless be offered a cold glass of water and allowed a few minutes of commitment-free browsing. Anywhere else in the country might call for a swift buffering of broom bristles on the buttocks.

It's June in Chicago and I'm passed out on my couch, drowning in a sweat pool, and reluctantly watching a borrowed copy of The Cable Guy. I'm only halfway through the movie and I seriously want to clock Jim Carrey on the mouth, but I'm too lazy to get up and turn off the television, much less catch a ride to Los Angeles to find that motherfucker.

Don't get me wrong, I wholeheartedly enjoy Carrey's movies as much as any babbling buffoon of an American, but those movies rely on dumbed down anal cavity jokes rather than just Carrey's flexi-face—which can only flex so far. Like Jack Black, he's wonderful when put in an appropriate context, but don't try and make me believe that Carrey is this sinister Norman-Bates-as-public-servant character. I'm just not having it... at least not today.

I'm sipping on some homemade concoction of lemonade and pricey triple-sect (mooched off my brother/roommate, who appreciates the finer points of life while providing

for my DIY bartender-out-of-boredom dreams) when the phone rings. It's Tommy, one of the city's many Carolina-to-Chicago (1) transplants.

"Yo Vince, this shit is porch weather! Let's do it like we did back in the Carolinas, 'cept with a Chicago twist... let's go get sum o' dat Old Style!" Beer that claims to be brewed "In God's Country" is always a motivation, so I roll off the couch, put on a little more than a fig leaf, and face the blazing sun.

The experience proves to be a little different, though. The swill is heartier, but the urban porch landscapes leave much to be desired as we crouch on a tiny, litter infested stoop watching the newly implanted indigenous group called "yuppies" walk their premarital trial kid, often referred to as a "canine." The porch-drinking experience in Chicago just isn't quite the same. It's not the passing of a slow summer solstice... enjoying a few brews while chirping courteous greetings to neighbors strolling by. The Chicago experience is decadent, and I feel rushed to finish.

The summer weather in Chicago isn't as intense as the South (just in the lower 90s at 60 percent humidity) but the sharp contrast to the dismal sub-sub-subzero temperatures we suffered last month makes it easy to play nature's victim.

"Victim" is poor word choice here, seeing how when Mother Nature decided to plant a massive snowturd on us in May (preceeded and followed by weeks of -20 degree weather), I retaliated by running outside with numerous bottles of hairspray and emptied them into the atmosphere, cursing the skies for the sun's extended vacation. "Fuck you snow! F.U. and your durned way of seeping into my shoes and somehow wetting my pants! I hate wet pants! We'll see where these Chloro Fucking Carbons take you next year! Melt in hell, assholes!!!" as I sprayed ozone depletion like a dog marking his scent with a rock lodged in his urethra. I guess I'm catching hell for that now.

Chicago has real victims, though. It seems as though every year, some heat wave settles in on the windy city and the population undergoes the same procedure (2) back when the normally densely populated Michigan Ave. was nothing but an icy tundra braved by a handful of moronic fanny-packed tourists in shorts.

I remember watching the news in the early '90s. The heat in Chicago was so intense, livestock in the rural areas of Illinois would literally explode. Their gases would heat up and expand, with the swelling ripping some major shrapnel damage into the internal organs. It's not a dynamite-fueled spectacle like when those crazy townsmen tried to get a beached whale back into the water by blowing it back into the ocean with explosives, only to have the body ripped to a million pieces while sea guts rained on the surrounding spectators and television cameras for a good ten minutes. No grazin', then rumblin', and then a cathartic POW! It's more of a bellowing moan and then a disappointing collapse.

It's during these times that weather advisories also carry the warning to check on the elderly, for there's always a string of heat-related deaths. I mean, imagine sweating to the point where you just lose consciousness and die! Get the man some Gatorade! In 1995, the body count

reached over 700 victims within a span of seven days, most of which were neglected elderly.

I Mean, There's No Doubt They're Bitter: Grandpaw's Mohawk Has Gone Flaccid and He's Off His Rocker.

Speaking of old people, this issue is dedicated to the Punks Over 30. They are the ones who you sometimes see at shows, sitting in the back, usually being grumpy, saying something bittersweet to the effect of, "I've seen this band before, but back then they were called BLACK FLAG."

I thought about Punks Over 30 I have known, and they're few and far between. Especially ones that still participate in the underground scene. Something happens to punk rockers in their late 20s... call it "Adulthood" or whatever, but it kills faster than the plague.

I used to work at a record store back in Raleigh, NC called Crooked Beat (6). It was a specialty punk rock record store that carried whatever my boss saw fit. We were complete dicks about everything. Our t-shirts even boasted the slogan "The Only Record Store That Matters" and we rarely carried anything that charted on Billboard, chastising customers that they could find At the Drive In at Best Buy under the section called "Corporate Suck Rock." We did carry some really rare '80s punk, lots of hard to find t-shirts (with a special connection with Raleigh's Kung-Fu kingdom), and a great selection of contemporary indie. We even had a huge Another State of Mind poster on the wall.

The store had a nice High Fidelity-ish dynamic going: Matt Joyner was the loud, obnoxious character that made snarky remarks to everyone's choices. He looked ominously like the Wolfman and claimed to only like bands that started with the letter J ("All I've been listening to lately is Joy Division and Jets to Brazil"). I was the pretentious indie rocker fuck who was meek with my words but spit out way too much contempt, probably to make up for some unattended insecurity. Yes, I can also heave window unit air conditioners like nobody's business.

Bill was Rob, an embittered record collector that stemmed from his love of punk rock from the late '70s. His philosophy could easily be summed up as, "There hasn't been a good band since The Clash, except maaaaaybe that Fugazi band." His goal for the record store was designed to expose record buyers to more underground music, a much needed niche in the mainstream pitfall that is expanding in Raleigh.

While it's hard for him to keep up with the ever expanding underground scene, he still carries a strong interest in the DIY dream. Naysayers who claim that the scene is dwindling need to realize that the growing diversity of sounds only means expansion, so get the fuck on the bandwagon. I noticed that a lot of the older punk rockers never progressed their records collections from the early '90s—or, as they say, "Back when Superchunk were putting out rock records." They have no idea who the heavy hitters in the scene are these days. They're just buying the same copy of Big Black's Songs About Fucking CD because they keep losing it at the office and reminiscing with Bill about that time Fugazi played the Cat's Cradle to seven people in 1987.

The only old people that came in to buy contemporary punk music were this middle-aged couple from Durham. Most probably participants of Duke's academia empire and victims to the soothing voices of NPR, these two knew more about the K Records family tree than the college kid next to them in line with the Beat Happening tee he won off eBay. He bought Hot Water Music. She bought Bratmobile. Every week, they came in and consumed the subculture of the new millennium. Yes, that means she even bought that last Bratmobile record.

Much like Championship Vinyl, the store struggled from a stubbornness to iconoclastic idealism. Its uncompromising ethics balanced on potential martyrdom. He kept thinking: if Fugazi can do it, well so can Crooked Beat. Bill is making punk rock his livelihood. As self-deprecating DIY can be, it's still an outlet for making an honest buck. Two words that seem to have no place in punk rock's nihilism. Then again, no one ever called Ian MacKaye and Jeff Nelson mere entrepreneurs.

I wondered what kind of existential void Bill faced when he was coasting towards thirty and was still a clerk at Schoolkid's Records. I wonder what plans he had when he married Helen and contemplated starting a family. Will life insurance be an issue when the body begins to deteriorate from years in the pit? These are definitely not issues I entertain when I'm carrying some crust kid into the Fireside bathroom to expel his stomach full of St. Ides. Although I probably should.

Bill doesn't attend too many shows. His band, Insurgence, isn't as much as a full-time gig as it once was. He's more of a Mojo man than getting caught flipping through MRR. His participation in the scene is limited to peddling Touch & Go back catalogs to impressionable youths turned on by the rebellious sounds of Blink-182. Bill couldn't be picked out as a punk rocker in the streets, no pins or crazy hair or even a studded belt. Just pants and a Deputy Dawg t-shirt.

He's enshrouded with a cloak of bitterness, every word that escapes his mouth is weary. It could be the long unpaid hours of running a struggling store. It could be the current state of pop music. It could have been the relentless pursuit of Matt sneaking in a faux-signed copy of Eminem's The Slim Shady LP CD into the used bin priced at \$49.99. Bill hates Eminem with a passion.

One of the more classic Bill moments is him leaning over the counter and watching the street outside and saying, "Raleigh's not what it used to be anymore." It's moments like these where I sigh and think that Bill is one of the most bitter people I know.

He speaks of times when Corrosion of Conformity were actually a force to be reckoned with. The Connells sounded more like The Smiths than R.E.M. There was a new wave bar where the tanning salon on Hillsborough Street is at. There were actually shows worth going to at The Brewery or at the long-defunct Fallout Shelter. Then Hoover played a house show. A fight broke out. The scene split at its seams and the momentum stopped. The younger generation tried to keep it going with reSol spearheading the scene, despite drugs becoming a rampant problem.

When Dart 360 broke up, all was pretty much lost. Everyone drowned in bars, moved away, or went alt-country.

At least this is the Raleigh that Bill would tell me on sleepy Tuesday afternoons as I was counting a shipment from Mordam, taking my privileged first dibs at the new releases. He's the wise one in the rocking chair and I'm sitting impressionable on a peach crate. Raleigh, to me, was always dead. It wasn't until I had surfaced from puberty that I caught a couple Dart 360 shows. Instead, I lived in a pretty insular world of mailorder records and internet usegroups—at least until I got a driver's license.

Bill stuck around. I think he had hoped that the scene would pick up once again. Chapel Hill keeps going, despite the break up of the Archers and Superchunk's slow withdrawal of activity, even Durham gets a raging boner every once in awhile (7). The last big thing to come out of Raleigh pulled a Ben Folds, got the fuck out, broke up a great band to start a shitty solo career, and started dating Winona Ryder. Now the big hype is behind Brown, a new band featuring members of COC and The Veldt... except they want to be the next Creed. Things aren't looking up for awhile, I guess.

The Far Too Jones, the Cravin' Melons, and the rest of the frat boy jam bands won in the end. Crooked Beat couldn't sustain running a storefront when walk in traffic grinded to a slow pace. The punks of Bill's generation have cushy office jobs and stopped listening to music. The generation under them grew their hair over their ears and the only contemporary music they listen to are throwbacks to the '70s. My generation is a small spread out community, but, as with many small towns, is uninspired. They all want to get out like I did.

I wouldn't say that the scene's inactivity was the main perpetrator towards Bill's bitterness. He's a Punk Over 30. He's got a lot more responsibilities. That on top of health problems, owning a house, and whatever else adults do (I don't know... shuffleboard tournaments?), there's not much time to do anything else. That kind of detachment leads to an apathetic interest towards causes like becoming the Next Seattle.

Bill isn't done... yet. He's looking to move. Be it across the street to Chapel Hill, the music mecca of Chicago, or—most likely—his homeland in the DC area. He doesn't feel stuck in his role in the very least, not defeated into serving this position until the mid-life crisis. The DIY underground spirit still inspires him and as much as wielding the banner of punk rock has weighed on his shoulders, he carries on. Because Bitter Bill believes it'll still work. And I don't doubt him one bit.

A Few Words About Being Jaded: Old People Don't Care About The Children or The Future. They Just Want to Know When It's Juice Time.

Sure, my punk rock cynicism certainly makes me feel old. Flipping through my old band flyers and the photos I used to take makes me realize that I'm now a part of this history. Witnessing the rise of emo as a mainstream trend makes me feel even older, but fuck if I know what

being thirty is like. In Chicago, the core group of friends I've made are well past their mid-20s. They're aspiring professionals. Some are married. Some are already raising offspring (not the band, silly!). I'm the baby of the bunch, being fresh out of the academic incubator and new to the concept of "real life livin'." Surrounding myself with this age demographic wasn't a conscious choice—they were more New Edition and I was part of the Bell Biv DeVoe generation. I can't relate to that.

It did make me wonder... where are all the 22 year olds? Do they live in a certain part of the city I'm not aware of? Is there some playpen where they hang out?

I was recently at a party, invited by an

students. They were all nice and pleasant people, but carried an unnecessary pretentiousness (5). It was like a sick cultural game of one-upmanship. People my age still carry that chip on their shoulder. These people feel the need that they have something to prove in an all out attack but have no focus. This arrogance is part of the growing process, I guess. Unwilling to engage in such an aggressive form of social Darwinism, I just kept my low-brow sensibilities hidden in my pants and charmed everyone with my sweet Southern drawl, which they found very ironically hip.

It was a nice surprise to find that some of these kids were into hardcore. Or at least used to be. I chimed in a conversation about music, where four guys were discussing the artistic merit of a brand new local avant garde minimalist post-rock jazz-influenced indie electronica band (In Chicago? NO WAY!). It was obvious from the start that they were punk kids who bridged the gap to John Cale influenced music when they first heard Joan of Arc.

I was wearing an Avail pin.

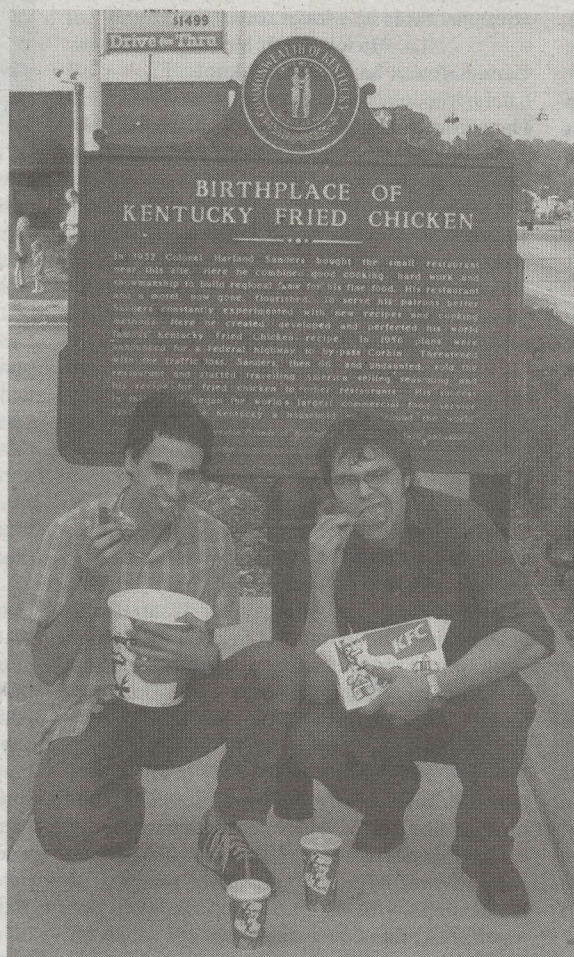
"Oh, hey, Avail. I vaguely remember that band," Hipster #1 snottily remarked.

"I do, too. They were really popular with, like, 14 year olds where I was from." Hipster #2 chimed in, as he adjusted his tapered vintage trousers.

My fashion faux pas of brandishing a pop punk pin to the party made me feel like I was seven years behind these kids. I physically felt fourteen years old, my voice cracking, awkward, and pimply. I could hold my own in terms of vaguely talking around actual topics (which is a normal party thing to do, right? Or am I really just that dumb?), but I had little tolerance for the self-absorbed testosterone field day it was becoming. It was kind of comforting, feeling ignorant amongst a sea of know-it-alls. Everyone already had low expectations of me and I intended to disappoint. Besides, Avail is a really good band!

The one feeling I couldn't shake from this social gathering was the attitude in the air that everyone felt jaded and old. Everyone orbited around my age, but acted like they were over the hill, spouting their hardened wisdom logged from arduous semesters sitting in studios sketching still lifes. I mean, how could a 19 year old tell me what it's like to be world-weary when their overseas experience was a study abroad program in Milan? Existences in alterity tend to weather the soul quickly, something often exemplified in punk rock: give a 14 year old an Econochrist album and they'll catch Alzheimer's in no time.

It's rare that I feel culturally insecure in a crowd. I'm not really a cave dweller (in the figurative sense... you should really see my closet of a room and determine for yourself). I mean, I read books and magazines and catch up on prefabricated soap opera scene gossip on the Troublemaker messageboard. I realize that it's not my ignorance that bothers me, but it's riding against the wind of faux jadedness. Their rainy cloud of pessimism throws all sorts of precipitation: unbearable contempt, tasteless and unoriginal post-something jokes (I think people



art school student. I thought about the "student" aspect of it, figured there'd be some of that early 20s crowd so maybe I'd find someone to talk about the woes of being 21 (4). The party was populated by many Chicago hipsters, faces who are familiar because I've often seen them at the trendy bar down the street or toting their messenger bag-like portfolios around the city. Fashion victims from the start, all anyone could talk about was art, art, and art. I tried making small talk about the neighborhood and got this reply, "Art, art, art!" I asked where I could put my beer and got the answer, "Art, art, art!" Hell, someone could have vomited on the on again and off again post-world music dancefloor and you'd hear a deadpan, "Wow, what a wonderful installation piece" or "Yellow-green is the new black!"

I mean, granted, they were art school

might call them "humorless"), and a horrible libido. It's like all passion in life was sucked out when they hit the age of twenty. Imagine where these people will be at thirty!

This is when I placed a lampshade on my head and...

In Conclusion: Everyone Stop Whining Like Frank Thomas and Get Dirty.

Do Punk Rockers dream about the future? Do they have master plans of what they're doing beyond that third decade? I don't think Punk Rock itself is very forward thinking, but it's definitely evolving.

Punk Rock is at a point where it's still contemplating longevity. Not in terms of cultural significance (now with The Ramones (3) cemented into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame), but with its effect on its participants. Punk veterans who avoided the silly rocker trend of premature death (it was such a whimsical trend, that whole ODing thing) are still alive and kicking. The oral tradition still exists within the first generation and we don't have to rely solely on written documentation for historical information. In other words, Punk is far from some ancient cultural phenomenon of "Live Fast!" weirdos and freaks especially if its thirtysomethings are considered "old school."

As a general observation on our subcultural community, we certainly act like we're the oldest thing in the world. Being jaded is like a Prozac aided form of Punk's initial nihilism. Sometimes it's burn out, sometimes it's cultural snobbery. It's the muse and demise of our productivity.

They're interesting folks, these old people. I am allured by the scope of topics touched in this issue... especially what happens when the youth rebellion sentiment dries up like a post-menopausal, um, nevermind. Whatever juice keeps them ticking needs to find its way over here. I couldn't write about age since I'm no expert, but I could definitely write about feeling old... which is a totally different story of when you are old.

I'm nowhere near thirty years in age. I still can hold claim to youthful naiveté, meaning I can still be really stupid and get away with it. I don't have the world-weary experience to back up my tall tales, though I have the arrogance to exaggerate. Saying that you saw Deadguy doesn't quite give you bragging rights. Yet. So give me a few years and I'll tell you what it's like to fart dust.

This column goes out to the aforementioned Bill Daly and my other favorite Punk Over 30, Brian Shapiro ("Billingsgate? Oh yeah, I went to high school with those guys"). These guys keep plowing on like there's no tomorrow, so much respect to both.

All This Talk About Old Shit Makes Me Want to Plug New Stuff. The Vincent Chung Guide To What's Awesome.

A lot of my friends stopped doing shitty bands and started doing great ones. Here's some ones to keep an eye on if you're cool!

XthoughtstreamsX are a 1/3 straight edge band. They don't sound very straight edge, though. Take avant garde jazz, mix it with technical death metal, and then play at 250 bpm. They have a split 10" out now with Dysrhythmia.

Paint It Black are from Philly and have

a pretty famous ex-members resume, but let's not touch on that bullshit. They write fast songs. They're straight up hardcore punk soaked with a tinge of melody. Hell, they could easily crossover to that new school thrash crowd. A demo exists somewhere, but they already have a big label deal with Jade Tree.

The Romance Morgue are all about fucking shit up. Based in Indianapolis, they have a thick and dense sound not unlike that of Swiz. It's darker and takes from mid '90s hardcore emo stylings. They have a 2 song demo and the packaging is simply amazing.

Black Eyes - Imagine if The Fall doubled up their rhythm section, took the standard DC sound, and then sped it up a notch. These Washington DC kids are finally making some noise that takes up a lot of room (literally).

It's official, Sarah HErritage and Alex Garcia-Rivera have tied the knot. Fuck y'all haters, true love really does exist!

Have You Outlived All Of Your Friends? Are You Lonely? Does Your Family Not Speak To You?

Please hit me back on my hotline: vincent@pacihi.com and I'll reveal all of your shortcomings so you can off yourself sooner. Non-academic footnotes:

(1) Big ups to the huge North Carolina representation in HaC #34! Go Dave! Go Kevin! Go Al! Go Zegota! It's your birthday! The night before this writing, Milemarker played The Empty Bottle, opening up with an impromptu dance party to Petey Pablo's "Raise Up," in my biased opinion, probably the best one hit wonder cut of the millennium. Like I said in a previous column, I don't know what gives with this North Carolina/Chicago connection.

(2) The procedure is simple:

Invest in some sort of artificial atmosphere. For optimum comfort and depletion of the most resources, the air conditioner and space heater combo works great. Otherwise, more budget-oriented folks settle on a boxfan with tassles and burning trash in a steel barrel.

Keep the doors shut. By doing so, you can minimize any transition between the climate-controlled indoor atmosphere to the extreme weather outside. If you have one of those window unit A/Cs, heremeticly seal it with whatever they're using to keep Bad Religion together. Only open doors if you must. Go out when you need bread and water. Tell the pizza boy to email the goddamn thing as an attachment.

Rent movies! Go for the rule of four: one intense and depressing thinking-person's drama, one lighthearted comedy to chase that downer, one action-packed meathead flick (or a sports movie, which often showcases much gentler and more sensitive meatheads) for exercise, and a documentary to provide fodder for brain matter. For creativity purposes, a self-imposed theme always works, such as "Anna Paquin's Puberty" where we follow the adolescent's post-The Piano art-flick career into the teen dramas of She's All That.

(3) Readers, please take a moment of silence for Joey and Dee Dee.

(4) There weren't any! Being 21 ruled!

(5) A friend referred to this as the "Williamsburg Disease."

(6) Crooked Beat recently closed its

doors, but still exists online for mailorder. www.crookedbeat.com. Lots of rare vinyl!

(7) Heads up to the now-defunct Strunken White kids, the best high school band I have ever seen to date.



One need not be a devoted fashion victim to keep abreast of popular trends in the U.S. It would be trite to simply state that it is everywhere; that if you are a young person who leaves the house for any period of time you are aware of what your peers are wearing, listening to, and talking about. At the very least we can assume we are aware of what the phantasmagoric shadow

government in charge of manufacturing what passes as youth culture is peddling this season.

Over the past year and a half there has been a regurgitation of sixties, seventies, and eighties fashion. Pants that flair at the bottom, halter tops, shoes with increasingly larger soles, Unabomberesque aviator sunglasses and straight, plain hair framing faces with make-up schemes that recalls some of my earliest memories of my twenty-something mother have been the order of the day. On the silver screen we have seen a number of 1970s remakes and on television *That 70s Show* has served to provide further proof that huge collars and big belt buckles are acceptable (again).

What all this market oriented reminiscing proves is that these fuckers, the ones that sell us cool, whoever they are, are some unoriginal and uncreative bastards. The heroin look came, and according to the industry, went. Although it seems to me that thumbing through any number of the more edgy and daring fashion mags would reveal that the jaundice colored, sunken-eyed and emaciated look is just as hip as ever. Anything just short of skinny, purple and white, track marked arms is considered not the heroin look. Even punk, a movement based on anti-fashion to certain degree, has felt the sting of co-optation. Studded belts can now be purchased at Target (I know 'cos I got one there) and it wasn't long ago the Gap had a window display campaign of stenciled spray painted shirts emblazoned with words like "punk" and "chaos" across the front. Not only can we thank the anarchists for the media feeding frenzy that brought the WTO to center stage in the national dialogue in 1999 but I think it is safe to say there was a degree of radical chic that followed. I'm surprised black hoodies with pre-sewn Dirt patches weren't being pedaled at J Crew or Structure.

It is as if practically every time period and every counter-culture is up for grabs to be re-interpreted and thrown back to an all too willing purchase mad public. I'm not shocked by this fact nor am I pissed or outraged. Even when it was hip in the public eye to be punk, and let's be honest there are currently elements of popular fashion that if not inspired by punk fashion are

absolutely "punk looking." I wasn't too worried. I feel like we've got bigger problems than the tired old discussion about the outside world encroaching on our scene (like the sanctions against the Iraqi people or the Bush's New War, etc.) and that goes for the whole debate around bands jumping ship to majors- I really don't give a shit. This is capitalism. It is doing everything it is built to do. They make shit they want us to buy and so forth. We are all participants to some degree or another—unwilling or...

Never in my wildest dreams did I foresee elements of my humble beginnings becoming high fashion. The hippest of the hip have adopted the persona of the most un-hip demographic in history. Yes, the so-called "white trash" look is very in this year. I first noticed it over the Fourth of July holiday when I found myself in Brooklyn. I was on the L train and I noticed a scruffy looking guy my age wearing a sleeveless Bocephus t-shirt, a mesh Red Man cap and a pair of seventies style gym shorts. If this guy had been wearing cowboy boots instead of flip-flops I swear he could have been a young version of any one of my uncles. Excited at first at the prospect of fellow southerner not ashamed to show the Yanks how we roll, I quickly realized something just wasn't right. This guy just didn't carry himself in a manner that matched his wardrobe. I asked my (also southern) tour guide what the deal was. In fact, all I had to do was half-assed point with a quizzical yet condemning look at this imposter and my buddy simply stated in flat tone that "white trash is in this summer." He and I grew up in the same small hamlet of Avery County in the mountains of western North Carolina. We share the sort of cultural bond that allows us to speak in the abbreviated dialect and body language of our hometown.

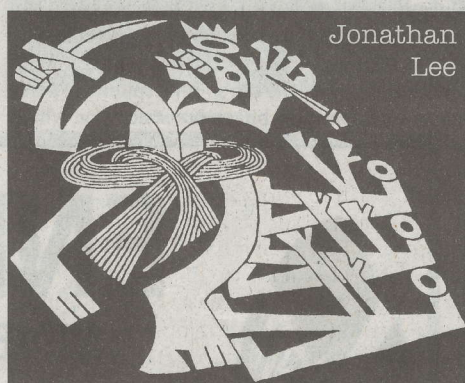
Getting off at our stop I saw another imposter, this time sporting a full-on mullet. Of course, it wasn't as near as long as my dad's nor did it reveal as much serious contemplation as the old man has put into his, but it was a mullet nonetheless. As we walked past I heard the abrasive tone and accent stereotypically attributed to New Yorkers. At that point I began to get pissed. Weeks after the fact I still can't fully articulate exactly how I feel about annoying Yankee indie rockers dressing like my family. They say imitation is the highest form of flattery yet I can't help but feel it's all a big joke and we, rural working and poor people, are the butt of it. Somehow it must be funny the way poor and working class Americans act, dress, and talk. It must be funny to like country music and classic rock and drink cheap beer. It must be funny to live in a trailer park and buy relatives tobacco products for Christmas. If all that shit is funny then I'm a fucking laugh riot.

The term "white trash" and phrases like it—redneck, hick etc.—are like nails across a chalkboard to me. At their very base these phrases are classist and are earmarks of political short sidedness. A term like "redneck," for instance, has two different stories surrounding its origins. The first, and most common, sights white laborers being sunburnt—hence the term. The second, and more romantic of the two, is a story of a coal miners strike in West Virginia in which the miners took to the mountains and foothills to wage a guerilla war on scabs, deputies, and mine owners.

They wore red scarves around their necks as a sort of uniform. While I'd like to think it was the latter that term has its true origins in it doesn't really matter either way. The fact is that it is a term that holds derogatory connotations towards working class people. There is a certain amount of truth to the stereotypes that exist around "rednecks;" there is racism in the poor white community, a lack of what could be called proper education (which probably has more to do with insufficient funds for poor and rural areas much like in predominantly African-American inner city areas), and there is domestic violence. At the same time there is great potential in building a multi-racial, multi-national working class movement. There is a greater material basis for unity amongst the trailer park, ghetto, and barrio than there is for any of these communities and the suburbs which is something liberals ignore.

The Soundtrack This Time Around: Hank Williams III Lovesick, Broke, and Driftin,' The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem box set, any and all Flogging Molly, and Johnny Cash Solitary Man The Reading List This Time Around: *Rocket Queen #2*, *Burn Collector #12*, *America @ Work*, *Power On The Job: The Legal Rights of Working People* by Michael Yates, and *The Foxfire Book #1*.

Let me know you're out there. davecoker@slavemagazine.com or PO Box 10093/Greensboro NC, 27403.



Dedicated to Thom Wright March 14, 1980 to June 30, 2002:

Four years ago I made the decision to go out of state for college. Ohio University had been my only non-art oriented out of state choice and with my senior year burn out on the idea of doing paintings the rest of my life, I went there. Being 18 and off on your own for the first time in a new world of "freedoms and responsibilities," you have no idea how much you'll grow. I started growing with Thom.

My first day of college was full of moving in the dorm, meeting the new roommate, saying goodbye to the parents, and all the other stuff that really hampers your excitement about being alone. I was ready to get out there and away from all that. On the way to orientation I met the first person totally new to me, Thom Wright. From then on it was all us. We went to orientation together, ate together, and then as the days passed we became friends.

For the rest of that school year we impacted each other's lives in ways I could never explain. I've sat down to write this column a good 6 times and I still have yet to find a way to describe it. There was just such a good energy coming

from both of us in very different ways and I think we fed off of that. We also fed off of each other's emotions and ideas, playing in a band together simply highlighted that to the largest degree. After one year of living in Ohio, traveling, and changing I decided to go back to the South—back to Memphis, my home. Thom and I continued to be friends, though distance grew has years went by and communication got to be less and less frequent (not to mention physically seeing each other).

On Sunday June 30, Thom drowned swimming at a rock quarry in Louisville. Those who were there said he was underwater and all the sudden his body just stopped, gave up. By the time he was pulled to the surface it was too late. I had turned down the opportunity to go that weekend due to financial stress—at first my reaction to the news was guilt. I would have been there. I should have been there. Now here I was, spending my roommate Zach's money to buy a last minute Greyhound ticket to Ohio for the funeral. It just didn't make sense.

The whole week up in Ohio was bizarre, horrible, and wonderful all at once. Hundreds of people took time out of their lives to make it there, mainly because Thom touched so many lives and touched them deeply. He gave of himself—everything he had until alas he had no more to give. At the viewing we all slowly went in and out, seeing his body lying there, all wrongly painted and bruised with Iron Maiden quietly playing in the back ground. At that point it wasn't real. It was a strange dream no one had waken from. Even that evening when all of us stayed in the local volunteer fire station it was still dreamlike—everyone from 2 to 4 years ago all in a room together. It was like a time warp and I was no longer myself. Just a reflection of the past.

In Celebration of Thom Wright II



14 March, 1980 - 30 June, 2002

But the service the next day shook me. Thom had decided to live two very different lives: his punk rock one that we knew him well from and his family one in which he kept many of his true feelings from. Being in that church just made

me angry—hearing about how Thom was telling us heaven was real and Jesus knew/loved all. Their god ripped Thom away from us all for no reason—fuck him or it. Fuck that. But when the service ended and the bagpipes played, I lost it. I cried harder than I'd ever cried before and I did so for hours. In front of the grave I continued to weep as time rolled by and the crowd grew thinner and thinner, until there was only us, his friends. Long after the "adults" had left, we stayed there. First all in small clusters, going one or two at a time to the coffin. Then we ended up in a big circle around it, holding each other in silence and my tears finally stopped. Soon we started talking and remembering and singing together in celebration of the man who had meant so much to us. This is what got us all though it all—each other, one big family.

Thom, I could write forever and give every detail from freshman year to the end of your funeral weekend, but that's all just too long winded. Basically it comes down to this. I love you and will miss you. We all will. We may not believe in a god but we do share a belief in eternity—the eternity of your memory. Sleep well and shake the heavens.

Do You Pledge Your Allegiance?

I'm sure you've heard about the court standing against the "under god" section in the US pledge of allegiance. Now that Christian or faith based values and politics are at a furious all time high it seems the decision is both surprising and up for a lash back by the right wing. In the meantime here are some facts about the pledge you might have not known.

Francis Bellamy wrote the pledge of allegiance for school children in 1892. In fact it first appeared in a children's magazine to commemorate the 400th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' voyage to the New World. The pledge wasn't put into use on any large scale until it caught the attention of President Benjamin Harrison, who at the time was trying to boost country moral and patriotism by creating the first flag day celebration. In fact the President got Bellamy to write his proclamation speech for that day in Washington. It read, "On this day, let the national flag float over every schoolhouse in the land and the exercises be such as to teach patriotism."

The original pledge read as follows: "I pledge allegiance, to my flag, and the republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Missing a few things isn't it? On June 14, 1923 against the protest of its writer Bellamy, the US Congress passed an addition to the pledge of "the flag of the United States of America." Years later another addition would come about during McCarthy's strike against communism. In June of 1954, by order of President Dwight D Eisenhower, the phrase "under god" was added after "one nation." This addition was considered a strike against communism that would be spoken everyday all across the country, sense the Communists were considered godless and evil. This addition would come after the youth of the World War I and II generations though, who grew up without saluting both god and country in the same pledge.

Now here we are in war torn 2002 and "under god" has been stricken from the pledge,

much to the dismay of President Bush. And never has there been a time to feel less patriotic. With everyday that passes, the tentacles of America grasp tighter and tighter around the world, disguised in democracy and anti terrorist interests. Global capitalism has spun so out of control that we seem to have lost our communities and our identity. Thousands die and millions starve in a world run by religious, corporate, and military interests. Nothing you don't know—almost have to generalize it but it's never black and white. So pledge allegiance, with or without god.

Oh yeah, so you want to get active? Thinking locally is thinking globally. Being aware of global issues is important but you will always be most effective in your local community: be it neighborhood, city, or state. Just have to find the time no matter what (myself included). There are exceptions of course (read the Pezz interview this issue), but I'm adding this again because of a conversation I had with some "activists" who only went to big global marches and thought that alone was enough to change the world. Fuck "protest culture." Change your own community, by your own means, and through long term solutions. The ripples will go out from there. While I'm thinking of it, lots of love to Revolutions, the new bike shop collective in Memphis—what you all are doing is awesome!

Screaming From the Bottom—Education:

Over the last few years, Tennessee's education system has sunk to rock bottom. My state ranks 50th in education on all negative fields... spending, teacher's pay, graduation rate, etc. With current fighting by the old south Republican party against an income tax bill on our state floor, which


temporarily shut the government completely down, it looks like this trend will continue and the poor will not only have poor educational opportunities but will also be heavily taxed on life's necessities: food and shelter.

Locke Elementary in Memphis is the extreme example in my state. 100 percent of the kids are: black, at or below the poverty line, eating federally funded lunches and breakfast, and are only taught basic classes. Locke, like every other school in Memphis, has a corporate sponsor in charge of gathering volunteers and bringing in donations but nothing more. School uniforms were passed into all schools starting next year so look for possible corporate logos on those.

This next year I'm kicking off an education reform initiative here in Tennessee along with a benefit label that is putting out a series of split LPs for both the project and the above mentioned school. Plus now that things are so rough and I myself am going back to school, I've never felt more close to the issue. In a future issue of *HeartattaCk*, I'm hoping to have a theme issue on education. If you are interested in contributing or know others who should, please get in touch with either Leslie or myself. Thanks so much.

Love: Jonathan Lee/PO Box 11552/ Memphis TN 38111; Diymemphis@aol.com


PS: I'm moving!!! Never thought I'd leave midtown but I'm headed downtown on the shores of the muddy Mississippi. The plus is there's a new show space in town. Bands get in touch for a good time (show, food, shelter, kids)—stop avoiding the South, it kicks ass!!! Sorry no phone number until I'm settled in.



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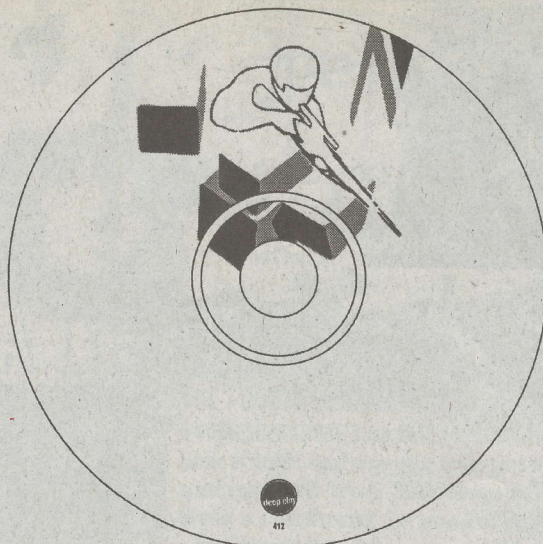
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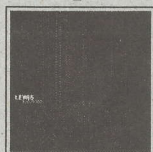
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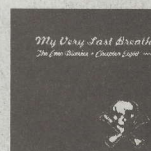


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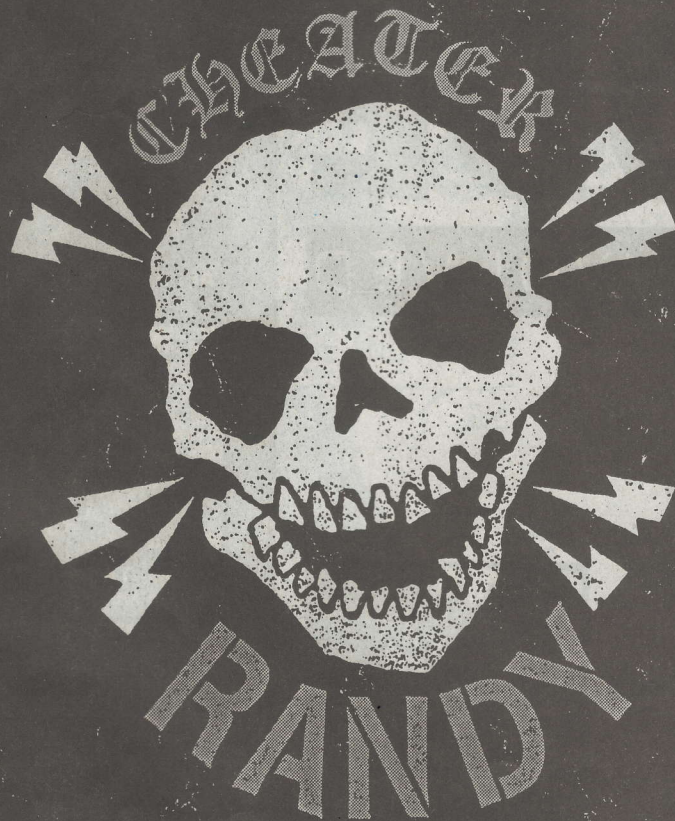
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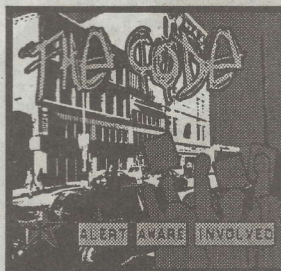
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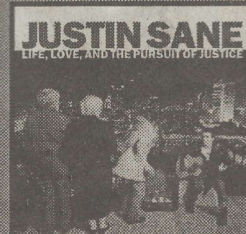
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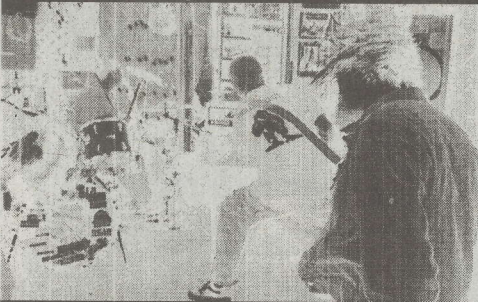
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HaC: You've been involved with the hardcore scene since nearly its inception—with various levels of involvement over the years, what are the things that draw you back to it? Musically? Politically?

Pushead: It's definitely the music, but I have never been drawn away from it. It's part of me and always will be. When you figure that hardcore has been around for more than 20 years, and if a person has been active within the so called "scene" for that long of a time, there is a lot of memories, friends, and great music. I think hardcore has been good for people who want to accomplish something. In the beginning, there were no guidelines, perhaps just this unspoken word that defined what it was that we all were doing. What that was, I couldn't tell you. But then there were those who decided that some "rules" needed to be set, and those "rules" have always

been confusing, without being said. Someone decided this should be an outlet, while others disagreed. It divided camps, and something that brought people together, also divided them. Music brought the people in and some other force inside the scene was responsible for drawing those same people away. There are so many strong views and opinions within the hardcore scene, sung within a song or written on paper, some are brutally honest and others could be considered diatribe. From insightful knowledge to head scratching ignorance, with so many emotions and beliefs present within this hardcore movement, sometimes the reality of it scares people, but the songs never linger far from their minds.

HaC: But some would argue that "RULES," "GUIDELINES" and creating a standard of Ethics are progressive—and necessary to be forward thinking, inclusive of radical out of the mainstream politics or what not. Do you see hardcore as something that should inherently be

the same belief, but a different goal and these two factions continue to promote the same ideals, it can create confusion... especially for outsiders or those who are new to the scene. Perhaps, to a certain degree, hardcore has become no different than modern day religion? Centered around a belief, the concept continues to spawn based on changing ideals and extremities, to the point where a dividing line has been drawn based on the same concept. The difference of the two, is one is desperate to pull you in, and the other would rather you leave. An idiotic theory?

HaC: What do you define as hardcore anyway, it's meaning has evolved and changed so much to so many different people.

Pushead: Anymore I couldn't tell you what the label hardcore represents. To a certain degree it's no different than political parties, who battle it out with their opposing opinions and views.

There are certain factors that I have always felt never belonged in hardcore, but they exist there today. It becomes confusing when bands who are nowhere

PUSHEAD

near anything that is hardcore, write press releases or have their records reviewed and there are mentions of "hardcore roots" or says rubbish like "hardcore influence" when you cannot hear it anywhere in the music. It's like some kind of marketing tool... and I would have never guessed hardcore would be used that way, in the mainstream world that at one time laughed at what we were doing. Yet there is this strange side to hardcore that's hard to deny. And that's when you ask people, how they got into hardcore music? And 8 times out of 10, they usually give you the same answer... they listened to some band that was supposed to be "hardcore," liked the sound and wanted to hear more, and experimented further, to the point where they became someone who is a major supporter of good hardcore music. And depending on each person, it affects their lives somehow, whether it's thinking, fashion, or whatever. In the beginning there was a lot of interaction, because the scene was so small and neophyte in its origins, but now it's grown beyond that, almost out of control, and I think that frustrates a majority of the people, who think of it at a certain level only. So how do you define something now, that one day soon, might be no different than the definition of "rock"?

HaC: But do you feel for that reason that hardcore shouldn't be afraid to knock heads with the mainstream—in terms of promoting itself, distribution or work towards goals would then be to create its own structure as far from the mainstream as possible in terms of distribution of records, promotion, manufacture etc., etc.? I see the relation of hardcore as commenting on mainstream society from an outside perspective and it cannot exist completely separate from it... or you just get songs about the scene and record collectors—do you agree?

Pushead: Ken, it seems that you are more asking yourself this question, than in the context of this interview. Maybe I can help your confusion. Who created this enemy "mainstream"? Does anyone look at the reason something becomes

progressive?
Pushead: Progressive to what? Since I am speaking about what happened in the past, these so called people who came in with "rules" or "guidelines," cared mostly about their values, or what they thought something should be. They did not care if they alienated people or excluded anyone. They felt that the battle that they wanted to wage, should be everyone's battle, and if you were not a soldier you didn't belong. Personal hate or hatred of something came to the forefront, and this turned a lot of people away. Keep in mind a majority of these people who left, were intelligent, creative

people with strong ideas and beliefs. It is not like they were "weak," they just got tired of butting heads with ideals that had nothing to do with the whole, but were faced with a war against personal vengeance... that was not their fight. Like everything in human society, there are extremities, the same thing happened and continues to happen in this scene. It can make it interesting and it can make it come undone. When something comes

undone, there is separation. If on a basic scale, you figure that a separation divides a group into 2 different factions with

**Pushead interview
by Ken from Prank**

mainstream, just a lot of finger pointing, once it does. No matter what the plan or path of a band is, once they create the music and lyrics, the ball begins rolling. People hear it and they seek it out, we all know the ways that this occurs. On rare occasions, hardcore bands start to go to levels they never dreamed of, and start to step into the mainstream, because what they have created is now in demand. So the laws of supply and demand come into effect. Now they ask the question of how do they control something that might be getting out of control? Still there does exist a mainstream attitude within the hardcore community, that is not acknowledged... basically from those who will pillage from others for their own gain. Some call this "supporting their scene," or others say "it's necessary." Whenever someone knocks off a shirt, button, sticker, etc., of their favorite band, they are selling something to the masses, a sort of promotion that is backfiring if the person is against popularity contests. When people see such products it encourages them to get something also, and so it begins. If a band from the hardcore scene makes such products and makes the profits from it, in some cases, it is seen as bad. But if someone else does it, it's not perceived the same way. No matter who does it, the goods that represent something are being put out there, and demand can be created, if the people so desire. If hardcore could control its own, which it is trying to do in some ways, would be favorable... but at the same time others would say, it's becoming what they don't want it to be. The hardest argument here would have to be, that hardcore can't just be a hobby for some people and a real business for others... while each party is pointing fingers at each other, accusing them of something that is against this supposed hardcore ethic.

HaC: Having been involved with music scenes on many different levels is there something different you find in the hardcore scene that keeps you close to it.

Pushead: If anything, it has been a great learning experience. There is so much knowledge available within the hardcore movement.

HaC: A lot of the '80s records you illustrated the covers for, or the band you sang for, Septic Death, are now considered "classics." Is there room for that in hardcore?

Pushead: What kind of trick question is this Ken? Ha, ha. It goes back to the length of time that something has existed. It wasn't created to be a "classic," and the possibility that someone will enjoy what is created was my hope. Sure there is a place for so-called "classics" in hardcore, good music is good music... good art is good art, regardless of the genre. Only the test of time proves whether or not something is a "classic."

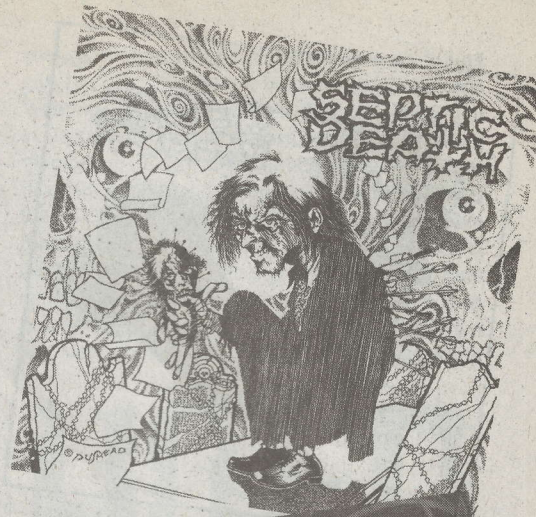
HaC: Well, true, but I feel in many ways Hardcore (and more specifically punk) was created to fill a void, and maybe that void, that niche is filled now, but it also seems even in the early 1980s conservatism about punk and hardcore had already set in—clear definitions of what was "punk" or "hardcore" in terms of style, content, dress, etc... Rules like you mentioned before—for something that was actually defining itself at the time and relatively new. Do you think there's a balance between what can be learned and leaving room for innovation? For example, the whole retro trip of the last few years has really

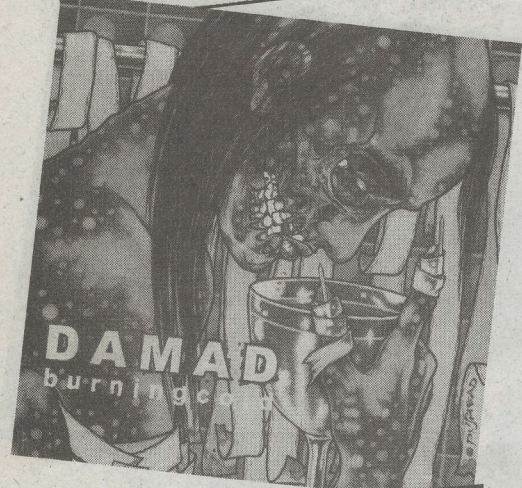
bummed me out because I see it as really unimaginative... energetic and fun, yes, but no ideas I can't already reach into my record collection and get...

Pushead: Too bad it's bummed you out and I don't think people have such "record collections," ha ha ha. The process of recycling is common in culture whether mainstream or underground. It builds a new base for those who are new to the sound and brings new life to something from the past. When certain people hear this second generation, there will be new spurts of creativity that will build on the sound. It really shouldn't be looked at negatively. Perhaps you need to look back at the heyday of what was originally called "punk." 1977 kicked out some of the most influential bands for the coming generations. Bands were crawling out of the woodwork, and labels were signing them up just as quick. The attention and enthusiasm for this sound kept growing. Then one day, like the stock market, it crashed. Bands disappeared or became something not related with what was started originally. Not that the sound was bad, it just wasn't the same. And after the smoke cleared, a new birth, sort of, emerged. Look at what came from that. It was those small bands in little scenes, all over the world, that kept this sound alive, while pushing it to new limits. Perhaps the second generation was influenced by the first generation, then the third generation was influenced by the second, until it all comes around and so on. As each new generation is introduced one particular way, and will make discoveries over time, whether past or present, about the history, whether they like it or not. But I don't think "punk" or "hardcore" was ever created to fill a void... as I don't think that anyone who was ever involved with it in the beginning would acknowledge that such a void might exist. So the void can never be filled, and the innovation or motivation will always exist. It is probably more up to us to continue the path, instead of wasting time looking down on something that might be keeping hardcore in existence and ready to bloom anew.

HaC: How do you feel about the recent trend of re-issues, legitimate or not? Is it counterproductive?

Pushead: Hardcore definitely has a cult following, and with age, people are turned on to what once was and how it influenced the current crop. How people are going about releasing things can be an issue. There is a definite need for certain things to exist, but it should be the songwriter's decision on if or who releases it. Recently there seems to be a trend of releasing material based on monetary value, especially if something is commanding high dollar on the secondary market. Just because there might be 50 people who will pay a high amount for something, doesn't mean there is a resurgence for that record. The bands who might have originally put out the record might have went through a lot of difficulties and sales weren't the best. Because of that, they might not really want to jump into the boat again, if they feel it sank or took on water before... just to go through it all again. Still, there should be some kind of respect for the band and what they accomplished, it shouldn't be destroyed by someone else's opinion of what they feel needs to be done. From the beginning to now, I really don't think any hardcore band ever thinks that





their music might be the subject of some revival or to be bootlegged in anyway. The one thing about hardcore is the facing of reality, there is no illusions of grandeur that a hardcore record will sell 5 to 6 figures. If those individuals want to do that, I think they'll go to another genre of music. It's like the "classic" quote from an infamous hardcore guitarist which goes something like... "Since I've now learned how to play, why would I want to continue by playing hardcore?"

HaC: What do you mean by secondary market?

Pushead: The market after the product is originally sold to a consumer. And the price no longer reflects the original retail price, whether high or low.

Counterproductive? Perhaps in this way... someone has the rights to a classic hardcore record, but won't release it because they need to get all the members' permission and it's difficult. But at the same time, they release another classic hardcore record as a bootleg, which they didn't get permission for, nor did they have the rights to. Distributors and stores pick it up and sell it, usually on the pretense of, there is a demand for it... but at the same time, it takes away from new bands trying to get their record out there. This can be damaging if the new band is unknown, and the bootleg band is one that has a high priced collectible tag on it, and people are buying the record for the presumption of its worth, rather than its sound. Of course the catch-22 here would be, if years from now, this unknown bands record was now a high priced collectible, because it's so hard to find.

HaC: Do you see it as "youth culture"?

Pushead: No. It's a widespread culture with people of all ages involved. And oddly enough the strongest people of the scene are the ones you might never see since they are the ones who buy the music, or put out the records, or make the 'zines, etc., so age makes no difference. It might have started out as mostly young people, but all of us have grown up and older.

HaC: What kind of mistakes do you see people of that original era following that are still happening now?

Pushead: Hypocrisy. Suffering. Guilt.

HaC: What kind of successes of that early hardcore era do you see people not living up to or surpassing?

Pushead: Personally, I don't think when hardcore evolved, there was anything to live up to or surpass. This was new territory being broken. If you're thinking on the lines of Springa saying "hardcore is dead," or Sakevi recently proclaiming "punk is dead," I don't think this is true in either case. It just has changed and as time went by, influences from what was past mixed in with what was current, fueled a sort of an evolution. The new blood kept out the stagnation, as people walked away. Hardcore was and is a brutal sound. There is a beauty to it if it catches your ear, but different people over time who are or were part of the scene, decided it should be more (or less). And of course not everyone agreed. These interjections had positive and negative reactions within the scene. It's really no different than basic human behavior that goes on in every day life, but I think a lot of people "thought" hardcore was something away from that, especially people who were there from the beginning. It's not like they curled their tails inward and ran away, it's more

like it was something they did not want to deal with, perhaps they came into the scene to get away from dogs barking and growling, and here it was, again, unleashed and ready to bite. But the one thing that has to be acknowledged, no matter what, is that there was a small group of individuals, throughout the world, who strived to create something, in an extraordinary way in the beginning, and whether they walked away from it or not, the gears of this "movement" were built and started turning, and continue today, stronger than before. The ideas and ideals were a success.

HaC: In the 1980s there was such a crop and variety of now considered classic punk artists—yourself, Shawn Kerri, Jaime Hernandez, Raymond Pettibone, Mad Marc Rude, and more. Why do you think there have been few standout artist in the punk scene since the early 1980s? Or are there people we're missing?

Pushead: Actually there have been a great number of good artists in the hardcore scene. Squeal, Vince Rancid, Sean Taggart, Tom, Sugi, etc. Maybe what is happening is a lot of the early artists just gave their stuff away to help friends, and because of what the scene was, it was done more in support. But now, with seeing what has happened, more of these artists need to also support themselves. So it's harder for people to pay this newer breed of artist, since they are working on a low budget to begin with. And people just cut and paste something they see in a magazine, something that they can cop, rather than pay. Not really original, especially when more than one band swipes the same image. It can definitely be a proving ground for young artists, and it would be great if there was more exposure. With you asking a question like this, I guess you feel there are not enough illustrations that are worthy to be recognized. A lot of artists write and ask how they can get started, get the chance. The toughest thing to say is, sometimes it's just the right place at the right time.

HaC: In the 1980s a lot of your original artwork for these "classic records" was never returned. What advice or guidelines or ideas would you recommend for labels, artists and bands in regards to the treatment of artwork/masters/etc.?

Pushead: First would be to never send anyone the original. Back then, for me, it couldn't be helped. I couldn't afford to get a photo stat or color transparency made. And xerox machines weren't of the quality they are today, nor was there a computer to scan an image. Guidelines... that list would be long, since I've learned from making mistakes.

HaC: What are your favorite Hardcore records past and present?

Pushead: Past (pre-1990): Discharge (first 3 7"ers), Gang Green (tracks on This is Boston Not LA), SS Decontrol Kids Will Have Their Say 12", Anti-Sect In Darkness... 12", Anti-Cimex Raped Ass 7", Minor Threat Filler 7", Subhumans Demolition War 7", Huvudtvätt 7", Gism Detestation 12", Poison Idea Pick Your King 7", Antidote Thou Shall Not Kill 7". Present (1990-): Citizens Arrest A Light... 7", Union of Uranus 2x7", Substandard (everything), Devoid of Faith Commodified People 10", Drop Dead 8", Tragedy both LPs, Uncurbed Punks on Parole LP, Acursed A Fascist... LP, From Ashes Rise CD, Bastard No Hope in Here CD, Victims Neverendinglasting CD.



problem. A lot of men operate under the assumption that there is no problem that things are hunky dory, that things are fine. And it is fine for them because they are the ones in power and they are the ones wrecking other people's lives and turning the environment into a disaster. They're the ones firmly entrenched and on top and with all the power. So to them there's not necessarily a problem; it's everyone that's getting fucked over as a result of them that has a problem. You really need to open your eyes and look at what your actions have brought, but that doesn't

some guy somewhere... I was going to say young guy, but it doesn't have to be young guy, whoever. Wanting to actually look at things... What Jen said just listening to women, you know. When women are talking about issues of gender it's not like they are doing it just to entertain themselves, there is something valid there and the responsive men often know when a woman makes a critical comment against men as a group or a specific man or the behaviors of a man and referring to it as sexist or misogynist or whatever. The assumption that men should make that that is an honest feeling

SUBMISSION HOLD

interview by Brian Disagree

HaC: In the description for your song "Tuesday Evening At The Dinner Table" you mentioned, "The heterosexual relationship is plagued with much imbalance." I was wondering if you could explain the different imbalances a heterosexual relationship has?

Jen: The song itself is based on a poem by Marge Piercy. Basically the glaring, most obvious one I guess would be the fact that most heterosexual relationships are tinged with the power imbalance that arises from patriarchal culture. That being that the man is of a superior nature, the woman is of a inferior nature. The man being dominant, the woman being Sub...

HaC: Subversive?

Jen: No, not subversive... Although I like that. [giggle] That's the way it should be. Subordinate. It's interesting because when I wrote that... All relationships are plagued with imbalance. Well, not all of them. I think there is a possibility that people can overcome a lot of their problems of a hierarchical nature. I think a lot of relationships, especially the heterosexual one, just because it's so entrenched in patriarchal values and it has been since ever been since the beginning of time as far as patriarchy being in control. But I think a lot of people are working to fight that, a lot of women are subverting the dominant paradigm and are trying to establish relationships on equal footing. I think there are a lot of men out there who are willing to come to the table and deal with things on an equal basis as well. But in the larger scheme of things the patriarchy is still very much in power. So we definitely need all the strong outspoken women that we can get to speak up for themselves and speak up for the women who don't have a voice yet.

HaC: In your mind how would someone go about unlearning what society has told them... about the male. How would a male go about starting to unlearn what society has told them to be dominant over females; over the earth or animals or whatever? How would they learn to be balanced to not have any dominance over any other being, person, or species or whatever?

Jen: I think the very first thing that a man could do to fight back is listen. No, the first thing you would have to do is become aware that there is a

just apply to men, women are not blameless in this either. The dominant cultural thing is the patriarchy and that leaves room for the despoilers of nature largely to be white, straight men. They're the ones who get away with it the most, they're the ones that are allowed to have that kind of power where they can rise to the top and perpetuate the kind of bullshit that happens so often around us. So I guess just kind of opening your eyes and you were a man and were a part of this, say you were a CEO of a multinational corporation. Say you are Phil Knight [laugh]. I guess just kind of empathy, open your eyes, and listen. A lot of the times you hear lip service paid by men in power who are saying... Just babbling on and on about how much they're doing and what good they are doing. But to me they are just flapping their gums because they just want everyone to think they are down but they are not listening. They are speaking, they are filling the space, they are filling the void, they are not letting anyone else have a turn to say what's going on. So I think opening their eyes and listening are really important.

Andy: That's a good point, but at the same time, show me a CEO or head of a corporation who doesn't have tons of think tanks, advisors... and blah, blah, blah. They are aware of problems, you know what I mean? But they hire people to disguise the problem. I think that perhaps they are beyond help. Maybe for the average man you could start to listen and act on what's wrong but perhaps these corporations, inhumane beasts they are finished. Because they know, they know. They are aware of everything that is no good, but they continue. It's a multi-bazillion dollar industry covering up all this shit, right.

Steve: We're talking specifically about people who want to change though right and who want to look at that. Certain people have a economic and power interest in maintaining the power imbalances between the genders. That's how they are. But as far as people, say

that that woman is having. Unfortunately what seems to happen a lot is the reaction of men is they hear what the women says and they are listening and they think that is enough. Then they immediately begin to make excuses "Well, yeah what about this... What about this..." I think questioning is a very important thing but I think men need to understand that women's opinions on the subject are valid and probably even more valid then their own because they're not experiencing the level of oppression. And, oppression is a big word and it has a lot of connotations and that's what it is. Sometimes it seems that that word is too big to a lot of men.

Jen: Sometimes it doesn't seem big enough to a lot of women.

Steve: Yeah, for sure. I just think men need to really give women that space... When a woman says something, take it as a truth. Whether your initial response is to agree with it or not take that as a truth that is the experience that women is having. She's not bullshitting; she's not doing it just to entertain you. That's something she is feeling, so that's a truth, there is something there and we need to think about that. And then take that and men need to examine things and ask questions, "Why do we behave the way we do?," "Why do we feel the way we do?," "Why do we think the way we do?," that kind of thing.

Jen: There's so many women out there in our society and societies all over the world who have no voice who are afraid to speak up just because of the system that is in place. In those situations it's really difficult because how do you provide a safe space where women can feel that

there voice is validated, that their concerns are valid and listened to. That's a difficult question to answer and if I had the answer I'd be going forth among the millions and spreading the word. Well, in a way I am aren't I? [laugh] No...

Steve: Among the tens.

Jen: Yeah, among the tens. [giggle] Yeah, just





need to create a space where women feel that they can speak and be listened to. I think men need to take a step back and not be the ones always talking. I think a space needs to be created for everyone to be heard.

HaC: What are your thoughts on cosmetic surgery and capitalism? If the latter didn't exist do you think cosmetic surgery wouldn't either?

Andy: I believe it would exist. No, seriously. You look at like "Primitive Cultures," right. Go out to places with no industrialization or whatever. People still do things to adorn their bodies. Be it scarring themselves or tattooing, or stretching body parts and this kind of stuff. I guess it's your definition of cosmetic surgery. If cosmetic surgery is going under a blade to get puffy things in your lips, what is so different between that and being in a jungle somewhere and getting tattooed with a stick and some kind of ink from a tree. There is a difference, obviously you know what I mean? It's societal and all that...

Jen: Yeah.

Andy: ...but I think without capitalism that there would still be people changing things about their body. Perhaps it wouldn't be tummy tucks and lip liposuctions and that.

Jen: I think there's a difference between body manipulation that celebrates a ritual that celebrates pain that celebrates a survival of something, which is a very positive thing. But then there is a lot of body modification, which isn't by choice that is not... foot binding for example. A lot of women had their feet bound as young children and that wasn't a choice. That was something that was forced upon them, an extremely, extremely painful thing to undergo. Basically they are hobbled so they can't even hardly walk, they have to take very small steps. To me that represents something very sexist in a society. We in North America are equivalent of those kinds of things. It's different though, cosmetic surgery is not forced upon women out here but sometimes you've got to wonder if the choice to have cosmetic surgery is a pure choice, you know what I mean? Is it a choice free of the fact that... you know, you look at magazines and this is what a woman in our society are supposed to look like. I think a lot of women do things to themselves that they wouldn't necessarily do if capitalism didn't exist. Because we are force fed an idea of what women are supposed to look like, what women and men are supposed to look like in our society. If you don't fit in with that you made to feel ostracized and you are made to feel like you don't fit in and you don't measure up. I think it's a complicated question. It's a good question; it's a complicated question with no easy answers to it. It's hard

because I think it comes back to the patriarchy and all these things that are connected, capitalism and patriarchy and the idea that you can only win, that everything is a competition. That cooperation is an invalid form of existence. I think all those things are connected and it's an extremely complicated mess and tangled web that we have woven. I don't have the answers obviously. That's a good question.

HaC: What are your thoughts on the marketing campaigns corporations are trying to pull off. Instead of trying to sell a quality product they are trying to sell a brand and are creating their own invented identity that they want people to believe they are getting once they purchase their product?

Steve: Well, we're coming out with a whole line of Submission Hold...

HaC: Belt Buckles. [chuckle]

Steve: Belt buckles. We already have the t-shirts and the records. We're going to start uh...

Jen: Underwear.

Steve: Underwear, we got that. We're going to move into more service industry stuff.

Andy: Hotel Chains.

Steve: Hotel Chains. You know, coffee. Submission Hold Coffee. You know, fast food, that kind of thing.

Jen: Yeah.

Andy: Juice.

Steve: It's been an evolution of capitalism. This is what it's come to... the whole branding thing. It's just a new kind of marketing, right. I remember hearing about... this was a while ago now and I can't remember the name of the thing. These guys in Holland invented a brand and started marketing the brand before they had any products. Just to do it. Just to show, "Hey, look it, we're marketing this brand with no products, and making it really trendy." I think that's really telling you... [laugh] They had nothing, you know...

Jen: Isn't that what it was called? Nothing?

Steve: Maybe, I don't know. I thought it was really interesting because there is so much emphasis now on marketing. It really doesn't matter what the hell the product is or if there is a product a lot of the times. It's really bizarre and I find it very fascinating in a really kind of dark twisted way.

Jen: It's weird too because I think these brands kind of suck you in by thinking that, okay, such and such brand... I'm not giving anyone free advertising on this one. Such and such brand makes a quality product and once you've gotten that idea across to enough people, they start thinking, "Okay, that is a quality product." And they buy it because it's a quality product. Then that brand can just start... the quality starts to go, a little bit by a little bit by little bit. It's no longer the thing itself that is of value. It's the brand, it's the name, it's the logo. That is what you are paying for. It's not the thing itself; it's not the sneaker, the clothes or the car or whatever. It's just the name of the thing that you are buying.

Steve: I think you give people too much credit like saying it comes from having a quality product...

Jen: Yeah.

Steve: ...a lot of times it has nothing to do whether it's a quality product or not.

Jen: That's true.

Steve: It has everything to do with the marketing.

Jen: Celebrity Endorsements.

Steve: Yeah, who they get in the advertisement campaigns. How cool it looks at the time. How fashionable it is. I think that's what it has to do with. Sometimes it is the quality of the initial product or whatever but... It's twisted. Human beings are weird, you know? Human beings are a bunch of strange monkeys and we have these weird group behaviors. God, I wish people would think more. I mean... I do it too, I'm a total sucker sometimes, you know. It blows my mind sometimes. [laugh]

[Brian starts on the next question...]

Andy: [laugh] You got no comment? [Everyone laughs]

HaC: Okay, fine.

Andy: Go ahead.

HaC: Would you consider that a form of brain washing?

Andy: No. [says it like a Robot]

[Everyone laughs]

Jen: Obviously, he has been brainwashed.

Steve: That's how marketing is isn't it? In a way...

Jen: Yeah.

Steve: I'd be curious actually to look up brainwashing. What are the parameters of brainwashing... I don't know... It's obviously brainwashing is some kind of...

HaC: Bad thing.

Steve: ...some kind of psychological influence on somebody, right. So I don't know at what point that psychological influence is brainwashing. I can sit here... What did I just say? Marketing, it's bizarre, it's scary, it's weird. Me telling you that, I'm having some kind of psychological influence on you. I don't know if it's brainwashing. But, it's definitely manipulative, it's... I don't know.

Jen: Well, who's to know?

Steve: Depends whether it's sincere or what, you know.

Jen: This could all be a dream.

Steve: My god, I hope so.

Jen: We could actually be living in the Matrix.

[Steve laughs] This is not reality.

Andy: That was an excellent movie put out by...

[Everyone laughs]... corporate Hollywood.

Steve: Okay, now we're getting existential.

HaC: Jen and Andy, congratulations on your baby that was born last year. What are your thoughts on bringing a baby in to this world as it is right now?

Andy: Well, I would never bring a child into this world. [Jen and Steve laugh]

Jen: It's interesting because at one point I was vehemently anti-bringing a baby into this world.



I sincerely thought that it was an irresponsible act to procreate in the world that we live in. Just because the world is so screwed up, it's always on the verge of disaster. There are so many unwanted children in the world and none of those things have changed but as Steve would point out something that I have learned from him over the many years from being in this band with him, the world has always been a screwed up place. People all throughout time have always thought that we were on the verge of collapse. Sometimes they were right [giggle] and sometimes they were wrong. I think to live your life according to the idea [sighs] to let your life be stopped, let things that you'd like to try or do in your life be stopped because of that fear. [sighs] I think you kind of lost a battle there. I think to live your life to the fullest to do the things you want to do, to embrace life with passion and creativity, is to honor the choices. Hopefully educated choices. Hopefully choices made with love and integrity, compassion and respect. I think if more people did that kind of thing, we might not be in the mess that we are in all of the time.

When I got pregnant it wasn't a planned pregnancy. It took me three days to decide whether or not to have this child, three days of very intense soul searching. I went from one end of the spectrum to the other. One minute I was adamant that I was going to have an abortion, the next minute I was pretty convinced that I wanted to have this baby. My first initial reaction though when I heard I was pregnant was pure happiness. When I went in and did the test and the doctor came in the room and he said, "You are pregnant." My first instinct was just to smile. I called Andy in to the room and he kind of did a weird face [laugh], kind of a confused, "Oh dear, what's next?" face and then we embarked on this three day long soul searching thing. It was an intense personal choice for me because so many things came into play.

My previous commitment to the idea that this is such a fucked up world and I have no right bringing another human being into it. That was there very much so, but also the idea that I was in a solid relationship that I had been in for eleven years. We're both pretty good people from where I stand and I thought we could provide something for a small human being that maybe isn't provided for small human beings all the world over all the time. I think good people need to have kids, people who really want to, who think they can bring something to the experience and we really felt we could do that. I think kind of in my heart of hearts I knew all along what I was going to decide, but those three days were

extremely important to me, in the choosing, in the having that choice. It's made me more pro-choice than ever because that choice was so available to me. To be able to really think it through was very important to me, to not feel pressure, to not feel like I had my back against the wall. But it's interesting as well because a lot of times in the punk community pro-choice seems to mean pro-abortion and a lot of people don't really go the distance with the choice part of that. A lot of women who decide to have the baby are ostracized or are kind of... their choice isn't validated. Even though it's a choice, you know. Ostensibly everyone is pro-choice but our community doesn't embrace the idea of children at all. There is a part of me that still thinks [sucks on lip], "I don't know, you know this is a fucked up place." But another part of me thinks well if the world would end tomorrow, my son is eight and a half months and we would of provided him with eight and a half months of love and he would of provided us with eight and a half months of love and I think that is something I would never give up. It's something which is invaluable to me.

HaC: I recently read in an interview someone saying, "The street seems to be the last refuge of free and uncensored speech." Do you think this is true?

Andy: Steve said that.

Steve: Did I say that?

Andy: Yeah, I just read it in an interview. Where did you read that?

Jen: Andy is so eloquent, aren't you?

HaC: It was some hip hop/graffiti guy...

Andy: In another interview Steve did almost had that exact same thing.

HaC: Oh really?

Steve: That's interesting. I always enjoy it when Andy quotes me on something and I'm like, "What? I said that?" and sometimes I'm like, "Yeah man that's brilliant, I'm so smart." And sometimes I'm like, "Wow, I totally think that's a load of shit. I wonder what I was talking about?" What was it? The streets is the last refuge...?

HaC: The streets seem to be the last refuge of free and uncensored speech.

Steve: I guess it depends on what your term of streets is...

HaC: I guess, the street outside your house...

Steve: Street outside of this house... The street outside of my house is probably pretty good. All kinds of shit goes down on my street. I've had some pretty whacked out conversations with people.

Andy: The focus is in the streets.

Steve: Basically, the mainstream doesn't have an honest debate going on. Mainstream press doesn't have an honest debate going on. People education, the schools, there's not an honest debate going on in schools. Universities really, there's a moronist debate going on there. Maybe in certain classrooms there's an honest debate going on. But, I think there is underground media; there are people that are putting effort out to try and keep things balanced and what not. I think I would interpret that as just like outside of the realms of where people usually go looking for ideas and concepts. So much of media, using the broad term... radio, television, publishing houses, print and places where ideas are presented, so

much of that is corporate controlled now. Editorially you wind up with this very, very narrow margin of debate and it's just more and more so. I think if you want an honest debate you have to step outside of that and sometimes it's a very uncomfortable place to be. As much as I wish... No, I don't wish everyone agreed with me. Sometimes I think it'd be nice if everybody agreed with me. As much as I feel one way about something, there's other people out there who feel entirely different and they're out there too. But they've got to be heard because there opinion is just as valid as mine regardless of how I feel about it. People have an entitlement to say what they want to say.

Jen: I think, almost since last year, I think people, especially Americans, feel the need to censor themselves now. I think there is a form of self-censorship going on as well in the fear of looking unpatriotic or the fear of being a voice of dissent in these frightening times. But I think more then ever we need voices of dissent. We need people coming from all sides of the issue. To get to the heart of a matter you really need to have an honest debate about it, you can't just pay lip service to the superficiality of a situation you have to really get down to the heart of it and I think there needs to be more of that.

HaC: In a minute I'll mention two words and I want you individually to tell me what you think of these two words. What do they mean to you? And, the words are: Mental Illness.

Jen: Whew. I'm just trying to track down the images that come into mind as you said those and I just think of hospitals when you say that word. I think... Wow... mental illness. I don't know, I need time to think about that.

Andy: When I think of mental illness I think of a huge array of... When you think of physical illness you think it can be from a head cold right up to a quadriplegic stuck in a hospital bed. I kind of see mental illness as the same thing. You can be having a bad day and you can just wake up and go, "Oh, god, I don't feel good about myself." You know, this is mental illness, a little mental fog or you could be stricken by chronic depression or something, and I think that is mental illness. I don't know I think it's a pretty big thing.

Jen: Yeah.

Andy: I don't really know.

Jen: It's weird because the physical side of things, as human beings we're quite good at pinning it down. There's still a lot of problems with figuring out diagnosing illnesses and stuff but for the most part a physical problem can be recognized and dealt with. As human beings we seem better to deal with the physical than the mental or the



spiritual or whatever have you. So mental illness a lot of time exists in this kind of place that's not given a lot of credence. But at the same time there's a massive industry fueling... like pharmaceutical companies and that whole thing fueling the industry of mental illness. To make an analogy it's kind of like: love is this thing that everyone is pretty sure exists but no one can touch it, no one can pin it down, no one can hold it in their hands. So in a way we haven't really come to terms in our day to day... Boy, I've lost my...

Andy: We're the atom. [Steve laughs]

Jen: Yeah, coming back to the physics part of it... [jokes] But, I think it's like something we can't touch, like a broken leg: you can see it, you can see that there is something wrong there, you can fix it, people understand it, people know what to do about it. Where as mental illness I think scares a lot of people just like love scares a lot of people. People can't see it, they don't know how to deal with it, they don't know how to touch it, they don't know where it comes from, where's it going. I think there is a lot of fear, a lot of mystery surrounding mental illness. I think because of that people with mental illness are ostracized a lot, are treated with disrespect, are made fun of, are not believed a lot of the times. So it's this weird dichotomy that exists in our society where on the one hand the minute you say you might have a problem, you are diagnosed and you're given a pill even though sometimes they don't really know what's going on, which fuels this whole capitalist machine. Then on the other hand... Is there another hand? I can't remember where I was.

Andy: Dichotomy, you go in there. They want to give you a pill. I think the other hand was you're not believed that you have a mental illness.

Jen: Yeah, you're seen as a broken human being. You are treated differently; you are not accepted the same way. Yeah, I think it is really problematic. It's weird because... A lot of the reasons why I'm kind of scattered in this interview and have been having a hard time getting my thoughts out is something that I have been told is called, "Milk Brain," which is when you are lactating. Your brain does something weird where you can't focus as well and you lose your ability to organize thoughts and to organize yourself and it's true. I've been told about this and warned about it prior to having a baby and I was like, "Well, we'll see I don't know if this is going to happen or not." But this has totally happened to me. It's a pretty minor thing, it's not a huge problem at all. It's weird because it's something I was told about but there's not a lot of... It's this weird thing you can't touch, pregnancy obviously

you can see, you can see the results of it, you know what's going to happen. But this milk brain thing just kind of you know, it's a process of the brain and the body and stuff but I don't... I've completely lost my mind here. See that's just it, I have milk brain, I can't go on.

Andy: Now Jen...

Jen: What?

Andy: Were you trying to say that your milk brain as you call it is kind of kind like uh... We were talking about mental illness, right.

Jen: Right. [Laughs] No, I'm not equating it with a mental illness...

Andy: Wait, wait... I'm not making fun here.

Jen: Okay.

Andy: I'm saying it's something that has affected your thinking and your thought process and your being able to say what you think and all that kind of stuff, right.

Jen: Yeah.

Andy: ...and whether it's real or whether it's not, blah, blah, blah... That's where you were trying to make the point of mental illness and milk brain.

Jen: Yeah, okay, that's exactly what I said. Thank you. So it's like a lot of people when I can't organize myself well like right now and I excuse myself by saying, "Oh, I've got milk brain, things are a little bit wobbly." A lot of people will just go, "Yeah, whatever. What are you talking about? You are lying, that's not real, that doesn't really exist." But, it does. If it's something that I think is affecting me and my ability to function then it exists. It's the same for someone who has a mental illness, who believes themselves to have a mental illness. As long as they believe themselves to have one, they have one. Do you know what I mean? So and that needs to be respected. But they need to be treated like a human being, they need to be included in all the activities that everybody is included in and not shuffled to one side and treated like lepers. Like we used to put lepers on colonies on islands and separate them from the rest of the world, it's bullshit.

Andy: I got a 'zine there in the mail the other day and it was pretty interesting. In the 'zine this woman was talking about her bouts with depression and so on and she went to see the doctor and the doctor prescribes this pill Zoloft for her. So she's in the doctor's office and the doctor's coffee mug is a Zoloft coffee mug. She's writing down notes on a Zoloft pad. She's got Zoloft, Zoloft, Zoloft everywhere, right. This is in the U.S. right so it's a bit different but is this mental health? Is this healthy mental being? Zoloft, Zoloft, Zoloft. Anyway, I don't really know it's a big question.

Jen: Of all the people in this room right now

fifty percent of everybody in this room has been diagnosed or has had problems with mental illness and those numbers are pretty high, very high. That kind of makes you think we live in a world... Steve has a thing about this. That song "Turpentine" is kind of about that. I'll pass you on to Steve.

Steve: I'm going to keep this brief. [Andy and Steve laugh] The question was what do those words mean...?

HaC: Yeah, to you.

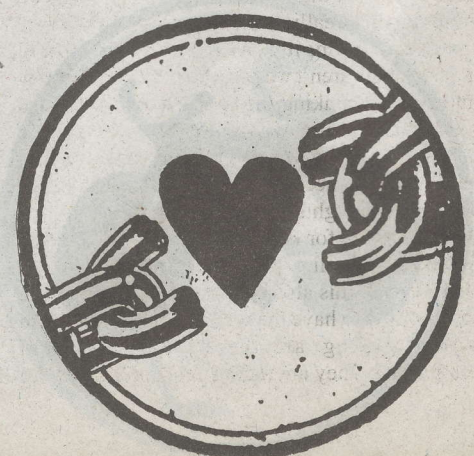
Steve: To me... mental illness. There's been some stuff in my family with mental illness. I won't go into too much. It's something that I have thought about and it's something that I have had some experience with. Probably minor experience compared to a lot of people. But, one thing it has made me think about it a lot and one of the things that really comes to mind is this whole thing with... Andy and Jen were both touching on the pharmaceutical industry. One of the huge problems I have with that industry and with mental illness as a label is it has become this big commodified industry and by labeling... There's this really interesting kind of thing going on between labeling. When you label something you are recognizing it and you are pinpointing it to some degree and that's good. Maybe forty or fifty years ago, people were walking around with all these kinds of problems and they thought they were the only ones and I think that happens today to a degree, too. I think people need to know they are not alone and what-not. But, when you label something it suddenly has all this baggage attached to it that may or may not apply to any specific individual and suddenly you wind up with... In this culture right now, we're really label happy, we're really diagnoses happy and everybody's got to be something and this or that. It's the new thing, I think everybody's now bipolar or something, I don't know. It's always changing right, in the '70s I think in the states everybody was schizophrenic. In England people with the same thing were something else.

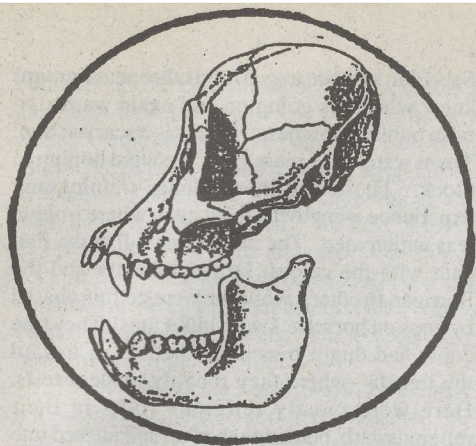
Andy: Manic Depressive.

Steve: Manic Depressive.

Andy: You could be the same thing.

Steve: Yeah, so it was the same damn thing but they had different labels for it, right. So this huge pharmaceutical industry is built up among it. I've had experience with this I've gone to a General Practitioner, a doctor and gone, "Hey, it's winter time, there's no light, I live in this dark climate, I'm feeling down you know, I'm not feeling so good." And, the first thing they do is just offer you medication right. There's this huge percentage of people in North America on





medication right now I think it's... Actually, I won't speculate what it is. It's high.

Jen: Yeah, it's a hell of a lot.

Steve: It's a very high percentage. I think there's too much damn emphasis put on it. Because, what it does... Because this whole thing I'm talking about with diagnoses and labels and what not. What's happening is everybody is being pin pointed as being ill when instead of looking at... "Okay, everybody's ill and we need to treat them all as if they have chemical imbalances..." Why aren't we looking at... Okay, what the hell is wrong with our world that this huge percentage of the population is having to take chemicals and medications and hormones or whatever the fuck people are taking in order to alter their brain chemistry so that they can deal with the society we are living in. I think that's something we as a society really need to be looking at and questioning. I'm not dismissing that medications do help people. A lot of them have really nasty side effects and they really screw people up. Side effects in quotations, it's not a side affect if it does something, it's an effect. Maybe it's a positive effect; maybe there are a bunch of negative effects. I really wish and encourage society you know... if I had any control and ability to encourage society to look at that... Why is our world structured in such a way that so many people are finding that the way they are wired isn't working? Does that mean we are all sick? Or does that mean that there is a problem with the world? I know that if I walked in to a doctor's office and said that, I'd probably be...

Kenton: Prescribed something.

Steve: Prescribed something or institutionalized as being a paranoid maniac or something.

Jen: Yeah.

Steve: But, to me it's quite logical. Shit man, if your life totally sucks and taking medication is going to make it better, fuck go for it. I think to kind of reiterate I think the thing is we actually need to look at the world and go, "Hey man, we are living in a really unbalanced unnatural way." Instead of pumping up the pharmaceutical industry, why aren't we putting that kind of money into actually making the world a better place so people are doing whatever to make people happier. Maybe we need more green space; maybe people need to work less, I don't know. That's my thoughts on the subject.

Andy: Thanks for keeping it brief.

Steve: Yeah, well... [Everyone laughs]

HaC: To me this also kind of reminds me of the patriarchy, you have these male doctors and these males owning all these pharmaceutical companies. They are telling people that they are

mentally ill because they are depressed. They are saying being depressed is a bad thing and you shouldn't be depressed. They are telling people that PMS is now a mental illness. I've spent a year of my life in psychiatric hospitals which I call jails. I've noticed that the people there are wounded birds, they've been raped, they've been sexually assaulted, they've been abused by their parents, by family members, by friends... and then we... we kind of abuse these people again... [Brian starts crying]

Jen: Yeah, um... I think so, I think our society takes people who are wounded and wounds them further cause they don't know how to deal with it. I think the majority of doctors and people like that who are working in these institutions I think after a while you would lose your sense of compassion if you ever had it in the first place. I agree with you, I think a lot of those places are jails. They are people who they don't know how to deal with...they don't have the answers. So they put them in these places under the... idea of that, "Oh, yes, if we put them in this place, then we'll be able to fix them." Where as a lot of the times it's just going to make it worse, because these places are just like jails, they suck the souls out of people, just like the public education system. So many of our institutions are setup to take away the spirits of the people who are in them. Where they should be places where their spirits are nourished. Where people are allowed to have faults, allowed to have problems. But are encouraged to deal with them in a creative way, in a way that is going to make them healthier and happier. Art and music and freedom, need to be more embraced in these places. It's interested I saw a really good movie recently and in the movie it was about these guys who are in jail and the warden of the prison decides to let them grow plants and flowers and stuff. To give them something to do I guess. Originally to begin with everybody is against it including the prisoners but eventually they come to totally embrace this idea of growing things and it makes them so much better, it heals them spiritually. I think if we were doing more things like that and did them... See I don't have all the answers obviously but definitely things have got to change and I think one of the ways things can change is just empathy and respect and putting yourself in other people's shoes. Right now power dynamics exist all throughout our society. Imbalanced relationships exist all throughout our society where people are so unwilling to see someone else's side and so quick to judge, so quick to be intolerant, so quick to be selfish. I think we just need to have more empathy and compassion and embrace each other and try and help each other out of tight spots and recognize that even though I may not have been in your shoes I can see that it has hurt you and that maybe we all need to as a society and as a community let you feel that pain and try and make it better for you and let you that it's recognized and that there are people out there who care. I think if we could do that on a large scale, I think if we could do that on a really large scale, things could start happening. I'm hopeful I think that there are people out there who are trying to make the world a better place. I really hope now more than ever that there will be more because I have a son now. I have a little boy and I want him to grow up in a better world. That's all I've got to

say.

HaC: When people are sent to these [psychiatric] hospitals, they are handcuffed and they are sent there to these hospitals and they have to stay there until the doctor tells them they can go which could be forever, they may never leave a psychiatric hospital. Should a doctor actually have the ability to basically be the judge, the trial, and the jury? Should a doctor be able to have that much power?

Jen: No, I don't think so. I think one of the way these institutions operate is they take away peoples power. In this world, in our culture, in our society, one of the last remaining powers that exist to individuals is the power over themselves, the power over their body, over their minds, to do what they want to. To take away that power, you are taking away something so vital. To take someone who is feeling closed in or feeling trapped and put them in a straight jacket, or put them in handcuffs I would think is one of the most ultimately frustrating things. If you are just screaming to be let go, if you are screaming for freedom, if you are screaming to be heard, that you need to have someone listen to you and the first thing that is done to you is that you are put in handcuffs or your given a drug to shut you up or you are put in a straight jacket or latched down to a table, what kind of message is that sending? That's just taking away your power, that's taking away your voice. All these institutions do that, prisons do it, mental institutions do it, schools do it. They don't do it in a physical sense but I think they do it in a spiritual sense. Yeah, I think it's a huge problem. One of my favorite movies is One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, have you ever seen that movie?

HaC: Yeah I have.

Jen: Oh, it's a great movie. But it is an ultimately a frustrating movie. That nurse, Nurse Ratchet had all the power. She took away all their power. She just silenced all these people who had loud, proud voices full of passion and creativity like anybody in the world and she shut them down. In particular she shut down the character that Jack Nicholson played. It's frightening. We live in a frightening world, a scary place.



PO BOX 21533

1850 commercial dr.

vancouver, B.C.

V5N-4A0

canadah

Dawn Cook



Dawn Cook has been singing and playing guitar, accompanied by her pal Joe on drums, since the mid 1980s. Their band name has changed dozens of times, but their antiauthoritarian lyrical themes have remained a constant. They are probably best known as the band called Bimbo Shrineheads. Some of their more recent band names have been Shrin, Los Shrinirhs, Hisshardimn Bo Ebe, and most recently just plain Hisshardinmb. Although they continue to alter their I.D., they consider their collaboration as the work of one single band. Throughout all the name changing the music has evolved, yet retained some resemblance to their early sound, which seemed like it was influenced by a mixture of Crass, Wobbly protest songs, and experimental noise bands. Below is an interview with Dawn Cook on living one's ideals without stagnating or growing complacent with age. Interview by Mark Marom; markymarone@yahoo.com

HaC: How old are you and how long have you been playing punk music?

DC: I am going to be 38 the end of the month (June 2002). I became involved with punk rock through my friend Joe Malinowski. The first song that we recorded, geez, in 1986, was "Mother Goose and Mr. Hyde," which was on child abuse, and here I am now running child abuse prevention programs.

HaC: What inspired you back then? Does anything inspire you now?

DC: Our music was always a vehicle for expressing our opinions and raising awareness. We knew we would never be a commercial success, nor wanted to. We had a message to share. That was most important. We had songs on child abuse, rape, poverty, greedy corporate scumfucks who exploit people and the environment. I still care passionately about these issues. I am Program Director for child abuse prevention/intervention programs. I have had all kinds of jobs, from gas station attendant, to waitress, to house cleaner, to machine operator. I lived below the poverty level most of my life. My family life, well, let's just say it was dysfunctional and that it is one of the main reasons I am so committed to the work I am doing now.

I had an intense awareness and concern about social and economic injustice from a relatively young age. I was a born vegetarian. No one else in my family is. As a kid I was always sickened by the thought of meat. People would be reveling in how wonderful and juicy the steak was and all I could think of was it is blood, not juice, it is flesh.

HaC: So when did you become politically active?

DC: I attended my first demonstration at 16. The ku klux klan was coming... I had to go and protest. This was the beginning of decades worth of demonstrations and civil disobedience.

HaC: So you were busted for protesting the klan?

DC: My first civil disobedience arrest was when I was about 20. I had gone to Washington, DC to protest apartheid in South Africa and racism in the USA. There was a small group that was going to block an entrance to the White House and I decided to join them. The following summers I walked from Philadelphia to DC as part of the Peace Pilgrimage raising awareness on nuclear weapons and promoting an end to them. I was arrested at the end of each walk, again at the White House. I had to hitchhike down to DC several times for my trials. Hitchhiking then was relatively safe. Times have changed. I don't recommend this now. In Connecticut the Groton sub base routinely launches nuclear subs, the Trident class were all the rage then. I was arrested several times at the sub base.

HaC: What were some of the uglier Reagan era demonstrations for you?

DC: Trying to shut down the CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. The public hadn't heard about the Iran-Contra scandal yet, but those of us involved with the Pledge of Resistance (a group concerned about US interventions in Central America—the CIA had been doing horrible covert operations in Guatemala, El

Salvador, and Nicaragua) and other peace groups knew what was going on and again wanted to raise public awareness. That was a scary action. There were three main gates we were hoping to block. Those with nonviolence training and experience went to the third gate, where trouble was anticipated. The media were all at the first gate with the celebs, Daniel Ellsberg and the Berrigan Brothers, while we were getting chased by cops on horseback with billyclubs! They (the cops) had dug a trench and herded us toward the trench—where they roughly made arrests. Here were mostly religious folks in their religious garb, being roughed up and pushed into a trench by the cops.

HaC: Were aging and adult responsibilities the reasons why you chose to eventually give up purposely getting busted as part of your demonstration tactics?

DC: I was really getting frustrated with not being able to accomplish what I had hoped, and that was using the courts and the legal system to affect change. I had studied World Court cases to use as precedent and wanted to enter it into evidence and was not allowed to do so. They only wanted to know "were you or were you not blocking the sidewalk" etc., and every time I tried to talk about what I wanted I was thrown into contempt. It was frustrating. I did have some creative pleas that I was proud of. When you are arraigned you are asked, "How do you plead?" Most people plead either guilty or not guilty. I would plead for the arrest of Alexander Haig and the leaders of the military industrial complex, as well as the CIA. I would plead for justice and equality.

HaC: You borrowed from the anarchist writings of Voltairine de Cleyre and George Woodcock for some of your lyrics. Have you outgrown those beliefs, or are you just trying to help people in the here and now while still working towards those ideals?

DC: My political beliefs have not changed and my job does allow me to advocate for what I believe in. The official organization vision is "...a leader in eliminating racism in our community, and advocating for peace, justice, freedom, dignity for all people." I was part of the strategic planning team that developed our mission statement, which is definitely in tune with my beliefs. It's another important reason for my continuing to work here. What other organization would allow me to round a group of staff and march on the Capital. We did this May 1. We've also helped organize community conversation circles to address issues of racism and discrimination. We're involved in all kinds of progressive activities.

HaC: What about living your ideals, not just talking about how bad everyone else is? (I'm not really accusing you of that, I know that you work in inner-city, low-income, high crime areas.)

DC: As program director I oversee two childcare centers. I do a little of everything; I supervise the teaching staff and our case managers, I do the budgeting and accounting stuff, I do all the statistical and outcome measurement reporting, grant writing, if I have a staff member out I step in the classroom for them—we work primarily with infants, toddlers and preschool age

children. If the case manager isn't available I step in and meet with parents. I do community outreach and involvement, act as a resource to others on issues of child abuse and/or family problems. Sometimes it is overwhelming and sometimes it is terribly sad. We have a lot of children who were born addicted to heroin or cocaine. We see a lot of domestic violence and parents with serious mental health issues. I have been threatened by parents. The centers have been robbed numerous times.

I love these kids. Some folks think it's not good to be so emotionally attached, but that's the way I am. Sometimes we do see families get it together and make positive changes and it makes it worthwhile.

HaC: Is your job relevant to political revolution or even punk rock?

DC: For me it's an extension of my beliefs. Not only do I work with "at-risk" children I also work to help the poor and oppressed. I am living my principles through my work, the same principles that I often sang about.

HaC: So you don't think that you have sold out and joined the establishment? Where does one draw the line between financially surviving and propping up the capitalist devils?

DC: I've been fortunate in that working for a progressive organization I have not had to compromise my ideals. I must say though, that I've become far more cynical as I get older. I used to be really naive and hopeful that we'd be able to affect massive political change and make the world a better place. However, my experience has been that on the large-scale of things, I accomplished little to nothing with my civil disobedience. However, in the work that I'm doing now I know I'm having a positive impact on the lives of children, and we have had some small successes with our local and state government. Now don't get me wrong, I am not saying that we should give up trying. And I am not saying that there is not a place for civil disobedience, there are certainly times when it may be an effective strategy, and we have to continue to work hard toward creating a just and equitable world.

HaC: But aren't you perpetuating the rule of oppressive government by working within legal social service agencies? How does a person immediately relieve the suffering of those around them without selling out their revolutionary goals?

DC: I can't picture many instances where you'd be selling yourself out by helping people. If it is a question of, say, working in a job that provides services that help people, but the management or agency has policies or philosophies that one strongly disagrees with, well... a person has to decide for themselves where to draw the line. I know the job market is a lot tougher now and people may not have the luxury of finding a progressive organization to work for, in which case, you still have to support yourself. Hopefully, you can find a job that is not too harmful and can volunteer with a group or organization that is doing something you believe in or want to support.

Dawn Cook can be reached at: hisshardimn@mailbolt.com



Pezz has been around for at least a dozen years and in a music community where bands are both born and die in the same breath that's pretty amazing. Through all that time they've evolved in so many ways, be it members, music / sound, or lyrical focus. Nonetheless they've always been themselves and nothing more, like it or not. I think the south has provided the world with some of the most important and influential bands, not just in punk / hardcore but in all musical genres. Who ever thought a band called Pezz might be considered one of those... but nothing fuels the fire more than your surroundings. So here you go—the music, the history, the politics of Pezz.

—Interview by Jonathan Lee

HaC: First off give a history of Pezz and your involvement in that unit.

Marv: Ceylon and I have been in the band since the beginning. A precursor to Pezz jammed during '88, but the lineup that included Ceylon was the first one to actually play shows and write songs that got recorded. Pezz formed in Memphis, TN in 1989, released two singles and our first full-length on Truant Records between '92 and '95 and recorded a split LP for Bittersweet Records in 1996 before joining BYO for two records. After that there were quite a few line-up changes. The band took the form of a 3 piece that fall to record for a split 7" with Remus and the Romulus Nation that benefited the Tennessee Coalition to Abolish State Killing, put out by Soul is Cheap. After a few tours with Wesley Willis, Leatherface, and others we ended

up staying with Soul is Cheap, doing a 3 song 7" and the With Everything We Got LP. After those released we had the privilege of touring the US and Europe.

Ceylon: Nic had been around a while—he and Marv were quite a bit older and really knew what was going on; when I met them I was just tuning on to the local scene. Prior to that I was into hardcore thru skate culture. Nic Cupples and Marv Stockwell were these punk 'zine guys from the '87 and up Antenna club scene, you know, the people who'd have a 'zine/record table set up at all the shows. They did a great local 'zine called Truant; that was my "in" to active participation in underground punk culture— young folks making their own records and 'zines, etc. So... Marv and Nic had seen my old band, Threshold of Pain, play here and there, and I knew of them from reading the 'zine and seeing them at shows. One day Nic approached me and offered me an audition for his band, Pezz. These guys had tried out a few singers and still hadn't filled the slot, so I was more than thrilled to give it a whirl. I joined spring '90 as singer of song. Then I started writing words, picked up a guitar, played bass, played drums... I've ended up in every position.

Christian: I play bass. I played with Pezz briefly in '98 and joined permanently in '99. I've known these guys since the beginning— my brother, and Marv's brother have been best friends for forever. I remember watching Pezz practice when I was 11, before their first show. They inspired me to start playing music and here I am in the band. I got into punk and hardcore

There is a world full of bands selling an image. Pezz's lack of a clearly defined image probably hurt us sales-wise, but I'd rather be real. We picked a pop punk sounding name and our sound

evolved past it. A lot of people would've broken up, taken a new name. Pezz is the only band I've ever been in, we made some good records, saw the world and got to break bread and really know a lot of people through touring. That's something I wouldn't trade for anything.

Ceylon: How the label is used has meaning. If that's all you have to say, then... pathetic. Tell an audience/readers that it's only "pop punk," especially people with a flavor of the month or an nth-generation understanding of hardcore, and those people never bother reading the lyrics. Or at least they don't mention it. Gotta say it's pissed me off. It's a way for a narrow mind to deliberately invalidate a group's efforts. It's an easy way to dismiss a band. If you don't wanna bother, it's a convenient way not to. I mean it's funny that someone at MRR reviewed the new album by saying, "I bet they like the Get Up Kids." Did you listen to the record? Read the lyrics? I know you didn't. What started to wear me out about "pop punk" was having that label stamped on us while having, in general, no appeal to "pop punk" audiences. A pop punk show? We clear the room. It was real frustrating for people to narrow us down to "pop punk" shows where the audience would not relate at all.

Christian: I don't think Pezz ever intended to be a "pop punk" band (whatever that means), and as the years go on more and more labels for music pop up. When I first started going to shows it seemed like there was punk and there was hardcore—now there's postpopemoindiedeadgrindmetalcore. I think Pezz definitely intended to be a punk band, more so for the ideals, and they just tried to play music that they enjoyed. With the new record I think we did what Pezz always did and just tried to make good music, but I brought a lot of different musical influences in the band that weren't there before. We all have our bands that we similarly like, but we also all have very different influences at the same time, and we all bring those to the table when we write music.

HaC: Speaking of association and MRR, what about randomly being called a Christian band?

Christian: Nothing could be farther from the truth. We've gotten a lot of criticism because Marv is a Christian and has expressed feelings

all Christians together in one category is dangerously stupid. If you openly bashed Jews you would be an anti-Semite or if you openly hated blacks you would be a racist, but it's perfectly acceptable to bash Christians. I've got a friend who turned his life around through Christianity. He stopped using drugs, remains faithful to his wife and spends his time and energy in the community. He became a selfless servant of man, which is what the religion teaches, even though I know not many of its followers actually adhere to it. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you..." how can anyone argue with that? On the other hand many people took my lyrics for "Drifting Away" to be anti-god, anti-religion. I'm not a Christian, but I am spiritual. I've never been able to settle on a faith because I think a lot of religions have some good ideas, but some outdated ones as well. Church was bashed into my head from day one, which caused me to rebel and question, but the questioning drove me insane. I wish I could have a simple faith to focus on but my brain does not work that way. I question, doubt and dissect everything to a maddening degree.

HaC: Pezz, partially due to its longevity, has become a part of the Memphis community at large (be it music or politics) and that seems to be very important to you. Why is that such an import cornerstone for Pezz?



Marv: Ceylon wrote the lyrics to "False Prophets" and that song talks about taking punk past the normal confines of preaching to the converted. There is a huge world outside a lot of the safe, preordained arguments in punk, which is not to say the punk scene isn't a place for ideas... it can be, and must continue to be to remain relevant. You'd be surprised who is willing to work with you toward a common goal if you just pick up the phone and propose something. I would credit Ceylon with awakening the band's social consciousness. We've had speakers from Voices in the Wilderness at our shows, were invited by our

friends in Remus and the Romulus Nation to be on a split 7" to benefit the Tennessee Coalition to Abolish State Killing, played a show to benefit Sacred Heart Church's Health Center in Memphis (which is a group of doctors who make considerably less money than other doctors so they can remain affordable to the working, uninsured poor), played a benefit for Friends For Life AIDS outreach with Lucero and FLS, and played in front of the federal building downtown with The People's War and Cadre as part of an event to protest the sanctions policy against Iraq. A lot of the limits placed on punk are self-imposed or just imagined.

Ceylon: There's that Remus and the Romulus Nation song where the words go, "Who do you work for? Where do you live?" It's where you live. It's your world. You can't talk to the outside world without first talking through your own. You can't see to the outside world without first seeing through your own. Don't ever live, see, or move around your world—live through it, with it. You (Memphis, others outside) let us be a part of your world for so long; thanks and praises!!!

Christian: I think everything you do is political, and if you play music, people are listening to you, so you have an obligation to say something important and positive. We try to improve our city and our world instead of just bitching about it and running away. So many people have fled this city, instead of trying to create something positive here. It's understandable, this place can drag you down, but I'd like to leave it a better place instead of just running away.

HaC: How important is community and kids supporting their local scenes, clubs, and active groups? Why?

Marv: It used to be that the malcontent and non-conformist found

out about the punk scene almost by accident and then treasured finding something truly different, even if you didn't totally understand it. Clearly the '90s were the decade of punk's commodification and so much has been said about that, it's a given. The anger and drive was sapped and harnessed and for a lot of people, what they used to find in a punk scene they are just as happy to sit at home and type back and forth in a punk chat room online and that's enough to feel sufficiently radical and dangerous. I mean, you have to hand it to them, the music industry tapped into that anger and rage and safely steered it away from activism and toward consumerism disguised as non-conformity.

Ceylon: Very important. It's your culture. You're bored? Your fault. The reason your scene sucks is because you spend too much time complaining and not enough time creating. It's not easy and you may not be appreciated, but nobody needs an ass kissing. You have ears, hands, and minds. Don't wait for your passions to seek you out, don't wait for the truth to seek

you out. You'll just get jaded and stay in the dark. Find inspiration, get your hands busy, get your feet moving, and open your arms.

Christian: Immensely important. These places and groups give us a chance to organize, to use our voices to change things the way we want them to be. How many kids bitch about there being nothing to do, like Cey said, it's your world, create it.

HaC: Pezz has been making the band more than music for some time. Why is that so important?

Christian: After we lost our old drummer, Chris, who was anti-political, we felt free to use our band to bring to light social ills. People have different views about what punk rock is. I was attracted to it because of its political nature. Our old drummer didn't think it should be political at all, he thought it was about drinking beer and telling everyone to fuck off. Now, I'm not as active as Ceylon, but I think what he's doing is very important and admirable. Everyone has their different battles, and mine are more personal and spiritual than political. Even when I help organize things like the last peace rally we had I get frustrated because of people's attitudes right now. Putting up flyers for a peace rally and people give you the third degree and call you a traitor and want to fight. People are so brainwashed by nationalism right now that I feel like it's a lost cause. I know that's not positive, but it's hard to be all the time. We're fighting a huge war machine with all the resources of the world at its disposal.

HaC: What was your relationship with BYO and why did it come to an end? How does it compare to working with a smaller DIY label like Soul is Cheap? Why do you continue to work with a local label?

Marv: BYO signed us in the summer of '97 and we did two records for them. Being on BYO was good and bad for us. They dropped us when we failed to sell as well as they would've liked. We kind of forced their hand because we weren't happy with the poor communication and overall lack of understanding of who we were as a band. I don't want to talk shit because we got to do some things we wouldn't have gotten to do otherwise. We wouldn't have toured with Leatherface if it weren't for the BYO association and I love Leatherface.

HaC: Has punk in general moved more towards business instead of a counter-culture community?

Ceylon: On one hand, yes. This trend should do us a favor and just fuck itself out of the scene. On the other hand, a sense of community is creeping across the country despite the further commodification of the underground. Being farmed or harvested by the "business" is nothing new, I might add... what is new is the underground ITSELF imitating the mainstream. For a true voice, a true underground. The early '90s was the first time any great success came out of that exodus... you can't have culture without community, which is being built up and strengthened in ways I didn't see coming years ago.

Christian: It's a reality in this world that in order to survive you have to sell something, whether it be your time to a job, or a skill of yours or something you've created. The whole world

runs on business, exchanging money for goods and services and a lot of people are going to try to sell and buy a lot of everything. Punk rock included. I mean, every DIY record label is a business—you don't give your records away and you can't produce them for free. Every band is a business. You're trying to sell your music, unless you only play for free. This 'zine is a business—but it's the idea of people running their own businesses, bands, labels, 'zines, etc., that is a positive thing. Until they do away with capitalism we won't be able to escape it, but we can put the money back into our own hands.

HaC: Punk is considered by many to be a youth movement, yet more and more people are staying involved with age... what keeps you involved with punk? Is it important to continue being a part of the community as age goes on?

Marv: Is punk a youth movement? Yes and no. In terms of people at shows, yes it is for the most part and it will probably stay that way. My late teens and early 20s afforded much more time to go to shows, be in a band, do a 'zine, etc. Punk rock teaches many lessons: thinking for yourself and the corresponding self-sufficiency and self-reliance you learn when you are rejected and have to stand on your own because your beliefs stray from the norm, rejecting easy answers and subjecting them to the test of reasoning, logic and soul-searching, rejecting conspicuous consumption and realizing what we consume impacts people working in sweat shops and it affects the environment, cooperating with others to achieve a common goal like a benefit, 'zine, band or tour and too many others to name really. Anyone reading this could add several others I'm sure. I think everyone's life changes and to deny this, dig your heels in and refuse to grow is definitely not in keeping with what punk and the whole independent-minded, grass-roots music, publishing and political culture is all about. I'm not speaking of change for the sake of change, but the changes of season so to speak. To stay in the same place forever is to stagnate. Change is good if you embrace it and look to deepen your commitments, stay humble and stay open to new ideas and new opportunities to grow intellectually, socially and spiritually.

To illustrate the point, today the newspaper I write for published a story of mine about a woman who'd been screwed over by the city's powerful building inspector as a way of evening an old score. She was a lone woman who had the guts to address her local city council meeting and demand this guy be fired. As a reporter, I lent the power of the press to her voice and now there are three cities worth (small towns mind you) reading this story and the council is meeting to discuss the building inspector's future with the city. And they can't make it a back burner issue or put this woman off any more, because of the pressure this article will put on them. I feel good about that. It's not exactly playing a sweaty set, doing a 'zine interview, loading the equipment in the van and driving to the next town on a Pezz tour, but I'd contend I'm the same person putting into action the same lessons toward good through different tools. Did I take part in the punk scene by doing that? I think so.

When Ceylon came to DeKalb and

gave a lecture about how the U.S. sanctions policy against Iraq is killing millions of civilians through denial of basic medicines and supplies, I wrote a story about that, too, and got it in the same paper. I gave press attention to an issue no one wants to report on, because I thought the issue needed to be heard, even though this area is a real conservative stronghold and we live in a time of blind "hooray for the USA" type thinking. The local peace and justice group that protests the ongoing "war against terrorism" I give as much press attention to as I can. I'd say that's taking the lessons I learned in punk and simply channeling them differently. I wield a keyboard instead of a Gibson and a Marshall half stack. Ben Sizemore, once the powerful voice of Econochrist, is a social worker in Oakland. Is Ben still punk? I think so, definitely. Maybe more so.

HaC: You've made comments before, in fact in song as well, about kids longing for the good old days where everything's better and how that's a load of shit. Explain. Why do people constantly move into inactivity?

Marv: We live in a culture that promotes an unrealistic image of success and how to get it. People are used to having everything handed to them on a silver platter. People are carefully steered from one sale to the next. False values are manufactured through the constant barrage of advertising so that we're chasing one false need after another. If and when we do see past the facade, we're often too encumbered by debt, which keeps us more tied to working and allows less time to see clearly... which enables the next quick fix of buying some other useless piece of shit. It's a vicious cycle and one that's hard to break out of unless you have a strong sense of self and strong will. Most people don't. And it doesn't help that, at every step of the process, we're offered an easy way out—illusion—and are kept in bounds by people saying, "just go with the flow . . . don't make waves."

Ceylon: Nothing's quite as exciting as when it was new and you were just discovering this underground—at last, there was a place you could relate to! Things keep changing and so you long for the "good old days" while the scene out grows you. People see others move on, see their friends lose interest. The scene grows and changes, world keeps moving, your role may change, and they don't relate because they've sat on their ass and kept their head where it was "way back when" while the rest of the world passes them by. There are no good old days. It wasn't better. It was a first impression—liberating or, at least, interesting—and you didn't know any better. You had something, now you're out of touch, and it's so much easier to sit still.

Christian: The most important thing you have in the world is the present. You can't change the past and you can't predict the future. You can't go back in time, so why try. Try to create positive things right now, that's all you can do.

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HaC: First of all, do you want to introduce yourselves and tell us what you do in Dregs of Humanity, what type of music and outlook you have... and of course, your age.

Dave: I'm Dave Shadow, I write the lyrics and sing and am 39 years of age. My outlook is "realistic," I didn't want to say "jaded and cynical" but I am pretty negative towards most things these days. The band is pretty much an outlet for everything that pisses me off, and I get more enjoyment from practices than playing shows.

Shane: I'm Shane and I'm 31, there's also Scotti who's 28 and Michael who's 22—the baby of the band. When he first joined Dregs, we worked out that he was born the year that Dave finished high school! Dregs started in early '94 as a 4-piece, later we added female vocals, but now we're a 4-piece again. We play crust/grind I guess, though people have a hard time comparing us to

Dave: I think that even for the majority past 30 is seen as "getting on." Too many people feeling they should be married and breeding while in their twenties, and then having a mid-life crisis when approaching 40 because there are so many things they wanted to do with their life but didn't cause of kids/mortgage/etc. Punk to most people (including punks) is just seen as a rebellious phase that they will grow out of in a few years (and most do) and get on with a "real life."

Shane: I've never looked at the punk scene as a youth subculture. When I first started going to gigs there were always people who were older than the "youth" age bracket 18-25. And why shouldn't there be? Punk has been around for about 25 years, it's not some new idea this bunch of 18 year olds have just thought up. I think the media has created and reinforced this idea of youth punk culture, cause it's easier to market to

than I ever could have imagined. I think it helps your longevity if you do something that you feel passionate about, such as a band, 'zine, label or whatever, because you get personal satisfaction and motivation from it. The punk community is so big and faceted now that you can grow creatively and as a person, the punk space really allows you to explore yourself and your art in a more open, uninhibited environment than in general society.

HaC: Sometimes it seems that older punks/punks over 30 are trivialised and ridiculed, instead of respected for their commitment to their beliefs. Do you think this is because there is a stereotype that older punks are jaded and cynical and always declaring that "punk is dead"—making it seem an inevitable stage of punk rock development that you start raving about how everything current sucks and how great everything was "back in the

DREGS OF HUMANITY

interview by Kylie Lewis

younger, less discerning minds. The idea that the punk scene/community is just for youth goes against the principles of punk, in that our community should be a safe, caring environment regardless of whether you're male or female, black or white, young or old (although I do realise that punk doesn't always live up to this).

HaC: I've often wondered whether the reason for the distinct lack of "punks over 30" is because of the constant turnover of people aged 18-25. Instead of these people growing older in the punk community, they are constantly replaced by a new batch of 18-25 year olds. Because

anyone. I think it's cause we all have different influences, like Voivod, Poison Idea, E.N.T., Spazz, Neurosis, Antischism and a shitload of other bands. It's been pretty slim pickings when it comes to releases with us, to date we have a 7", a split LP with Aussie band Nihilist & a new split 7" with Malaysian band Mass Separation coming out soon. Lyrically Dave sings about political or social topics that are relevant to what's happening in the world or Australia at the moment, he does try & say things in a different manner so as not to sound tired & boring.

HaC: Do you ever feel like a sucker for still being involved in punk "at your age"?

Dave: Oh yeah. I often wonder why I still am. It has caused me a lot of grief (and still does) with my job and certainly stopped me from "progressing" onto better positions. Not that I equate that with a better life, but the extra money would help with my main interests—travel and tattoos. I certainly don't feel a part of any punk "scene" in Brisbane anymore. I still go to gigs but don't feel any bond with most of the people that are there.

Shane: No, not at all.

HaC: Thirty is seen as a pretty youthful age in wider society, yet in hardcore land it's considered fucking ancient. Do you think this is because punk is seen as a "youth culture," rather than as a counterculture or community, where people participate regardless of age?

of the lack of older punk role models for people to identify with, this makes it difficult for them to see a long-term place for themselves in the punk community. Punk is presented as merely a stage that you "grow out of," as though you can't develop/evolve/be multi-faceted human beings AND be involved in punk. What do you think?

Dave: This seems a bit like the chicken and the egg scenario, to want folks over 30 as role models but not many stay involved past the mid-twenties. The main ethic of punk is D.I.Y., do it yourself. Why the need for role models? Punk can be something you grow on with, not out of. The words "involved in punk" to me have a connotation of something separate from your life, not a lifestyle. I know a lot of people over thirty who still have the beliefs they had as punks in their 20's, just not as "in your face" about it. This can simply be expressed in the way they raise their children, type of work they do/business they start, products they buy/companies they support.

Shane: I don't think so, people participate for lots of different reasons, and once they get what they wanted, they get bored or move on. Let's not forget that people change as they get older, and other things start becoming more important and taking up more time, before you know it you never see them again. Maybe people had an idealized view of what the community should be and become dissatisfied with it—I came into punk with no expectations and it has fulfilled me more

day"?

Dave: I have never felt trivialised or ridiculed, other than in jest by friends, nor do I want homage paid, though a statue or two would be nice, or at least a few small shrines in some punk houses. I have received words of respect from a few people that surprised me but made me feel good, and I guess at times I (unknowingly) played the role model and influenced folks to become veggie/vegan, or start a 'zine/label etc. I wouldn't say that punk is dead but it has lost a lot of what got me interested in it, the feeling of belonging and acceptance, the politics... it has been so watered down by the mainstream leeching off it. Most punk kids today have grown up on a diet of NOFX and Blink 182 being fed to them as punk. I know that that can lead to them discovering other more "underground" bands/ideas and that is where (I contradict myself again) role models can be a positive thing. I just don't want to be one, too many other things in life to do!

Shane: No, I think it's because they feel threatened, intimidated or insecure by older punks cause we've been around for awhile, and maybe project an image of self-assurance within ourselves and within the community. Or maybe they just feel inferior cause we have bigger record collections than them ha ha.

HaC: Who are some of "punks over 30" who you admire for their contribution to the punk community?

Dave: There are shitloads of folks over thirty that I admire but have never met, both within and outside of the punk community. A few people I know as friends and admire are Neil (who did a lot for ABC No Rio, in my opinion, and was doing Tribal War Records when I lost touch with him), Donna (a good friend who has been/is very active politically) and Rollo (who has done so much for the independent music scene in Brisbane).

Shane: Anybody that is still in it at 30 and contributing are the people I admire, but you want me to name names so, Dave Shadow, Brian (Debris, ex-Disaffect), Christine (Slug & Lettuce), oh yeah, and Pig Champion.

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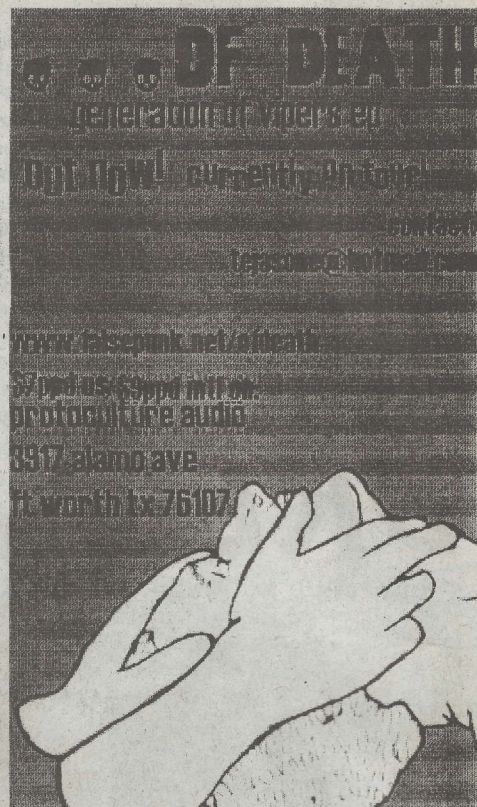
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


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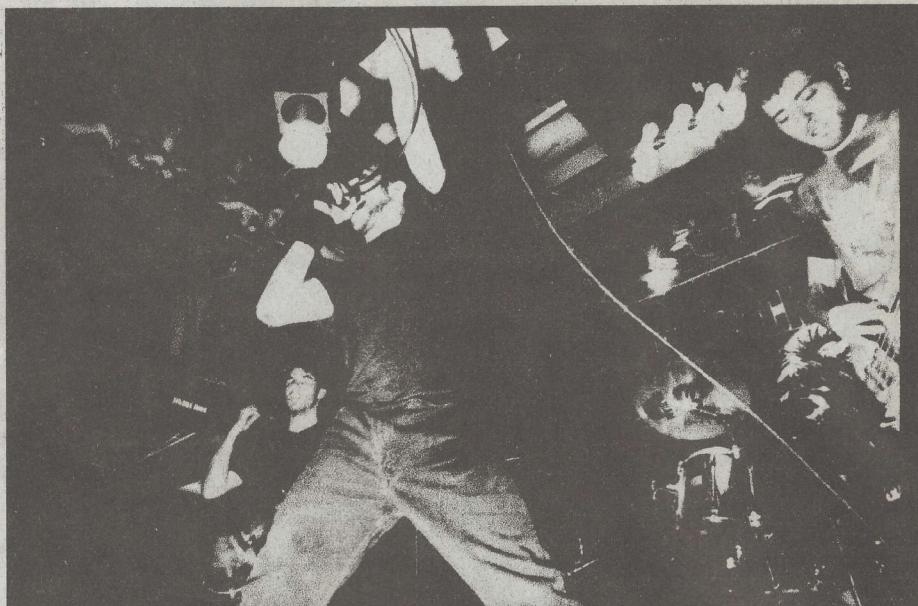
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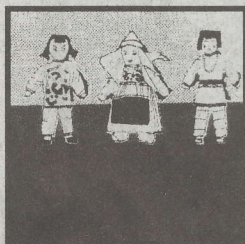
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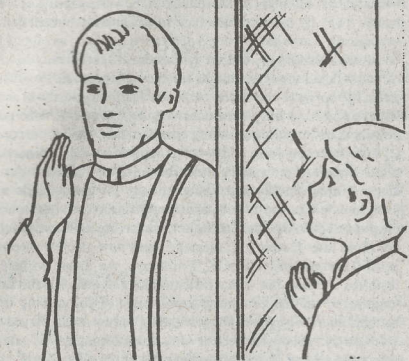
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I'm in total support of the DIY video making. That in combination with my lack of cable made the decision to review this very simple. This video has 4 separate episodes, each with a few shorts. I was pulled in when the first episode featured my new buddy Ryan Modée. With the exception of a few terribly goofy parts and some artsy-fartsy parts, I really enjoyed this video. It was full of exciting travels, leftist organization information, and general radical living. There's also a cooking segment, BBQ gluten globs... I can't wait to try it. BS (PO Box 30785/Seattle, WA 98103)

10 VOLT SHOCK • 7"

3 tracks. This new German band plays great punchy hardcore. This has all the drive and energy I like to hear in a punk band. The overall attitude and the bass lines especially remind me of Nomeansno quite a bit. The artwork is simple and that's okay, but a lyric sheet or some more info of any kind would have been nice. If it weren't for the label info flyer I wouldn't have known that one of the guys in Kurt is on guitar and vocals here. Anyway, good record, I enjoyed this. MH (X-Mist/PO Box 1545/72195 Nagold/Germany)

THE 1985 • 7"

3 tracks. The first track starts, some mid-tempo new wave punk number that does not excite me terribly and I'm left sitting here with nothing to do and nothing to look at since there is no inlet or lyric sheet. So I spend the time imagining what these guys look like: tight black pants, a Romulan crop or maybe longer, scary bedhead hair. Spazzy, jerky movements and plenty of attitude. And, yes, I am being a complete asshole, right now. I guess they recorded this either with electronic drums or a drum machine, possibly as a tribute to the brilliant eighties when the band members still referred to their organs as "wee-wee's." Track 3 has a nice drawn out, melancholic quality that I didn't find completely revolting. At any rate, as much as I'm dissing this, it really isn't half bad. Lyrics or something would have been nice, but whatever, probably would have disagreed with them anyway. MH (www.monotonstudio.de)

1956 • The Great Sleep CD

Another band with a 1900 name. 1905, 1918, 1984... the list is endless. Hmm, the great sleep indeed. Half of this CD is so mellow it just about put me to sleep. 1956 play really long and drawn out ditties that seem to just meander around. The attempt to suck you in and hold you in a musical embrace. It is highly affected, sort of like The One AM Radio, but in a straightforward way. The six songs are just really soft and subtle. LO (Copter Crash/PO Box 6095/Hudson, FL 34667)

THE 4-SQUARES • Steve's Hamper CD

Decent melodic hardcore with a sort of tough-guy flavor, though you'd never guess it by the band name or the packaging. I thought I was in for more nausea-inducing indie-rock stylings. Lotsa songs here; no lyrics, maybe that's a good thing. I keep wanting to say that this reminds me of Killing Time meets Lifetime meets early '90s Chicago (the city's scene, not the band), but I maybe that's just too outlandish. Not bad, but nothing dangerous, either. TS (Quincy Shanks/PO Box 3035/St. Charles, IL 60174)

ARMY OF PONCH • CD

This band was described to me as mid '90s emo, that seems like a fair assessment. I was often reminded of The Jazz June when listening to this CD. Although Army of Ponch is heavier, fuller, and less predictable. I was also told to listen to them loudly... it definitely added to my listening enjoyment. This is the kind of band whose energy isn't captured well on a CD. BS (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

...AND GUPIES EAT THEIR YOUNG • 7"

2 tracks. Soft and sweet singing over mellow guitar playing and mid-tempo drums. One track gets heavier and crazier as it progresses. I can't really compare this to anything, except maybe The Blackheart Procession, Lucero and Bright Eyes. I'm sure that if you like those, then you'd be into the Guppies as well. Not the usual *HeartattaCk* fare, but I really like this (maybe it's my Neil Young fixation, who knows). MH (Carmen Diablo/Jonathan B./Apdo. 13.036/46080 Valenceia/Spain)

AN ARROW IN FLIGHT • Various Movements... CD

This here band plays some of that screamo hardcore, emotional but not overly whiny. The cool thing about this CD is that it's completely free, 6 songs and a lyric sheet. It's very political, but not preachy or intolerant. There are writings by all the members, as well as lyric explanations. Not bad at all. Send them some postage and you'll get a copy, a good deal if you ask me. CD (PO Box 126434/San Diego, CA 92112-6434)

ATROCIOUS MADNESS • Total Control LP

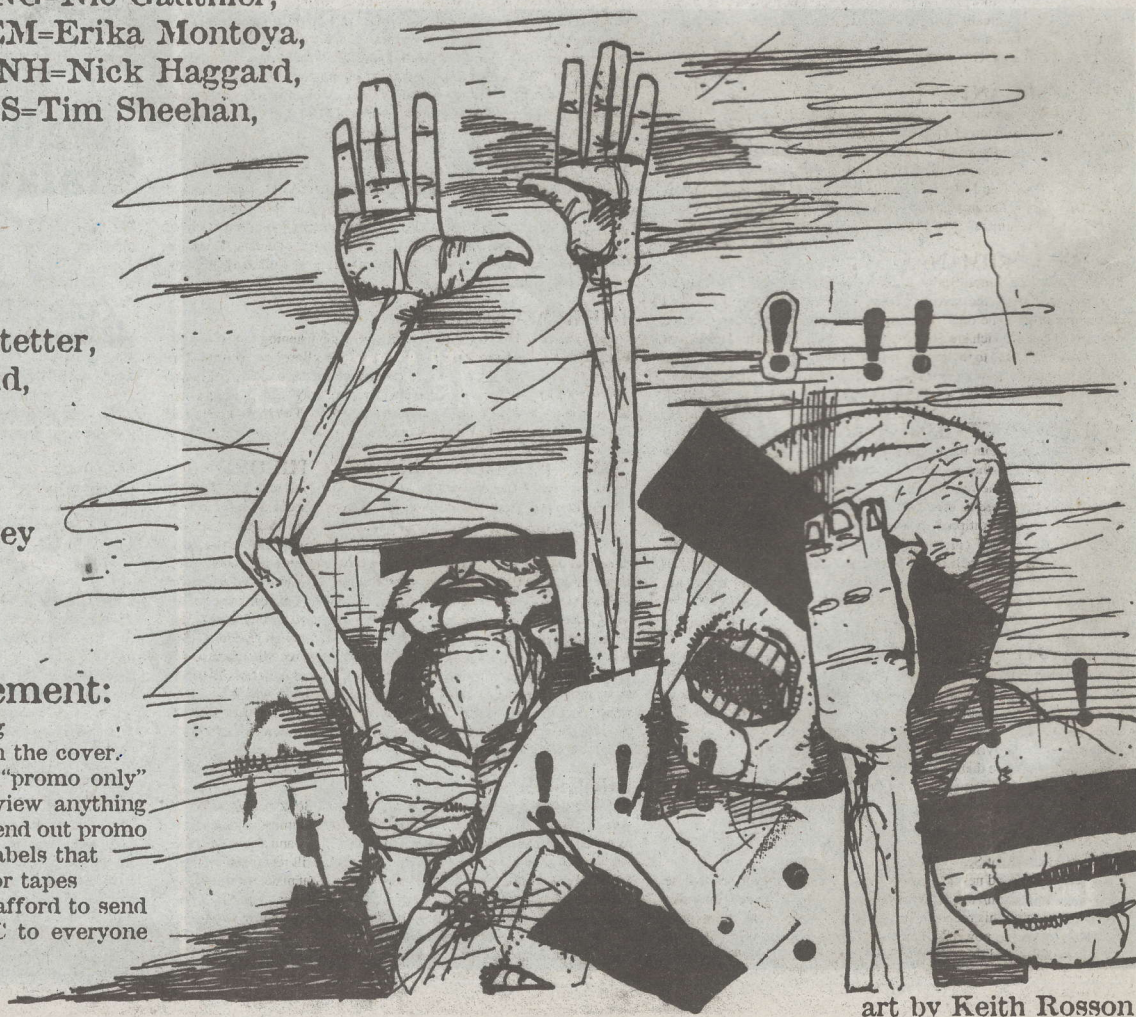
What you have here is the soundtrack I'll be remembering as we are being hauled away by the corporate state forces into internment camps placed strategically across the country. I don't need to rely on any funny metaphors because it seems to me that the lyrics here are completely serious. Some of you reading the lyrics might say they are paranoid or cliché. Well I claim the opposite and if you can't see that in the post 9-11 world then I believe you have truly been deceived, how easy will it be now for the powers at be (the global banking elite and their various corporations that is) to dissolve any form of dissent or opposition and continue to have the blind support of the masses under the guise of "the war against terror." Look at how quickly and systematically the propaganda was fed to everyone, "either you're with us or you're against us" type speech sends a clear message to me, and I thought I was having nightmares and paranoid delusions after Bushie got "elected," what now, nuclear threats and CIA and FBI intrusions. OK, OK, I'm sorry... the music on here is totally distorted and raw, but with a little tweaking of the high and low ends on your stereo and the least noise appreciative of you can dig it. Fast and hard hitting raw punk a la Disorder, and Confuse, etc... Played at extreme volumes this makes the perfect soundtrack for a post-apocalyptic world where we all live under the prying eyes of the elite. The lyrics take on different subjects such as eugenics, vegetarianism, capitalism, religion, and various other cancerous abscesses on the natural world (vegetarianism not one of them!). Anyhow, try and get this, check out the singer Frank's 'zine *R'yleh Rising*, and FUCK THE ILLUMINATI! CF (PO Box 40113/Portland, OR 97240-0113)

Record Reviews

NW=Nate Wilson, AH=Aaron Hall,
JL=Jeff Larson, CF=Chuck Franco,
RG=Ryan Gratzer, NG=Nic Gauthier,
DJ=Danny Ornee, EM=Erika Montoya,
SJS=Steve Snyder, NH=Nick Haggard,
LO=Lisa Oglesby, TS=Tim Sheehan,
KM=Kent McClard,
MA=Matt Average,
AR=Ashley Rowe,
CW=Casey Watson,
EB=Erik Bensberg,
MH=Marianne Hofstetter,
BS=Brandy Schofield,
MT=Mark Telfian,
DF=Dan Fontaine,
FIL=Fil Baird,
and CD=Chris Duprey

Rules of Engagement:

We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover. We will NOT review special "promo only" pressings. We will NOT review anything that is defaced. We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit 'zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.



art by Keith Rosson

AMOEBA (RAFT BOY) • Bad Fuggum From... CD

Holy macaroni this is horrible looking. This is not as bad as the cover led me to believe, I thought this would be horrendous funk party guy rock. Well, I guess they are guys from the heyday of Clevo punk (Electric Eels, etc...), and it's pretty much just average garage/proto punk stuff. Fuck the past maaaaan, I'm livin in the now and this is dullsville. They should be called Baron Shitty von Bores a lot, even that's better than the current name. Oh yeah, 2 Pagans covers, are they good? Hell if I know, I don't give a shit about this kind of stuff. The layout is the worst thing imaginable. This is Brutal... brutally BAD. HAH! In yer face. AH (Smogveil Records/274 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

AMDI PETERSENS ARME • Blod Ser Mere Virkelig... 7"

Jesus fucking Christ, could this sound any more like early Black Flag? Live it was almost like Amdi Petersens Arme were some sort of Black Flag impersonation band. The record just sounds like early Black Flag, with a bit of early Circle Jerks thrown in (let's not forget that Black Flag and the Circle Jerks shared a singer at one point). It is really quite amazing. But to Amdi Petersens Arme's credit their songs don't come off silly or cheesy because there really aren't a million bands out there doing this sound, at least not in the raw, stripped down, primitive way it was originally done. Interesting. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

AS THE SUN SETS • 8949 CD

Here is the final recording by As The Sun Sets. They offer five songs of chaotic hardcore which is all over the place and very good. Think Dillinger Escape Plan. The songs proceed from quiet to attacking and are for the most part very short. I would like to hear more stuff by this band. Also the artwork on this release is very impressive. Amazing line drawing and a picture disk style clear CD are a complement to the music and worth owning for the art alone. A nice release. NH (Trash Art/PO Box 7245/Providence, RI 02901)

AGAINST ME! • Is Reinventing Axl Rose CD

This is one of those rare records that I can safely say that I wish would have come out on Ebullition. I was actually thinking about asking Against Me! to do a record with Ebullition, but I wasn't sure at the time if I could handle another project... the early bird gets the worm and No Idea got to release this great record. Against Me! play passionate and political punk rock with a powerful folksy and bluesy feel that is resonate with vibrant emotion and honesty. Really great. The vocals bleed charisma and the music is just so gripping and heart-felt. Truly great stuff. KM (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

ANSURBANA • Riffest II: Dawn of a New Riff CD

This is a cool idea, but it loses a little in execution. The conductors of this group collected a bunch of musicians, like 15 of them, and asked them to, on the fly, create a soundtrack to the slides the conductors presented. The slides, when in order, told the story of a murder mystery. I think that this would've been cool to watch, and it's exciting that people actually do this stuff. But, I can't actually make it all the way through this CD because it sounds like random noise. JL (Moodswing Records/680 Murphy Ave. #C-12 South/Atlanta, GA 30310)

THE ASSISTANT • LP

Sort of pointless to review this since I believe this LP is already sold out. This is the vinyl version of The Assistant CD that came out on Milligram Records. The LP features the same 12 songs from the CD. Ex-members of You and I as well as Linus, Bound, and Everett unleash an emotive torrent of chaotic and metallic new school emo hardcore; singing, screaming, adrenaline crush, and soft passions all rolled into one band. KM (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

ANTON BORDMAN • 7"

Keeping it simple, Anton Bordman are a two piece from RI. The bassist and drummer share the scream and yell vocals and keep it raw and interesting at the same time. 8 songs and there are explanations printed with all the lyrics which are actually helpful. This was a nice break from all the other shit I had to review this month. I don't know what else to say, like I've forgotten how to describe stuff that I actually like. Whatever, this is good. FIL (Clean Plate/PO Box 9461/North Amherst, MA 01059)

ANTIPRODUCT • The EPs Of AP CD

Twenty-one songs from the beginnings of Antiprodukt. The CD comes with a nice booklet that includes all the lyrics as well as a history of Antiprodukt and some retrospective thoughts. Musically, I don't think this material is as good as their full length LP, but even so this is a great collection of songs. Antiprodukt was a very creative, heartfelt band that surfaced from the DIY community to create some wonderful songs of protest and hopeful rebellion. Everything they did came off with a passionate honesty that can sometimes be lacking with loud, angry music. It is a real shame that they broke up. KM (Tribal War Records/1951 W. Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

ATOM & HIS PACKAGE • Hamburgers CD

Atom is getting tired, and it shows. This five songs CD has really only has one track that is classically good material. The things I like about Atom are the songs about friends or witty social commentary. True, the songs on this CD are better structured songs than, say, the release on Mountain—but the lyrics just aren't the same. After all, the lyrics are what makes him more than some annoying guy with a box. So, true Atom fans, you might find something to do the robot to on this one... but it could be for the last time. LO (File 13/PO Box 2302/Philadelphia, PA 19103)

BURN • Last Great Sea 7"

Recorded in 1992 and never released. Strange in my opinion since these songs are classic Burn/Absolution style songs. Why in the hell did it take ten years to release this record? Very strange. In any event, these songs are simply awesome; powerful, dramatic, catchy, and very original. Burn was a great band, and this 7" shows why. A great band that has held the test of time. KM (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

BARRA HEAD • Songs and Departures CD

Now, this is cool. Imagine if the bass guitar was the most prevalent in a band's sound and you'd get to Barra Head. These guys make me want to dance. The tempo here is not fast, just slow enough that it doesn't get boring. These guys are a welcome refreshing change to the poppy emo formula. The lyrics blend politics with personal issues, and when the singer changes from heartfelt singing to spoken word it just works. There is a kind of Fugazi-like tone in the singer's voice from time to time, and the spoken word sounds extra neat with the singer's Danish accent. Great Stuff. JL (www.playrec.dk)

BRIGHT CALM BLUE • Asymmetry Set CD

Good, though mellow and noodle-y, indie-influenced hardcore. Actually this could probably easily be categorized as simply indie, but it seems to retain enough of the hardcore aesthetic to rise above complete inclusion in that hell. The artwork is crisp, though abstract, with lyrics to match. Words and phrases such as "privilege," "progress," "government," "labor," and "lies through history" likely place them in the Left Liberal spectrum so much of hardcore punk still unfortunately occupies, though I'm sure there's plenty of room for interpretation here, and all things considered that's probably better than the radical-chic posturings of current outfits like the International Noise Conspiracy and The Panthers. Musically, this is sort of a post-post-hardcore revision of the sound that seems to have started with Moss Icon. Which is a good thing, I think, though on the reworking of one of their formerly stronger numbers, "A Tongue to Taste," BCB indulged more than a bit too far on the length and quantity of keyboard "enhancement" and thus the song sounds more like Milemarker's newest incarnation than I would like. All in all, not my thing, but I'm sure it will be popular among those that identify with the "neo-emo" genre. TS (Divot/PO Box 14061/Chicago, IL 60614)

BEHIND ENEMY LINES • Know Your Enemy LP

This is the new band with some of the guys from Aus-Rotten including the singer Dave. If you like Aus-Rotten's last couple of releases you will like this. Songs are long with a fucking mouthful of political lyrics. And, of course, the cover folds out into a big ass poster. This is good. DJ (Tribal War Records/1951 W. Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

THE BLACK HAND • War Monger CD

Charging Hardcore with these awesome riffs that make you want to shake your fist in the air!! You know the move. The Black Hand definitely do not allow you to listen to their music and sit still... it's almost impossible. Play Fucking Loud!!! EM (Chainsaw Safety Records/PO Box 260318/Bellrose, NY 11426-0318)

BLOOD BROTHERS • March On Electric Children CD

There is so much hype and hatred around this band right now. Are they genius? Did they sign to a major? I don't really know the answer to either. The Blood Brothers play modern new wave that is inventive and arty, but certainly not as groundbreaking as I had expected for all the hype. I half expected this release to really be original. And while it is, it isn't in a way. They experiment with sound and art, fulfilling all the needs of an art starved punk scene. They make references to places and times that seem romantic. The best part is that they use each song to describe a larger story. That is the most original thing going on with this release. I did like the catchy lyrics and occasional dancey bit of music, but I guess all the hype ended up working against them. LO (31G/PO Box 178262/San Diego, CA 92177)

BLOOD MUSIC • 7"

What a freaky record this is... the music is an odd mix of a lounge act and a poetry reading. The songs are all vocals and organ. For something so lyrically driven, they really could have done a better job of having it be something interesting. Instead, Blood Music seems content to just be weird. That they did. LO (Promenade c/o Frederik Kullman/Durgränd 1/38631 Färjestaden/Sweden)

THE BUZZING BEES • 7"

A light breeze of emo rock floats over you while listening to this record. It has all the cliché but necessary build-ups and mellow breakdowns. The songs flow nicely, and the lyrics fit very well with them. They are sweet, nostalgic, and just romantic enough to leave The Buzzing Bees songs buzzing in your ears. Typical, but well done. LO (The Burning Season/PO Box 382/Banff, AB/T1L 1A5/Canada)

THE BLUE COLLAR REVENGE THEORY • CD

13 tracks. This CD comes with a lot of material about who TBCT is and what makes them tick, what they think about their scene and all kinds of other things. A lot of thought and work went into this and I totally appreciate it. I hope you guys will continue to be there and work on this thing we call hardcore. There's a lot of intelligence here and some good musicianship, too. I guess, it's mostly the vocals, but this band reminded me so much of Underdog, it was crazy. All in all, I'm sure they have a much more contemporary and harder sound, but all I could think was Richie Birkenhead. I don't mean that in a bad way, though. Besides, after reading their booklet I wouldn't have cared if they'd recorded themselves farting into a bong. This is a very cool release that is definitely worth supporting. Parts of its proceeds will go Brycc House which is—from what I understand—a place where kids come together and work towards positive change. Really cool. MH (Jamie Prot/Thrown Brick/PO Box 4831/Louisville, KY 40204)

BOOKS LIE • Weep CD

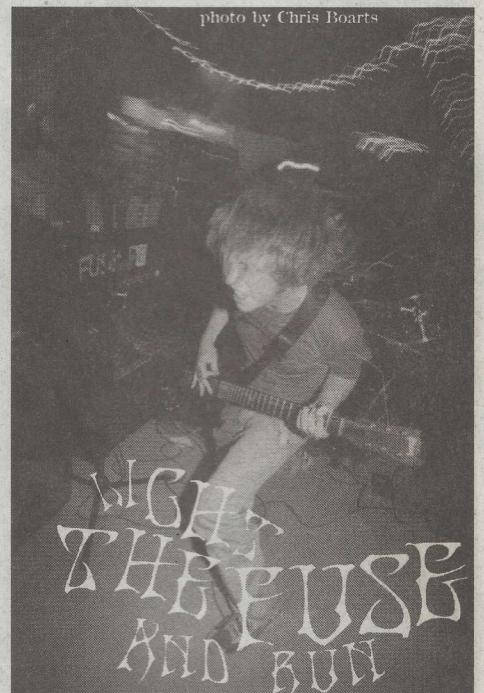
The long awaited follow up LP for the infamous Books Lie from NYC. Amidst controversy and line-up changes they still continue to kick ass. A new singer who is much better than that fat drunk guy and a new drummer who puts to shame that band slut. Although they still retain some of that Swiz style rocking there are a lot of pissed ragers that make we want to go surf and drown valleys. The Green Grocer for Mayer. Fucking funny lyrics that make no sense whatsoever but are totally rad dude. One of my favorite records this year and are always amazing live. Oh I just got a call from Circus Lupus and they asked for their record cover back. CW (Coalition Records/Newtonstraat 212/2562 KW Den Haag/The Netherlands)

BIARTZ • Antinomy Sessions CD

Nine tracks at 74:55 minutes. Biartz refer to these tracks as expositions. They are mostly improvisations either from the start or based on the band's compositions. The music shifts from grinding wallop to intricately textured guitar and rhythm waves. A few tracks stretch well past eight minutes providing ample time and space for these folks to explore the joys of playing open and free. There are some hoarse, whiny vocals on a few tracks that add little to the music. Otherwise Biartz cover sonic territory similar to Iceburn and the Flying Luttenbachers. SJS (Insanic Workshop/PO Box 1821/NY, NY 10159-1821)

BOXED IN • 7"

The edgy and crisp style Boxed In plays comes off well on this 7". It is pure punk with a rough edge and classic hardcore style. Layers and complexities mix well with the basic parts everyone loves. A lot of the material on this record reminds me of Seein' Red, though more in spirit than sound. Boxed In use melody in their songs more than pure speed. Their lyrics are intelligent and dark—not surprising from this group of hardcore veterans who have no doubt seen plenty of hard times. The element of despair on this recording is high, but it didn't really depress me. Since members of this band were in Doom and run Enslaved and Flat Earth Records, you have to expect a certain level of quality. LO (\$6 to Crime Scene/Box 13/82 Colston St./Bristol/BS1 5BB/UK)



BURN HOLLYWOOD BURN • It Shouts CD

There's just a whole load of great bands coming from France at the moment. This is a CD with an extremely powerful sound, but of course with a cover like this no-one will buy it. I think they were going for something like the last Refused record but this here just looks like a low budget cock rock. I'm sorry. I'm only mentioning this because I want people to look past it and buy the CD anyway. The songwriting is varied and fantastic all around. And what a great recording, too. If you ever wondered what it would sound like if bands like Lack, Children Of Fall or Refused sounded like if they covered Black Flag or the Rollins Band or if you even like any of the aforementioned bands, then you need to buy this. (Sorry for not mentioning any American bands here. I just can't think of any right now that play this kind of extremely powerful emo-hardcore). What amused me personally while listening to this is that a) they take some Dead Kennedys type riffs and update them into something that pretty much just bulldozes over you—just listen to the first song, and b) the singer does some Henry Rollins style screaming that is just totally fucking amazing, kind of a rip off, but it's still amazing. I had a great time listening to this. MH (Bisect Bleep/PO Box 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

CHILDREN OF FALL • Ignition For Poor Hearts LP

Okay, hands down, this has become my favorite release of the last 6 months. This Swedish band is just unbelievable. They've got everything: a great powerful sound, totally varied, impressive songwriting, great lyrics, great musicianship, the whole package. Powerful, heavy riffs, emotive breakdowns, chaos and then again beautiful structures that will take your breath away. I consider myself so lucky to have seen them play here in Switzerland together with Nikad (another band you MUST check out). One of the greatest nights in recent memory. Totally inspirational. MH (Scene Police/Humboldtstrasse 15/53115 Bonn/Germany)

COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN • Duck Down... CD

The Veterans are back after a bit of an absence. They've changed quite a bit as well. The four songs on this disc (the last of which wouldn't play on my computer) find this band exploring a more varied sound, far more melodic than before, and much of the music's pace is closer to mid-tempo than not. Unfortunately, Combat's formula doesn't weather these changes well. Without the speed, what was truly ugly in a great way before just seems self-indulgent now. No need to duck down when this corpse can be easily side-stepped with minimal effort. At least the visual aesthetic hasn't changed: more neon neo-McPheeterisms and headache-inducing lyrical presentation. TS (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE CHUBBIES • New Wave Boyfriends CD

Have you ever seen those made for TV movies where there's this hip all-girl college rock band? Well, Jeanette should totally be in one of those. I really don't know what to say, I was kind of caught off guard. This is really bad early 90's college-girl-rock. Every song is about a boy. Every song title has a boy's name in it. The lyrics are beyond corny. I just don't know. EM (Filthy's Music Exchange/31620 Casino Drive #D/Lake Elsinore, CA 92530)

CADRE • Stole Flowers 7"

The three acoustic pieces on this record tell three parts of a life's story. They speak of love, memories, and class struggle. At times, it is an odd mix of metaphors, but when they all lament dreams gone by it sort of makes sense. The music on this record is calm and cool, letting the lyrics take the foreground. A guitar and mandolin play nicely with the words in a manner that is pleasant but lacking intensity on this 7". LO (Soul Is Cheap Records/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

CURL UP AND DIE • Unfortunately We're Not Robots LP

Well, this record is decent, it has to many technical little hooks though that I don't think fit in all the songs. The guys are really good musicians and the vocalist is on top of things. The songs that are solid and rocking really move along and are good, very moshable in the kicking and spinning type way, even the experimental noise track was cool, but like I said there are some weird little tech type maneuvers on here that just didn't grab me. I'm sure there are those of you out there that are devoted, and that's rad. One last thing, where's the lyric sheet, eh? CF (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 9261-55232)

CONFRONTO • A Insurreicao CD

Wow, a band from Brazil is what I usually might say... well these guys suck, playing straight up Pantera-sounding metal, that probably would not impress all too many. The production is "huge," and the metal riffs suck. Much too much Slayer and Pantera. I'm sure these guys have never ever listened to a hardcore record. Why fucking bother? NW (Leberation/ Caixa Postal 4193/Sao Paulo SP 01061-970/Brazil)

xCANAANx • Gehenna Made Flesh CD

I really don't get this shit! It's mind boggling how bands that come a dime a dozen keep putting out records. The music that XCanadaX play is really generic metal hardcore, so generic that every song riff for riff and word for word fits the mold for every single terrible metal core band. All the open E, Earth Crisis rip off breakdowns, and evil lyrics you could ask for in one CD. NG (Ignition/1 Chandos Rd/Tumbridge Wells, Kent/ TN1 2NY/England)

COUNT ME OUT • Permanent LP

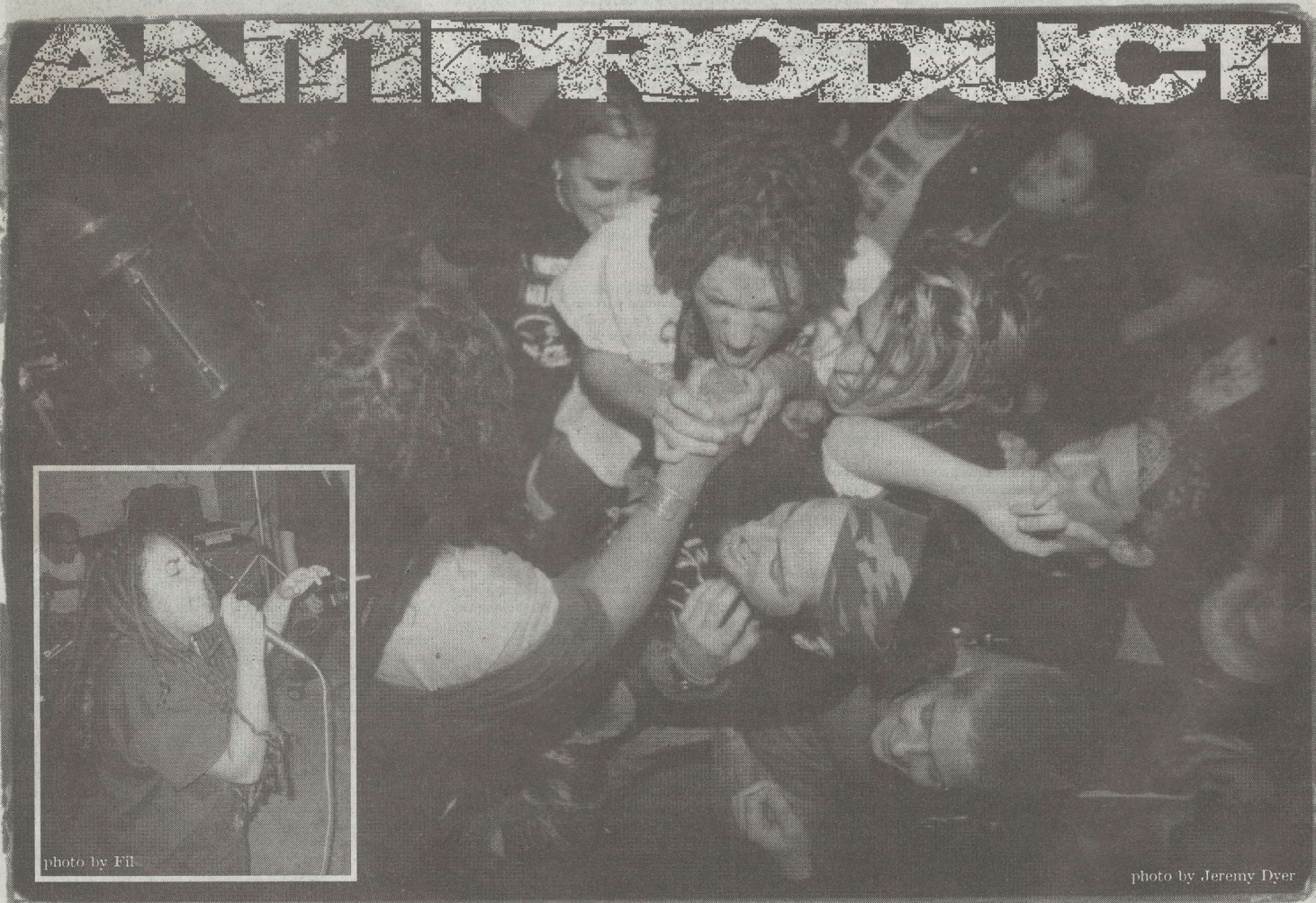
Hot Fucking DOGG this record is fuckin RAAAAAAD.. I liked their last one, but this one destroys it. Count Me Out play fairly fast, pissed off sounding hardcore with rad voKILLS. Kind of like a more angry version of Chain of Strength. My only complaint is the fact that the guitar sounds a lot like American Nightmare, and that takes away some of the force behind the tunes. The lyrics are, well, what you'd expect for the genre. Definitely one of the better bands on Indecision, of course that ain't saying a whole lot. Basically if you like any of the current clean cut running shoes wearing non metal hardcore bands, you'll like this. AH (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

COBRA KAI • Complete Recordings LP+ VHS video

This surprised the fuck out of me. Intelligent screamo? With keyboards? Who knew such a thing could exist. Despite the Locust, Usurp Synapse and countless other keyboard disasters, these guys seem to somehow make it work for once. Don't get me wrong, keyboards are killing music, but somehow on this record, it doesn't bother me at all. It almost seems to add to, and compliment the songs for once instead of just distracting and annoying. It also helps that they've actually written cohesive songs as opposed to just a series of quiet and loud parts strung together with nintendo breakdowns. Sixteen songs, twelve from a tour CD, and two each from 2 splits. This is definitely worth checking out. The video is a pleasant surprise as well. I was expecting to do a lot of fast forwarding but I didn't have to. Each song is from a different show which helps to keep it interesting and before each one, it tells you the title, tour and location of the show. It's twenty-five minutes long. I think it'll be worth the extra \$4 for Cobra Kai fans. FIL (\$12 to Brad Smith/PO Box 723/Hermitage, TN 37076)

CRISPUS ATTUCKS • Yo Pehol 7"

I first heard about this band last summer, and ever since I've been waiting to actually hear their music. A mix of deep, growling vocals and high pitched screeches backed up by typical Antischism/Aus-Rotten/what-have-you basic guitar stuff makes for an overall good recording that does not disappoint. The only real flaw may be lack of uniqueness and really tight musicianship. I don't mean to sound harsh though, because I really do like this band and their political messages; there's only so much you can do with the style, I guess. Nevertheless, very good and worth a listen. AR (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

**THE CHASE SCENE • The Great Divide CD**

Five songs. Pretty music for bouncy people and a total Promise Ring rip-off. The lyrics mostly deal with relationships (which is good because NSync hasn't yet dealt with that). It strikes me as strange that all those boys sound so happy when they sing their sad sack songs. Could it possibly be the sight of teenage girls rubbing their springy bodies against the stage in front of them? MH (All About Records/PO Box 4083/Fall River, MA, 02723)

CONTRAVENE • A Call To Action CD

Seven tracks of angry anarchist political songs from Arizona's Contravene that have been influenced by the likes of Nausea or maybe even a little Sacrilege. The sound is not nearly as metal as Sacrilege nor as powerful and gripping as Nausea since Contravene are simply not in the same league as these great bands, but the influences are certainly there. The male and female vocals work well together, and they display their passion with sincerity. This is a good record that is over flowing with ideas and honest intentions, while at the same time remaining entertaining. Exactly what one would expect from a Tribal War release. KM (Tribal War Records/ 1951 W. Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

CERBERUS SHOAL • Mr. Boy Dog Double CD

2 CD's, 12 tracks. To me the best Cerberus Shoal stuff is still the material on the first lp. But I tried really hard not to judge this new release by that standard (to little avail). Soundwise Cerberus Shoal has evolved into something completely different and that's fine, of course. The problem is that I don't enjoy this new approach very much any more. Whereas I listen to the first record and a myriad of images come to me immediately this new material is so weird and often weird in a very specific manner that it ties down my mind and all I think about is how freaky bizarre it all sounds. The flow is gone—I feel like they're forcing these sounds on me and there's nothing I can do. It's a kind of bludgeoning, albeit a hippy bludgeoning and all I want to do is push it away. Stop hitting me over the head with your freakiness!!! I know that a lot of people will disagree with me. They'll say that CS are expanding the canvas, that their opening all these new spaces and taking you to new exciting places. There's Middle Eastern folk, free jazz, avant rock and ambient sounds and I still don't care. I'm sure that the many band members put their hearts and souls into this. It doesn't work for me at all, but maybe it will for you if you give it a chance. MH (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

THE CONTROL • The Forgotten 7"

Four songs of fast angry hardcore with some strong melodic elements to keep your attention. This is the third 7" release for The Control and it is easy to see why labels want to put out their records. Aggressive and energetic, these songs explode with enthusiasm! KM (Go Kart Records)

CAESURA • More Specific Less Pacific CD

Somewhere in between Hoover and Braid this has a great rhythmic and rocking sound. It's all pretty smart and grown up. I mean, there isn't much else going on except for the feeling that I get that these guys wouldn't walk around with an open fly (unlike me). It's all alright, but it's not giving me funny feelings in the nether regions or anything. It's good. It's definitely good. Not like "good" as in a stranger rubbing his crotch against you or winning \$10 in the lottery. It's more like as in Russell Crowe rubbing his crotch against you and winning \$1,000 in the lottery. Or just Russell Crowe rubbing his crotch and you taking a picture of it. And when I say "you" I mean "me," of course. The rubbing of the crotch being the important bit. Okay, I digress. The more I listen to this the more I like it. These guys have something going on, that's for sure. MH (PO Box 1601/Acme, MI 49610-1601)

CWILL • Nations CD

Switzerland's Cwill have returned with eight new tracks of dark moody atmospheric hardcore. They create a delicate yet brutal combination of harsh sandpaper vocals, heavy d-beat style music, melodic hardcore elements, and their trademark violin. It comes together quite well and the resulting music has a powerfully eerie feel to it. On some levels their music is brutal and harsh, but at the same time the violin and melodic elements are soothing and pleasant. Quite good. KM (Prawda Records/Scholastikastr. 24/CH-9400 Rorschach/Switzerland)

CONTRITO • Um Fio de Vida No Circulo da Morte CD

Pretty fucking harsh grind outta Sao Paulo with crazy quite parts brutal breakdowns and some guest vocals from cookie monster. Very influenced from German hardcore ala Morser and Systral, etc. This is a great record. Passionate political lyrics translated for us gringos. And the artwork is fucking beautiful. A truly inspiring record. CW (CrimethInc./2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

CHARLEVOIX • CD

I have to admit the album cover had me a little terrified, but fuck man this brings me back to a time when bands like Samuel and Dahlia Seed were killing it. Melodic and driving and aggressive music with great female vocals. This is really good and I'm stoked I got a chance to hear them. Now all we need to do is to convince Art Monk to release their next record. CW (6133 Gossard Ave./East Lansing, MI 48823)

THE CAPRICORNS • In The Zone CD

Two lady keyboard attack! The Capricorns rock it hard with casio beats and sweet singing. They have a feel that reminds me of early Bratmobile, though their sound is of a more modern and electric riot grrl style. I liked most of this CD and found myself smiling and humming along to ditties like "Teenage Boyfriend." LO (Paroxysm/PO Box 58133/Washington, DC 20037)

CALVARY • Outnumbered Is Outflanked LP

Many years ago there was an awesome band called Current. They played passionate hardcore that was vocal dominated, and they were part of the beginnings of the emo hardcore explosion. The singer of Current also ran Council Records, and while he continued to put out emotive hardcore records his post-Current bands were never musically comparable to Current. Now comes Calvary. Calvary is definitely in the same vein as Current with Matt's characteristically strong and passionate singing that is backed by catchy melodic hardcore punk, but in some ways their music is almost more reminiscent of older new wave punk bands like Gang of Four or Wire, and when I first heard the record my first thought was of Computer Cougar (a new wave influenced punk band that members of Born Against and Rorschach did a few years ago). *Outnumbered Is Outflanked* is filled with soft spoken emotion and well crafted songs. Great. KM (Current Records)

COLT • Marek LP

Somewhere in between Rusty James and Dinosaur Jr. this German band creates a noisy, melodic sound of their own. You get kind of a hippy-ish feel from this and it's very, very charming. Not the typical hardcore thing but it's something that hasn't come out of the US lately and just hearing it from anybody is greatly appreciated on my part. I really enjoyed this a lot. MH (Scene Police)

CAUSTIC CHRIST • 7"

So many good things come out of the Burgh, I believe Caustic Christ is one them. From the cover art, to the lyrics, to the Havoc label, this band has a good punk thing going. If all of that doesn't sell you, it's even got somebody from Aus Rotten. Just don't be scared off but the cover being green and black... not black and white. BS (Havoc/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

CARPENTER ANT • Never Stop Skating 7"

When you're this young "never" hardly ever extends to more than a single digit amount of years. So excuse me for interjecting that you might possibly hang up your board by the time they put diapers on you (or more likely a lot sooner). That aside, this band plays curiously muffled skate core that isn't really skate core at all. It's somewhat metallic (or maybe that's just the occasional guitar screech), neither super fast, nor extraordinarily slow. You can only guess, because the recording isn't great and they never really get out of the start box. The lyrics deal with skating and with back stabbers and shit talkers in an old-fashioned "you suck—I'll fuck you up" way. Anger management, boys... Really there's classes, take one. For the most part, though, when I look at these pictures of old skateboards, my mind is busy figuring out how much I could have sold my old Circle A board on ebay for. MH (Double Decker/803 Saint John St./Allentown, PA 18103)

CRUCIAL UNIT • Everything Went Strunk CD

This CD is fucking great. It's got plenty of material including the debut *Iced Tea 7"*, *Moshzilla 7"*, KIA split, comp tracks and a live show. If you haven't heard the mighty unit of cruciality, prepare for a blast of tight thrash/fastcore with some grind elements. One of the best parts is the screechy lead vocals and the drunken Viking back ups, plus a great sense of humor. Any band that has a Three Stooges sample and a Youth Brigade cover, it just doesn't get much better. And they put on a great live show. CD (De La Mente/PO Box 7183/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

THE DAMAGE DONE • 7"

This is pretty much your basic modern youth crew. Lyrics about the scene and what-not, breakdowns. I don't really here anything new here. DJ (Western Front Records/1812 11th St./Manhattan Beach, CA 90266)

DE LA HOYA • Wipe The Slate Clean... Now Let's Begin CD

Wow, what a surprise this was. De La Hoya is pretty good. The vocals are polished, but the sound stays rough. They can rock the most happy-tempoed song and give it an edge. The only thing working against this band is that they are playing a style popularized by Green Day. I don't know how many punks out there can shirk off their issues with that band to truly enjoy this for what it is: emotional, revolutionary, satirical, and vibrant. LO (BD Records/PO Box 860/New York, NY 10268)



photo by Jeremy Dyer

DEAD LETTER AUCTION • Vertigo CD

Dead Letter Auction play mid tempo rock with spoken/shouted vocals that are to loud, of course. The music is competently played and well recorded. They slow down and speed up here and there. The lyrics are personal and introspective. SJS (Excursions Into The Abyss/PO Box 50138/Ft. Wayne, IN 46805-0138)

DELTA DART • Fight Or Flight CD

Another solid release from this lady-rock trio. Delta Dart has influences of riot grrl and DC style emotional rock all over this CD. It reminds me a lot of Sleater Kinney, though it actually has the harder edge of Heaven To Betsy on most tracks. Their songs are pretty and gritty. The voices come together well. The lyrics are complicated poems that mix personal ideas and cultural metaphors. The songs on here really struck a chord with me and I found myself totally in love with it. LO (Paroxysm/PO Box 58133/Washington, DC 20037)

DIEFENBAKER • Los Muertos CD

13 songs. I always welcome punk bands that have a melodic sound and combine that with political lyrics. There should definitely be more of those. Diefenbaker is from Sweden and they have a good rocking sound, maybe like a really early GetUp Kids demo. Lyrically this is extremely outspoken and on the nose. Subjects include vegetarianism, the new world order and fascism. They're really into this with all their heart but I wonder how p.c. it is to call your sister a whore for eating meat. That aside, this is a pretty interesting release. MH (Suburban Justice Records/PO Box 56055, Portland, OR 97238)

DOWN IN FLAMES • What The Fuck CD

Eighteen songs and then a live set? What the fuck! This Down In Flames CD does not stop! The songs on the record are track'd really close together, it already seems like it could be live... so the extra songs on the CD version just make it crazier. Down In Flames is a young group of guys from New Jersey who play in a hardcore thrash band. They never thought this band would do as much as it has, so the youthful energy and vitality of surprise allows them to keep up the hectic and insane nature of their music. There isn't too much difference between most of their songs; some crazy music and unintelligible screaming most of the time. There is little melody and little that is light. Each song is frustrated, angry, and full of negative reactions. If this is how they are now, imagine how cranky they'll be when they are old and jaded. Let's hope they can just get it all out through the music. Yikes! LO (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

THE:ENCLITIC • 7"

Another heavy and brutal release from Deep Six. The label that brought you Infest, some Spazz, Lack Of Interest, and a good amount of Hiram unleashes its latest monster upon the world. I won't go so far as to say I enjoy this, but they do try to do some inventive sounds with the bass. With song titles as long as the lyrics, The:Enclitic keeps it real vague, adding to their freaky vibe. The vocals are growling, the drums are constant, and the guitars go all over. This record is only for those who really love the heavy grindcore. Everyone else out there probably can't take it; especially at 33rpm. LO (Deep Six/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

TOP 10 LISTS

Marianne Hofstetter

Chatting with Lisa on the autobahn • Dennis, the friendly German • Casey, the friendly American • **KILLED BY MALAISE**, YAPHET KOTTO, NIKAD, CHILDREN OF FALL, SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA, POTOMAC, ENDSTAND—live, and recorded • **CARRY ON**—LP • **OFF MINOR**—CD and new LP • **ORCHID**—new CD • **GATE CRASHERS**—Marianne Can Suck It 7" (I have one, you don't) • **Six Feet Under**—season 2 (Brett, thank you sooo much!!!) • **Freaks and Geeks** • **Titus**—double DVD • **X-Files - DRR**—fan fic (why isn't there more????!! I'm talking about the NC-17 stuff, keep the other crap to yourself, thanks)

Vincent Chung

EMINEM—The Eminem Show CD • **DILLINGER FOUR**—Situationalist Comedy CD • **FACE DOWN IN SHIT**—LP • Bring It On VHS • **Zoolander** DVD • Sarah Herritage and Alex Garcia-Rivera getting hitched • **THE HOT SNAKES**—Suicide Invoice CD • ReadyMade magazine • **DENALI**—LP • **PETEY PABLO**—"Raise Up" single

Scott Torguson

THE PUPILS—LP • **GIRLS AGAINST BOYS**—You Can't Fight What You Can't See LP • **PETER IRONS**—A People's History of the Supreme Court • **HOT SNAKES**—Suicide Invoice LP • Adam Dunn #44 • **THE SHIVERING**—Wires of Storm and Song 7" • **COMMON RIDER**—Am I On My Own 7" • **EXHALE**—live • **BLACKALICIOUS**—Blazing Arrow LP • **NEW MAPS OUT OF HELL**—live

Tim Sheehan

BLOODPACTITIME X—7" • **WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?**—live • **THE PLOT TO BLOW UP THE EIFFEL TOWER** split 7" with **NECK-TIE PARTY** • **NO PARADE**—Ceaseless Fire 12" • **DISCARGA**—Happy Night Electric Experience LP • **LIGHT THE FUSE & RUN**—All Your Silly, Outdated Internet Memes Are Belong to Us 12" • **DEL CIELO** songs I downloaded from their site: soothing sounds for emotional turbulence • **PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK**—most recent explosion in the Bay Area • **FUCKED UP**—No Pasaran 7" • **MIDNIGHT**—Tribute to Iron Maiden demo • **AGAINST ME!**—Reinventing Axl Rose LP

Ravi Grover

"One nation under God" being declared unconstitutional • **Y tu Mama Tambien** • **A Little Matter of Genocide: Holocaust and Denial in the Americas 1492 to the Present** by Ward Churchill • **THE PACIFICS/I WAS BORN WITH 2 TONGUES**—the Yellow Technicolor tour live • **ASIAN AVENUE.COM**—Plugged in Vol. 3 CD • **DJ TONY t**—Bhang(ra) to This CD • **NO FATE**—World Hardcore Compilation CD • **X-ECUTIONERS/THE COUP/KENNY MUHAMMED**—live • **JOHN LEGUIZAMO**—Sexaholics live • All in the Family and The Cosby Show on Nick at Nite

Felix Havoc

DIALLO—Diagram of a Scam 7" • **TEAR IT UP**—live • **MODERN LIFE IS WAR**—7" and live • **We Got the Neutron Bomb** and **Lexicon Devil** by Brendan Mullen • **KYLESA**—LP and 7" • **ICONS OF FILTS**—demo LP • **HOLDING ON**—live • **THINK I CARE**—7" and live • **ARTIMUS PYLE**—live • **Daredevil**, the Punisher, Captain America and Luke Cage, Power Man

STEVE SNYDER

The Urban Pantheist #3 • Spaceways with Carlos Nino on KPFK • Bananafish Magazine #16 • Permaculture Activist #47 • **HORACE TAPSCOTT**—The Dark Tree 1 and 2 • **MAGGIE NICOLS/CAROLINE KRAABEL/CHARLOTTE HUG**—Transitions • The Botany of Desire by Michael Pollan • **Burton Greene/Mark Dresser**—Peace Beyond Conflict • **RED MARTIAN/CUTE**—split 7" • **GEOMETRIC(S)**—La Magia della Luce

Jonathan Lee

STORM THE TOWER—amazing live, recorded, and as friends • **FUNERAL DINER**—everything • **AMDI PETERSENS ARME**—live and new 7" • **DEAD AND GONE**—new LP and live • **BORN DEAD ICONS**—fucking unstoppable • the New York bands this summer (**SURRENDER**, **BALANCE OF TERROR**, **OFF MINOR**, etc.) • **CADRE**—Stolen Flowers 7" • **THE AWAKENING**—both 7"s • **LIGHT THE FUSE AND RUN**—All Your Base Are Belong To Us LP • **NEW GRANADA**—both 7"s

Lisa Oglesby

E.T.A.—We Are The Attack 7" • **THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC**—LP • Walkie Talkie #4 • **TRAGEDY**—Can We Call This Life? 7" • **CITY OF CATERPILLAR**—live • **NO PARADE**—Ceaseless Fire LP • **ORCHID**—Gatefold LP (Goddamn, Dr. Goodsex!) • Emergency #4 • **DELTA DART**—Fight Or Flight CD • **AGAINST ME!**—Reinventing Axl Rose LP and live

Fil Baird

TEM EYOS KI—live and the kids • **CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE**—live and Embracing the Sweet Impossible CD • **CITY OF CATERPILLAR/MAJORITY RULE/PG.99**—live in CA • Walkie Talkie #4 • Ration #2 • **FIYA**—demo CD • **SUPPRESSION**—Burnt... 7" • **SHARP KNIFE**—LP • So Human An Animal #3: *Mto, Miti, Watu Hawa* • Almost Kissing #3

Chuck Franco

ATROCIOUS MADNESS—LP • **WOLFBRIGADE**—Progression Regression LP • Radio State 'zine • **The new ACURSED**—LP • **CATTLE DECAP/7000 DYING RATS**—live • **SUBMISSION HOLD**—live • **The new SKITSYSTEM**—LP • **DAHMER**—Dahmerized LP (An oldie but a goodie) • Getting arrested for not wearing pads at the local skate park **FUCK YOU J. RITA I HATE YOU** have a heart attack harasser of skaters! • Summer nights and summer days with a certain someone (wink wink)

EAT A BAG OF DICKS • Kissing Croations CDep

Oh man... Oh... man... What the shit is going on here? I guess this is what happens when a band has too many friends. According to the Meet a Bag of Dicks insert in here there are like 12 people in this band, but according to their website, yes there is an Eat a Bag of Dicks website (ahh... the wonders of the internet), there are twenty people now in Eat a Bag of Dicks. I really don't know whether to laugh or be offended because these guys are so over the top. I can't help but laugh. The lyrics in here are not even worth repeating but they're worth a look for a giggle. Musically this is just cheesy sludgy metal moshy stuff with every kind of screaming vocals possible. Overall this is not worth buying but if you can find it free it's almost... oh never mind, no it's not worth it. Fuck, just go see their show because I am sure it's a riot. Or on the other hand check out the Soophie Nun Squad who do the huge band shtick much better. JL (Chris George/913 Milton St./Gretna, LA 70053)

EMBRACE TODAY • EYLE CD

When I listen to this CD, I picture a crowd of sweaty boys with crew cuts all singing along doing the Point. This band might try to fit in with the rest of the metal core 'fuck you I'm edge' sound... they pull most of it off but the metal part isn't quite there yet. I'm just saying that I've heard way more brutal breakdowns than I did on here. To break it down for you, it's "Pissed off music for Positive kids." Or at least that's what I think they are trying to shoot for. EM (The Life Recording Company/43 Essex St./Marlboro, MA 01752)

EMPTY BOY • Some Things I Learned to Live Without CD

I was expecting some terrible pop punk emo Hot Water Music thing but thankfully it's not. What we have here is some really low budget acoustic stuff with lots of instruments. There's some acoustic guitar, bass, organs, mandolins, violins, and singing of course. The lyrics are pretty funny. Not in the funny way though. It kind of reminds me of if The Deadwood Divine and a full band with organs. Some of the songs have way too much stuff going on in them and it gets pretty annoying. CW (Empty All the Records/PO Box 73/Milford, IN 46542)

END OF IT ALL • CD

End Of It All play precise metal with strong guitar and blasting drums. It is all that you would expect, and done pretty well. The music is heavy and the lyrics are laden with religious imagery. LO (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419)

E.T.A. • We Are The Attack 7"

E.T.A. harks back to '80s hardcore with this record; they even cover The Dicks. The sound is really classic, and pretty frenzied. The songs have a catchy structure and are filled with a good dose of rebellion. Most of them deal with skating, not fitting in, resisting the system, and looking for something better... typical punk stuff. The recording tends to sound like you are listening to shitty tape, but that only adds to the appeal. In an age when thrash is king and the standards seem to be low, it is great to hear a band trying to do more. LO (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S 2T1/Canada)

THE EXAMINATION OF... • Lady in the Radiator CD

I was pleasantly surprised with this album. Exam has a very chaotic and heavy sound with off tempo rhythms and some impressive guitar work. And some nicely screamed vocals. This CD is good. EB (Hawthorne Street Records/PO Box 805353/Chicago, IL 60680)

FEAR MY THOUGHTS • Vitriol CD

Well, this is German and it's metal, but not of the usual krushing variety. I mean it's pretty cool, but it has too many melodic guitar parts, and shitty soft interludes. I mean come on, I want my metal fuckin BRUUUUUTAL. The vocals are just a little shy of vokill status due to the stupid filter they use. I mean come on, filters puuulease, I'm starting to worry about the state of Germanic metal, I want brutal but some of this is weak as a wet noodle. AAARgh I don't know, get it I guess if you like fast Gothenberg style metal, with political lyrics, played by hardcore kids, I however will stick with my fuckin Morser LP. Oh yeah they have a hidden song that's supposed to be like Iron Maiden or something I guess, and it has a fuckin blazing solo, best part of the CD, by far. Fuck, that solo roooooolz. AH (Let it Burn Records/Krautgartenweg 03a/86683 Asbach Baumenhiem/Germany)

FACE DOWN IN SHIT • Shit Bloody Shit CD

15 tracks. Very, very heavy hardcore. There's a lot of metal in the, but it's Black Sabbath type metal, so that's okay. Fuck, it's total doom, and end of the world, misery, tough fucking hardcore. You need to turn this up loud to enjoy it. And enjoy it I did. I think these tracks have all been released on vinyl previously. Still this is a great introduction to a band that is heavy, heavy, heavy. Great atmosphere and mood. If you like your music dark and powerful, this is what you're looking for. Oh yeah, I guess, I should mention Neurosis since everybody else would. Mean and dark and powerful. MH (Crimes Against Humanity/PO Box 1421/Eau Claire, WI 54702/1421)

FACE TOMORROW • For Who You Are CD

Face Tomorrow play melodic hardcore with strong alterna-rock influences. Hints of Radiohead and Tool show up all over this recording. They sound really slick. The lyrics are all personal and they seem to take on issues of struggle and living. A shiny little release with some melancholy tones, this CD tries to suck you in with each dramatic turn. LO (Reflections/Spoorwegstraat 117/6828 AP Arnhem/The Netherlands)

FUNERAL DINER • Difference of Potential CD

This is a great follow up to the Funeral Diner/Staircase split LP. Funeral Diner creates a dramatic and moody hardcore assault that is over flowing with passionate and well crafted songs. Slightly arty, slightly depressing, very emotive, solidly honest, and intense sounding music that never lets go of their passion. I've listened to this probably fifteen or twenty times and it never gets old. Funeral Diner will be on a US tour this summer, so be on the lookout for them. Featuring an ex-member of Portraits of Past, though at this point I think Funeral Diner is past needing that tag. Good stuff. KM (Ape Must Not Kill Ape Records)

FIGHT FOR CHANGE • More Than Drug Free 7"

Fight For Change are part of the Portuguese straight edge scene. This EP contains six tracks of high energy non-metallic hardcore. They rip through these songs like prime Seven Seconds. There lyrics are heavy with social commentary addressing media generated images of beauty, animal rights, the slavery of religion, as well as the reasons for being straight edge. In one song they succinctly expose the very real connections between the production of cigarettes and alcohol and the destruction of ecosystems. Fight For Change play straight forward hardcore with a refreshing dose of intelligence. SJS (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

FLYING LUTTENBACHERS • Retrospektiw IV CD

16 tracks at 72:38 minutes. Here are a pile of twisted squonk thrash tunes from the immortal Flying Luttenbachers. This CD contains tracks collected from various compilations, live recordings, and studio out takes. The booklet contains biographical and source information about each track. You will find no borders and no genres within this music. Elements of grindcore, free improvisation, metal, prime no wave, and chaos are whipped into a smashing blend for your auditory and emotional edification. If you are the sort of person who appreciate Peter Brotzmann, Red Transistor, and Discordance Axis you probably will groove to this musical adventure. SJS (The Mountain Collective/PO Box 220320/Green Point Post Office/Brooklyn, NY 11222)

FAST FORWARD • Sapless LP

Which is freakier, a LP that plays backwards or the material on the LP? Definitely the latter. Fast Forward are, um maybe, a band. Maybe it is just a person and his/her computer. Who can tell? Eh, guess it doesn't really matter. The material is post modern indeed. Keyboard rhythms, manipulated sounds, and just enough song structure to keep it from being a noise record. I think Fast Forward has also released some stuff on Vermiform, so you can imagine is sort of like Men's Recovery Project at their utmost freaky. LO (King Of The Monsters/8341 E San Salvador/Scottsdale, AZ 85258)

FOR THE DAY

Twelve songs. Total Hot Water Music and Samiam rip-off. And the cover makes it look even more boring. MH (Scene Police/Humboldtstrasse 15/53115 Bonn/Germany)



photo by Jeremy Dyer

FRIDGE • EPH reissue 2xCD

"Electronic-infused rock music"—that's how this was described and that is exactly what it is. I would clear up that description by saying it is more electronic music infused with rock than the other way around. There are some mellow-clean beats with airy and sometimes even jazzy interludes. You get a fresh feeling when you listen to these CDs. This would make decent background music if you're into the jazzy-electronic, drum 'n bass sound. EM (www.brainwashed.com/fridge)

FEMME FATALE • As You Sow, So Shall You Reap LP

A nice release from Ache records. Femme Fatale is the work of Jesse F. Keeler (ex-Black Cat #13). This album is brutal and chaotic with strange interludes of keyboards and bird noises which creates the perfect moody feeling. Along the line of Blood Brothers, Crimson Curse, and the Red Light sting. Sounds good to me. I wish it was longer though since it is only twenty minutes long. Definitely worth picking up. NH (Ache Records/PO Box 138/1001 W Broadway #101/Vancouver, BC/V6H 4E4/Canada)

FORCED TO DECAY • LP

This is the 1st I've heard of these German metal gods in many years. This is actually their second LP that I know of. The sound on this LP has more of a mosh metal feel to it then some of the previous work I've enjoyed by these guys. There are some pretty interesting "emo" parts thrown in here and there. The lyrics/vocals are all in German. I definitely prefer the older stuff myself, but this is still cool. NW (Per Koro/PO Box 102514/28025 Bremen/Germany)

FAKEFIGHT • 7"

"A Bird That Lays Such Rotten Eggs Is Long Overdue for Extinction." Not that the Recording is terrible... it's just not too good. The artwork, however, is terrible. At times this reminds me of Max Colby, which isn't a bad thing. I'm still inclined to think this would have been more appropriate to be a demo. MT (Agiroprop/PO Box 748/Hanover, MA 02339)

FORSTELLA FORD • Dismal State of the Art CD

Another one of those bands that went completely under my radar. FF has a great, fucked up emotive sound with plenty of intricate sounds and ideas to last a while. Heavy, distorted and beautiful like Children Of Fall. There's a bunch of them bands out there that play this kind of sound, but most of them aren't nearly as good. Go check this out!!!! MH (PO Box 511095/Milwaukee, WI 53203-0191)

FORWARD • Fucked Up CD

A little Japanese hardcore here. This CD has some driving beats and NYC style vocals (almost like Cookie Monster). This isn't my cup of tea so to speak. I'm a lyrics kind of person and it's kind of hard to get into a song when the only words in English are "fucked up." BS (HG Fact/105 Nakano Shinbashi-M/2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo/164-0013 Japan)

FAIRFIGHT • Not Giving In 7"

Six more serious anthems from this youth crew band come rushing off this record. The tempo is non-stop and the songs have a lot of melody. Fairfight cover all the bases in their songs: resisting norms, taking a stand, lost relationships, and the influence of mankind on the planet. This record sounds good and does all of the things you want a straightedge, youth crew record to do. So get the mic and get into it. LO (Commitment/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

FUCKED UP • No Pasaran 7"

Okay, so the art on the record is bad... but the record is pretty good. Once you get passed the ugly black and white mayhem, you'll find two incredibly catchy and thoughtful punk anthems. The first deals with the Spanish Revolution and the other with lackluster life. Each has a distinct sound and a nick, thick punch to it. Fucked Up reminds me of Citizen's Arrest or even Hell No. Me likey. LO (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S 2T1/Canada)

GARUDA • Cold Wired Sentiment CD

More fucking metal... God when will it end? Well at least these guys play some death sounding stuff instead of the mosh core metal that I've been forced to listen to lately. This stuff sounds raw, fierce, and un-produced, the way early 90's Florida death metal used to. Cool production... heavy as shit. NW (Why Worry Records/908 N Edgefield/Dallas, TX 75208)

GLASS CANDY • Love On a Plate 7"

Glass Candy are from Portland, Oregon and they play a "death disko" brand of synth-punk with definite new wave influences. The female vocals blend well with their synch/Glam music which is actually hard to describe but I will consider that a good thing. This is definitely a good release and precursor to their upcoming Love, Love, Love album. NH (Troubleman)

GLIMR • South Dakota Logic Mechanism CD

Five songs here that seem to have a very large Fugazi influence... the problem is it never really picks up beyond the mellow Fugazi-ish intros. Not my thing, I hope it's not yours either. NW (www.10gevrecords.com)

GREEN ANGEL • Re-Igniting The Sun CD

12 tracks. I now I'm kind of anal about lyric sheets, but these guys even write out the whoah-oh-oh's on the inlet. This is middle of the road pop punk in the vein of All, maybe a little more aggressive than the usual fare, but that's really the only thing that sets it apart. Not that they're really doing much wrong, but as far as I'm concerned this lacks that certain something. Not bad, but I want more. MH (Suburban Justice Records/PO Box 56055/Portland, OR 97238)

CLASSIFIEDS

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KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS



photo by Jeremy Dyer

HTML • The Monkey Part of the Job CD

De-acronym-ized, the name stands for He Taught Me Lies. Sort of a mid-tempo, though sometimes more quickly-paced, hardcore sound. Features an ex-member of Agna Morrairie's Biography. The elements aren't that unusual, but I can't think of anything exactly to compare it to. Maybe a less polished Countdown to Putsch, minus the horn stuff? Definitely "jazzy"; HTML hail from PA, and they surely have what seems to me to be an "East Coast" sound. Decent stuff, but nothing really mind-blowing musically. The lyrics are decent, espousing some vaguely anarchist and anti-capitalist ideas; again, nothing mind-blowing. I would be interested in hearing them again if they produce another release; the potential is there for something better. That said, these guys seem to truly have their hearts in what they're doing, and I don't want to be too critical, but if I hear one more punk song celebrating Emma Goldman or Joe Hill, I'm going to implode with annoyance. I appreciate the sentiment, and I trust that folks have their hearts in the right place, but anarchist discourse would seem to need to move into the 21st century. Our analysis must evolve a critical eye to the real conditions of modern capitalism. I want to look forward to what could be, not back to what could have been. TS (HTML c/o Mike Q Roth/PO Box 8131/Pittsburgh, PA 15217; hardtravelin@yahoo.com)

HOWARD HELLO • CD

Very soothing acoustic music by Kenseth Thibideau (Tarentel). Unfortunately he does a great at job at destroying a lot of otherwise beautiful tracks with over-ambitious guitar picking, psychedelic synth effects and other sound choices that Satan personally must have suggested to him. Whenever he refrains from doing so, however, the result has a warm and beautiful sound reminiscent of Halifax Pier. Still, worth checking out if you're feeling adventurous. MH (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

HYDE • A Beautiful Nightmare CD

I swear, I didn't even have to listen to this one to know what it would sound like. Hyde plays metal. It is heavy and powerful, and super evil. In the picture in the booklet, two of them are wearing Slayer shirts. So you have a good idea where these dudes are coming from. They play slower stuff and use a lot of breakdowns. The lyrics are dark and creepy, which fits the music to a tee. LO (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419)

HIRETSUKAN • Invasive/Exotic CD

7 tracks at 16:10 minutes. On this CD you get short blasts of scream until hoarse hardcore. They maintain a considerable level of intensity throughout. Unfortunately they also maintain a considerable level of sameness throughout. The CD ends with a stupid cover song. SJS (G7 Welcoming Committee/PO Box 27006, C-360 Main St./Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4T3/Canada)

HUTCH & KATHY • CD

One tip, Hutch, you don't have to over-pronounce each word and try not singing through your nose. I imagine a frail boy with a sweater on smiling really big and singing at the same time... oh yeah, and there's a tambourine in his hand and his foot is tapping up and down to the mid-tempo, rolling beat. The crowd is sitting around Hutch and Kathy (can't forget about Kathy) on the floor, smiling and laughing, having a real good time. Don't forget the kids dancing, having a good time. If this sounds like a good time to you, then pick this number up! EM (Jealous Butcher Records/PO BOX 14306/Portland, OR 97293-0306)

HACKSAW • Wasted Summer Blues 7"

Hacksaw from Toronto, Canada play a sort of high energy rockin' hardcore style that leans more towards rock. They remind me of Tight Bros. with a little AC/DC thrown in but not quite so over the top. However there is a short guitar solo on the first song and definitely some tambourine throughout. Not a bad release though. NH (Broken Glass/1688 Fairway Dr./Jamison, PA 18929)

HOBART • CD

Sparse DIY packaging, no lyrics, dumb name, and no band information whatsoever, other than the address and a copyright. Three songs, two of which are instrumentals. Sort of a rocking emo sound, and with the vocals, the whole thing sort of reminds me of Party of Helicopters. Sort of. More chug than that. More early '90s-ish than that, though. Maybe a little like the better Fifteen material. It's actually a lot better than I want to give it credit for, but I just can't fully engage without knowing something of what a band's about (other than the fact that they felt a need or desire to copyright their shit). TS (Sumo Agnew/1008 N Queen/Tucson, AZ 85705)

HAYMAKER • It Only Gets Worse LP

Featuring a full color cover by Pushead, *It Only Gets Worse* offers up twenty-four tracks of tough guy hardcore from the masters of bad attitude. Like a cornered rat Haymaker are set to fight to the death. Prepare to be bludgeoned by angry, bitter, and hateful songs that have no finesse, no hidden agenda, no subtleties, and no mercy. Just pure ugly and hateful hardcore. I wasn't very kind to their 7", which in my opinion was juvenile, but thankfully the LP is a little less stupid, though equally angry and bitter. Not for the cute or cuddly at heart. KM (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S-2T1/Canada)

HUMAN ORDER • 7"

Male and female vocals set to a barrage of fast, aggressive, and angry political hardcore that thrashes and rips with a ferocious attack. I can't say I really liked Human Order. The politics and the DIY roots are endearing, but the music just didn't cut it for me... nothing about these songs grabbed me. KM (Cataclysm/PO Box 85/Twin Lakes, WI 53181)

HOBART • 7"

This 7" contains two tracks of moderately fast rock with changes in tempo and dynamics. The music is simple and the vocals shift from spoken to shouted. The songs lack energy which the tinny thin recording does not help and the vinyl quality sucks. SJS (Sumo Agnew/1008 N Queen/Tucson, AZ 85705)

H13 • SSISSSPSSKSSISSRS CD

Noise noise noise. This sounds like a bunch of outtakes from recording sessions all mixed together. Very choppy and fucked up, but interesting. Goes from ambient sounds to heavily distorted drumming and screaming. Worth checking out. NH (Helicopter/PO Box 1076/Hollywood, CA 90078)

I DEFY • First Strike CD

This is a really fun CD to listen to. It is bursting with energy and melody, all the time keeping a tough hardcore edge. The sound definitely lends itself to the mosh, but also to the silly hand dancing you do in the car. The influence of Refused on European hardcore bands comes out in this CD. I Defy play songs with driving guitar and fresh change-ups. The lyrics are full of angry rebellion and societal commentary, yet seem to have a glimmer of hope. Even with all the negative shit I Defy bring up, they tend to funnel plenty of inspiration into the listener with their vitality. That's cool. LO (Reflections/Spoorwegstraat 117/6828 AP Arnhem/The Netherlands)

I EXCUSE • Burn the Empty to the Ash CD

Crimpshrine in Japanese? Ok, well not exactly Crimpshrine but pretty damn close. It's fun, melodic, and the singer even has the raspy voice. To throw in another band to compare it to... I'd say Lifetime. So basically it has the hardcore with the teeny weensy bit of emotional drive to it. This is good though, it's a good CD for those days... you know, those days. EM (Snuffy Smile/4-1-16-201 Daita/Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0033/Japan)

I HATE YOU • Discography 1995/1998 CD

40 songs. Even though there isn't much info at all, I'm assuming this is all the stuff this band ever recorded. I'm no expert on them. This is actually the first time I ever heard them. Pretty heavy emotive hardcore, kinda as if Swiz, Born Against and some lobotomized guy in a tank top had crossed over. The music has power and it's kind of simple and unusual at the same time. No lyrics, so "pooooohh" on that. Musically this fits in well with the other Deathwish stuff such as The Promise and Knives Out. It seems that this must have been a cool band but this CD here doesn't deliver at all. No info, no discography. You get the lyrics to one song which say that „this scene sucks, we're the last good fucking band" (though I hope that's meant sarcastically) and that's about all. The scene might well be dead, but I don't see what I HATE YOU ever did to keep it alive. MH (Deathwish/432 Morris Ave/Providence, RI 02906 or www.deathwishinc.com)

IN CONTROL • Plays the Hits 7"

In Control plays the hits. Literally. Each of the eight songs on this record is a cover of a song by a different band that has somehow made a difference in the lives to the members of In Control. Bands covered include: Scared Straight, Blitz, Dr. Know, Ill Repute, GG Allin and Aggression, among others. Not overly impressive, but not bad either, pick this one up if you've got Nardcore pride (as the band obviously does) and are in the mood for some classic covers. AR (For the Core/1011 Cypress Way/Tehachapi, CA 93561)

IN PIECES • Learning To Accept The Silence CD

10 tracks at 44:13 minutes. This is a CD of technical melodic rock. There are tempo changes and quiet parts here and there. The vocals are loud and shift from yelling to multiple layers of singing. The lyrics are personal and introspective. The band plays with energy and the music is well recorded. They could be mistaken for Grade. SJS (Escape Artist Records/PO Box 472/Downingtown, PA 19335)

INFECT • Estrepto 7"

These girls are kicking ass with some angry political straight edge hardcore that is powered by hard hitting influences like Los Crudos or Negazione or Infest meets Chain of Strength. This 7" includes thirteen tracks that were previously released but hard to find. When I saw this 7" I put it on just to see what Infect would be like, I wasn't expecting anything great, but... BAM! Infect laid out some fast thrashing rippers that are infectious with melody. This is really quite good, and I totally enjoyed the record. KM (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/Netherlands)

IN THE CLEAR • Leave This City in Flames CD

More straightedge he that's not as generic as some of the other stuff I've heard as of late. The packaging scared me, that's for sure... of course this stuff still has the Y.O.T. guitar/drum moshing breakdown parts that most s.e.h.c. has, but it's done in an okay way. I think members went on to be in Sworn In. NW (Zandar Records/145-149 Caridigan Road/Leeds LS6 1LJ/UK)

INSTIL • Questioning Like Only Consciousness Can CD

Although the label is German, the band may be from the Netherlands, but I'm not sure. Whatever the case, Instil play very solid and accomplished hardcore, and the vocals and lyrics are in English. Both the high and low ends are crisp and well recorded. The sound is driving and engaging. The vocals are often layered, and the lyrics are personal and introspective. The layout and artwork stand out by making good use of the color white. This is somewhat similar to the Madeline Ferguson CD I reviewed, but a little bit more somber. DF (Benihana Records/Cyriaksring 57/38118 Braunschweig/Germany)

JC • A Nation Turns Its Back and Gags CD

JC is hip hop with original beats and guitar work. I give it credit for being different but the delivery didn't quite get me. The music is definitely good though and a wide array of instruments and samples are used. Interesting. NH (Ache Records/PO Box 138/1001 W Broadway #101/Vancouver, BC/V6H 4E4/Canada)

JESUS EATER • Remember the Truth CD

If you were to mix Swiz with Unsane you would have Jesus Eater. Great punk with a rock edge. Really catchy songs and a good recording. MT (Deathwish Inc./432 Morris Ave./Providence, RI 02905)

JARED GRABB • On The Inside CD

The material on this CD falls into the category of indie rock, emo driven style of music. Most of it is just Jared and the acoustic guitar, though there is an occasional backing musician to keep things changing. The CDs plays out like a novel of love and art. He tells you all about heartbreak and the things that effect him daily. It is a sweet sound with no pretension, just the occasional over the top reference to the color of someone's eyes or hair. LO (Thinker Thought Records/1002 Devonshire Rd./Washington, IL 61571)

KNIVES OUT • Heartburn CD

6 tracks. This has the proto-typical hardcore sound. It's a total no bullshit hardcore release. Though quite close to the ever so popular old school sound, this sounds extremely contemporary. It's just total quality all the way through. The singing is harsh and emotive at the same time. I'll call it manly screamo. It isn't macho—it just doesn't sound like his testicles are being ripped of. Good for him. The artwork, too, is totally amazing. Basically this is taking all the anger and frustration from way back when and updates it with a crisp new sound. I've been playing this nonstop for a long long time. Lyrically they're playing the blame game which is the kind of thing I could do without, but that's my only complaint. Oh yeah, this band is made up of people who're more important than you (American Nightmare and Damage folk and a bunch of other hardcore all stars). I'm being cynical, of course, the truth is that these guys really know what they're doing. MH (Deathwish/432 Morris Ave/Providence, RI 02906)

THE KILLERS • Manual for Self Destruction 10"

This is pretty agro power violence type stuff here with innovative and dark catchy guitar riffing. The vocals took a little while to get used to though, it just seemed like the lead singer didn't have that much range. The lyrics are very dark, suicidal, agoraphobic, and full of pity for the human race. The packaging and layout are really nice with rad cyber-punk type cover art and a nice looking booklet. Lots of brooding and then fast heavy stuff can be found on this here slab, you can check it out through... CF (Hater of God/PO Box 666/Troy, NY 12181)

THE KILLS • Black Rooster CD

I was told this was the future of punk rock. Ok. This band features the singer from Discount, but don't expect some poppy melodic punk here. VV and hotel kick out some very lo-fi garagey Velvet Underground kind of shit. It's actually not that annoying, and I wouldn't say it's crap but I'm not really into this kind of music. I'm sure the denim youth will eat this up though. Another random release from Aoki. CW (Dim Mak/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

KANSALAISTOTTELEMATTOMUUS • Fuck... 7"

This is a band I'd gladly tell my friends about—if I had the slightest idea how to pronounce their name. Reminiscent of Doom and early Conflict, this band's high energy brand of anarcho punk, while maybe not totally unique, is fairly impressive musically and lyrically. About half the words on Fuck Thier Fuckin' System are written and sung in English with the rest in Finnish (I believe), apparently the band's native language as they hail from far away Helsinki. On this record, they tackle issues ranging from the death of Italian anarchist Carlo Giuliani to immigration and America's "war on terrorism." AR (Kamaset Levyt/Mechelininkatu 24 B 30/00100 Helsinki/Finland)

KEPLER • Missionless Days CD

10 tracks at 47:25 minutes. Kepler play quiet and moody music, shot through with melancholy and a sense of something missed or misunderstood. Soft guitars strum through loping rhythms with well placed vocals carrying the tunes. The addition of piano or lap steel on some of the songs extends their sound and adds to the late night contemplation feel of this music. SJS (Troubleman/16 Willow St/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

KERBLOKI • CD

OK, to start this one off, I'm going to let you in on a little secret: without fail... white man can't rap! Vanilla Ice? Nope! Snow? Nope! Eminem? Sorry, nope! Bubba Sparks? Don't even get me started!! As you can guess by now this is rap or hip hop and I hope to god it's a joke because this sucks! It is like second generation Vanilla Ice, from the MCs to the beats. They must look to the ice man for inspiration. The cover for the CD looks like they should be on Troubleman or something, some really bad "art" drawn on notebook paper. I think James Hetfield is one of the MCs. Choice Kerbloki flow, "I love those titties, they keep on knocking me." NG (Bifocal Media/PO Box 50106/Raleigh, NC 27650-0106)

THE KICKASS • CD

Okay, so these guys don't kick ass... I'm not sure what the fuck they are trying to do, but it seems to be a weak attempt at jazzy emoish rock. What the fuck has the world come to? NW (www.bifocalmedia.com)

LUMBERGH • 7"

I was expecting a little more wit from a band that is going to use Office Space sound bytes for their record. I mean, the Lumbergh jokes are endless, and they didn't even use the best stuff. Anyway, the songs on the record are okay. Most of them are sort of stripped down hardcore with a few breakdowns and tempo changes, but they lack any real clarity or intensity. The recording would be fine for a demo... but the sound they got on this record just isn't very good and it hurts them. Most of their lyrics are addressing issues, and that is probably the best part of this record. Still, they could use some kind of extra info about some of the lyrics in order to make them really take hold. The thing that makes this 7" bad is that it could just be so much better. LO (kievreach@juno.com)

LES BATON ROUGES • Women Non-Stop CD

10 tracks. Noisy new wave influenced punk that would fit extremely well on Kill Rock Stars. The first track had a very definitive X feel to it, but the latter songs are closer to the rrrriot girl thing. There's 2 women and a guy in the band and there's some silly screaming and songs about, well, I don't know what they're about, but maybe it's better that way. I've never been a fan of this genre, but I think this isn't any worse than Bikini Kill or Slant 6 or any of those other bands. They've certainly got the attitude right. So, if this is your thing, then you should probably check this out. MH (Elevator Music/PO Box 1502/New Haven, CT 06506)

LESSER OF TWO • Transmutation 7"

This is the best stuff they ever did; frantic, noisy hardcore with lots of power. Whoever it was that did the printing for the cover really fucked it up, though. It's all virtually unreadable. I can't even tell you what label this is on. Still, this is a good release that will have you moshing through your living room. MH (PO Box 3603/Oakland, CA 94602)

LIGHT THE FUSE AND RUN • All Your Base Are... LP

I picked this review based on their amazing and passionate live performance. This record has some impressive guitar work and lots of rockin dance parts to shake it to. They also use a sample from "Take Five," which is one of my favorite jazz songs. Good stuff from Richmond, Virginia. EB (EXF/Box 297/College Park, MD 20741)

LITTLE MILTON • 7"

German emo! This is a really interesting record. I (of course) have no idea as to what the lyrics are expressing, but no matter what, they are sung/screamed with passion. A mix of screechy and quietly spoken vocals along with a very driven sounding guitar that fluctuates between pounding and twinkling bring this 7" to life. If this is your kind of thing, it is highly recommended. AR (little.milton@gmx.de)

LOS VATICANOS • LP

The look of this evil cover had me expecting grindcore to the extreme, but this recording has much more than that going on. Los Vaticanos lay down some harsh sounds, but they also use a lot of catchy riffs and melodic layers to keep it interesting. Their lyrics discuss the hypocrisy of religion and politicians, crappy influences in society, and other things they generally disagree with. Unfortunately, this record just sits in the middle of the scale—not really good or bad. LO (Thought Crime c/o Thomas Franke/Boxhagnerstr. 23/10245 Berlin/Germany)

LUNGBUTTER • Dr. Rush's Tranquilizer CD

The first song here starts off with a couple minutes of pretty cool jazz, from there it goes into some jazz/punk mix-up that is pretty rockin. It sounds really abstract, but it's all played tightly. These guys pull it off well. This probably isn't for everyone, but if you like jazz or just off the wall guitar leads you'll like it. DJ (lungbut@hotmail.com)



photo by Jeremy Dyer

LOCAL 630 • Labor Songs and Rebel Ballads 7"

Somewhere between the Pogues and Against Me!, Local 630 delivers five acoustic numbers celebrating the widespread labor uprisings of 1877, deriding the labor pool, taking shots at the corporate spectacle, lamenting the imprisonment of a member of ARA, and calling for the razing of gated communities. If any of the above appeals to you, you'll probably dig this disc as it is well-done for what it is, though I must admit it leaves me a little cold in the degree of how Syndicalist its political perspective seems. I'm saddened these days seeing good-intentioned folks bogged down in a mire of identification with antiquated modes of resistance to an antiquated notion of capitalism and statism. If organized labor were able to bring power to its knees and deliver the *coup de grace* that should deliver us unto our much-anticipated anarchist society, it would probably have done so well within the last 150 or so years. I'd like to see more anarchists and punks take a look at why it hasn't done so, and start formulating an analysis that we can use to build new strategies to destroy power. TS (Black Spring Project/Post Office Box 40213/Portland, Oregon 97240; www.blackspringproject.com)

THE LOT SIX • Qwylö CD

Nine tracks. A couple of issues ago I had to review the Lot Six 7" and it struck me as middle of the road melodic rock. This new release is much, much better. I've been listening to it for a couple of days now and it still keeps sounding better and better. The album is incredibly diverse musically. There are slower tracks that remind me of Hero Of A Hundred Fights, there's some folksy stuff with horns, some DC and Brit rock influenced tunes and a bunch of noisy rock numbers. It's all well thought out and tight. The only other band I can think of that has such a diverse sound is Standstill except that The Lot Six is catchier overall. The whole thing definitely has a rock sound, but there's a certain edge to the proceedings that I really enjoyed. Well worth checking out. MH (Espo/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

THE LOVE SONG COMPANY • 7"

Super chaotic and spastic hardcore with lots of keyboards. The influence of The Locust and Usurp Synapse run rampant on this record. The Love Song Company infuses crazy-tempoed modern hardcore and noise together. The result is something hard to grasp, but easy to hear. The sound winds up all over the place without hitting too many grooves. Such is the style, though I think an occasional groove or two would do the whole genre a little good. Their lyrics are all pretty desolate and vague, giving the record an overall feel of an unfocused complaint. The techno dance song on the second side was a nice departure from the rest of the stuff. It is sort of like a video game song and I think it made the whole records more enjoyable. The Love Song Company have a modern sound that I am sure fans of screamo would enjoy. LO (Superkid Records c/o Nikolas Mönch/Oeserstr. 54/130509 Berlin/Germany)

LOGGIA • Idris/Angels 7"

Loggia plays very mellow music with a lot of volume. In the forefront of this indie-style band is a great violin sound. It takes over the whole sound and becomes the really memorable part of this record. Without it, Loggia would just be really boring... but even with it the record isn't all that engrossing. They go for a subtle style and I think it ends up just a little too subtle for me. LO (Soul Is Cheap Records/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

MACHINE THAT FLASHES • Bloom Seed Decay 2xCD

On this 2 CD set, the first CD has newer material and the second has older material. So you get way more than a sample of what this band has to offer. The first CD is filled with thick hardcore with a few metal influences. It is hardcore that sounds like it could easily come from the bowels of the American south. The second CD is filled with droning sounds akin to Neurosis. All in all, the double CD set was more than I could really take in one sitting. LO (PO Box 11222/Portland, OR 97211)

MADELINE FERGUSON • A Long Walk with No Return CD

This is good. Several bands have used a similar framework for hardcore, but the one that comes to mind was You and I, which I really liked. Very tense and intense, but not like a wall of sound. Rather you can hear individual notes, and the tension is periodically broken by distinctly less loud parts. Within this format there are two vocalists, one more screamy and one more talky. The lyrics struck me as mostly personal. This is a well done, popular style of hardcore, and I think many would like this. DF (\$7 to OneOhFive Records/PO Box 19/Troy, NY 12182)

MELEE • One Way Dead End 7"

Melee follow in the tradition of MK-Ultra with their politically motivated hardcore thrash. With lyrics about more than just the scene, they discuss landlords, the drug war, freedoms in the USA, and people's options. I like this record, but it is a number of steps away from being really good. With a cleaner and tighter recording, Melee would sound amazing. As is, they play honest hardcore with a lot of energy and emotion. Their aggression and passion fills this record with some really entertaining thrash. LO (Lengua Armada Discos/1010 1/2 Riverine Ave./Santa Ana, CA 92701)

THE MERCY SUITE • Credis Quod Habes Et Habes CD

This is incredibly catchy melodic hardcore with a lot of emotion. You can let this CD play on repeat for hours and not even notice. It just sort of goes on its own. That means the songs sort of meld together into one song. Though, while the songs are similar to one another, they are not generic. The Mercy Suite plays a good tempo that rocks out occasionally. The lyrics are all very personal and poetic. Each piece fits together nicely. LO (Bombed Out Records/PO Box 17/Leeds, West Yorkshire/LS8 1UF/United Kingdom)

THE MILES APART • Story Board CD

Catchy emo-pop from Italy. Very similar to The Promise Ring (minus the cute guy singing). I think it would have been great if they had done a few songs in Italian. If you like to look out the window when it rains, this CD is most likely for you. MT (Green Records/Riviera Mugnai 32/35100 Padova/Italy)

MILES BETWEEN US • 7"

Straight Edge hardcore that is even a little more formulaic than the rest of them bands. There's miles between them and a band like Carry On who was just so powerful and wrote such varied, tight songs. Lyrically however, they're not walking down the beaten path and THANK YOU for that! I wouldn't have been able to take it. The songs may well deal with the usual subjects but at least they avoid the standard cliches and platitudes. Well done. MH (Blatherskyte Records/PO Box 40088/Rochester, NY 14604)

MILKY WIMPSHAKES • Lovers Not Fighters CD

Total feel-good, upbeat acoustic punk. Sort of in between Billy Bragg, Graham Parker, The Jazz Butcher, The Men They Couldn't Hang and The Housemartins. The singer is also in Red Monkey and he sounds like a happier version of Chumbawamba's Danbert Nobacon. I mean, what can I say, the British have the best sense of humour in the world. I guess, it all came about in a battle to fight bad dentistry, electric showers, too many pints and Margaret Thatcher. (It's the electric showers that got to me the most). Really, you've got to have a sense of humour to survive there. I had the greatest time listening to this. MH (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow Street/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

MR. CALIFORNIA AND THE STATE POLICE • I'm Gonna Kick You In The Head tour 2002 CD

This is awesome. Lo-Fi-experimental-electronic-hilarious, did I mention awesome? He has fifty-two tracks and it only takes twenty-nine minutes and fifty seconds to listen to them! There's rock'n'roll, disco, punk rock, electronic, everything. He sings about punk rock aerobics to politics to disco Jesus. If you can handle a good laugh every now and then, I would definitely recommend this one. EM (abandof1@hotmail.com)

MUKEKA DI RATO • Acabar Com Você CD

This Brazilian thrash band play heavy and then they play light. Sometimes it is an all out assault, and then it can quickly turn into a sort of poppy anthem. As a reviewer, I appreciate the use of varying styles. There is really no way to know which direction Mukeka Di Rato will go. The songs on this CD discuss life in Brazil as well as some commentary that transcends borders. All of the songs are in Portuguese with English translations. LO (Sound Pollution Records/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

ORCHID

Dance tonight! Revolution tomorrow!

photo by Jeremy Dyer

THE NATIONALE BLUE • A Different Kind of Listening CD
A different kind of something, that's for sure. Well, I will be the first to admit that I don't know anything about "music" like this. It seems to me like it's music for hipsters... Troublemaker Unlimited sounding stuff. It is done well, especially for a 3 piece. Over half the stuff on this CD is instrumental. This is the kind of band I imagine opening for Lightning Bolt. This is what happens to emo kids after emo. I do like the instrumental stuff, good background music. NW (Iodine Recordings/1085 Commonwealth Ave, PMB 318/Boston, MA 02215)

NEGATIVE STEP • Conquering Punk 10"
Don't let the bad cover art fool you, this is by far the best record I've reviewed in this batch of crap. These guys sound a lot like the Gordon Solie Motherfuckers 10"... kinda where Erba and Wedge would have picked up after writing a recording such an amazing record. Fast raging hc that's melodic enough to hum along to. It feels old, yet still has a very fresh feeling to it as well. Twelve songs here (one being an FU's cover). NW (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

NEW GRANADA • Fighting The Demons 7"
Super-melodic hardcore with a chaotic tempo. This is my favorite of the new Lengua Armada 7"s. It has the best recording and is the most interesting to me. New Granada play five songs that embody the spirit and energy which good hardcore bands have. It sucks you in and beats you around a little. The songs on here go by quick. The 7" has a hand-screened cover that, although it is missing a few letters here and there in the lyrics, it looks really nice. If you like this you should check out their first 7" on Council Records. LO (Lengua Armada Discos/1010 1/2 Riverine Ave./Santa Ana, CA 92701)

NIKAD • LP
Nikad is by far the best band you've never heard of. I'm serious, if this band was American you'd all be collecting their records, wearing their shirts and telling each other how cool you are for doing so. As far as screamo goes there's hardly anything better coming out at the moment. Say you like Orchid, Yaphet Kotto, Yage and Pg.99, why, you'll lap this up like mother's milk. But all the sad cliches aside, it's not often that you come across a group of people who're so incredibly nice and who play such inspired, frantic and fucked up hardcore. Cherish and behold. This is one of my top ten records of this year and it's only June. Truly emotional and not just pretending to be, this is the real thing. MH (Fire Walk With Me/PO Box 65/1110 Wien/Austria)

NITROMINDS • Fire And Gasoline CD
Since this is on Deep Six, I had really expected a heavy metal release. Instead, this is a melodic and easy going punk sound. The songs are punchy and they have a lot of pep. They stick to a punk style, but they are clean and crisp. At times they bring in heavier elements, but the sound never gets sludgy. Nitrominds covers Hüsker Dü's "Something I Learned Today" on this record, and the song fits in very well with the style of the whole recording. LO (Deep Six/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

NO PARADE • Ceaseless Fire 12"
Totally fucking awesome. I love No Parade. Ever since that first catchy 7" I have been hooked. This LP follows along on the same course, but with more hard songs and less short anthems. Even with its distorted melody, it is a full bore assault on the listener. With crisp guitar and an unforgiving beat No Parade goes for the heart. Members of this band come from From Ashes Rise and Deathbeat, and you can't help but hear some similarities. No Parade plays hardcore from a dark place, but they make songs more than noise. Their energy blasts off this record and the mastery of the style is more than apparent. The "Good Intentions" song on here is one of my favorites for the year. With its infectious beat and damn catchy lyrics, it has made its way onto all the mix tapes and will go down as a classic for me. LO (Partners In Crime/4507 N Gantenbein/Portland, OR 97217)

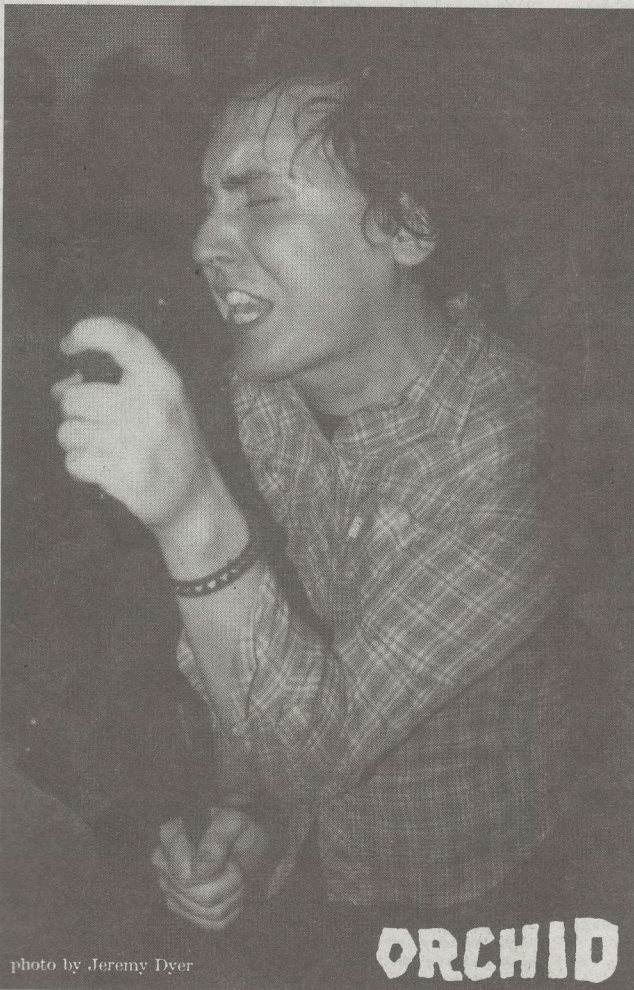
NOTHING TO PROVE • Erase The Metronome CD
5 songs. At first I was a little disconcerted with the really slick artwork. It looked way too much like a major label record to me. But when you take the time to look at the pictures you will see that they are all dealing with capitol punishment (albeit in a very artsy way). The subject is quite common for punk records but here it is handled very, very differently. It's an unusual approach (which I'm not even going to attempt to describe, except to say that they're the kind of images you would normally see in The Face or Wallpaper magazine), but it sets it apart from the rest of the crowd and I give it thumbs up for that. Alright then, musically this is emotive metal or metal emo in the vein of other great French bands like Romeo Is Bleeding. Very well played and recorded. A very interesting release and well worth checking out if you like the genre. This is \$7 postpaid which seems like a very good deal to me. Oh fuck, I forgot; the lyrics are excellent. They deal with fashion punks, consumerism and homophobia ("Romeo And Romeo"). Totally awesome. MH (Emergence Records/Vincent Troplain/29 Rue Le Nostre/76000 Rouen/France)

OFFBEATS • Dumb Looks Still Free CD
39 snotty hardcore punk songs from this legendary Clevo band. These guys recorded their first 7" in like '82... it's also included on the CD. The stuff is pretty awesome for the time period. Lots of cool liner notes. NW (Smog Veil Records/774 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

THE ORGAN • CD
First off, this was decent packaging. The little envelope for the mini CD was neat, but the button... they put a button in the package! That really excited me. It's not very often we get buttons with a CD anymore. So two thumbs up on the packaging. As for the music, it's a lot of muffled screaming with dark, low-keyed guitars, and every now and then there's the organ which adds a nice accent. I am a little reminded of In/Humanity at times. So if you're down for that, definitely check this out... it's a good one! EM (Nail in the Coffin/1515 Morton Dr./East Moline, IL 61244)

OUR WAR • If You're Not Now... CD
Okay, you would figure that guys that are the age of some of these idiots might have a fucking clue... this is bad, generic pos youth that has been done thousands of times before (in much more creative ways, I might add). The lyrics are either just a bad joke or plain ignorant. Straight edge... who the fuck cares?!! NW (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S 2T1/Canada)

ORCHID • Gatefold LP
Goddamn, goddamn, goddamn, the final Orchid recording is good! Nineteen new songs that crash and bang. Their songs are solid and the lyrics are as arty, heady, and sexy as ever. It is melodic, it is hardcore, it is screamo, and it has infected the youth of today. If you have ever seen Orchid live, you know they can play really well. They have intensity and emotion pushing them through the set. That same feeling has been focused and recorded to make this last release. This LP marks the death of Orchid. There are no more new anthems, so raise your first and clap your hands to this one as much as you can. The end of Orchid is at hand. You can say all you want about the silly kids who sell and buy Orchid stuff on skylabcommerce.com, or who seem to be consumed with fashion and trends... when it comes down to it most people like Orchid simply because they are good. What stupid colored vinyl exploits that leads them to is their own shit to sort out. Orchid does not sell belt buckles, press limited amounts of records, or play expensive shows. Read through the lyrics and you can tell they are just a honest hardcore band caught in the hype, so don't hate them for that. Rock out! LO (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)



ONE LINE DRAWING • Visitor CD
I listened and listened to this CD to find something I enjoyed, alas I came up empty handed. The music ranges from sing-songy pop to boo-woeey emo. Unfortunately the lyrics don't help too much either. There's some that sound like over played commercials, some that sound like Adam Sandler songs, and the rest are just forced poetry. All I can say is, Bitte Kein Lieder Mehr. For fans of: Jonah's One Line Drawing. BS (Jade Tree/2310 Kennynwynn Rd./Wilmington, DE 19810)

OFF MINOR • CD
Ten Songs. This is the same material that was previously released on vinyl as a split-lp with I Am The Resurrection plus four more tracks. I think they're down from the demo, but I'm not sure and there's no info about them, so who knows where they're from. But anyway, Off Minor is one of the few bands that I constantly keep going back to for inspiration. Nervous and twitchy like a guy with ticks on his nuts and rhythmically inspired like a guy who's really great in the sack (I imagine). You can hear the whole Saetia thing in the music but Off Minor has taken things one step further. Sonically adventurous, chaotic and tight, they are one of the few contemporary bands that aren't afraid to constantly push for new sounds and textures. Totally recommended to anyone. MH (Golden Brown/1011 S 48th St./Philadelphia, PA 19143 or www.scratchbook.com/goldenbrown)

THE ONE AM RADIO • The Hum Of The Electric Air! CD
The One AM Radio is a two piece who make really pretty songs. Really very pretty songs. They use subtleness to an extreme, with each minimal piece laid onto another to create a semi-complex structure and overall buzz of sound. The sound is translucent and eerie, sweet and engrossing. The fills the background without moving into your space. It is pretty much make out music. I sometimes find this band to be too minimal and somewhat boring, but the material on this CD is the best I have heard so far. If I listen to it in my car I might just fall asleep and run off the road, but it is a nice way to go. LO (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

OX • The Tree in the Forest CD
This is a very limited (106 copies actually) discography of this early 90's punk band. This is a compilation of their 7"s and comp songs. Good mid temp punk hardcore that was pretty standard from that era. MT (Chumprir/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

PANDEMONIUM • Sex, Drugs, Stock And... double CD
Over 60 tracks, total. Lisa gave this to me thinking that I would know something about this band but in truth I really don't. The material was recorded between 1981 and 1986 so you get a pretty good idea of the sound. It's a little like Minor Threat except it's a lot harder and aggressive. If you're one of them 19 year olds who thinks he (is there a she out there?) needs to clue in to the good old old school sound and you don't have the money to buy your records on eBay then this is for you. This is hard and heavy as in Black Flag and Negative Approach, Lärm and some Boston bands that had it going on. It's funny how things keep going around and around. A few years ago I would have totally dismissed this as passe. But with the scene being splintered into oblivion I will always welcome the old school sound as old but welcome news. MH (Coalition Records/Newtonstraat 212/2562 KW Den Haag/Holland)

PANIC • CDep
Let this one loose and it runs around the room screaming and jumping on heads. The energy of this recording has it leaping all over, with lots of time tested and catchy hardcore anthems. The whole thing is strong and unforgiving, with a breakneck tempo to boot. I guess a lot of bands on Bridge Nine probably have this classic, straight edge influenced, hardcore sound and so fans of the label will dig this. LO (Bridge Nine/PO Box 990052/Boston, MA 02199)

PARLOUR • Octopus Off-Broadway CD
Seven tracks. More of the usual space fare from Temporary Residence. Parlour's sound is based on soothing keyboard patterns, repetitive beats and a bumbling bass. Would go well with some of those low budget seventies space movies. There's a definitive krautrock element—some cheesy synth sounds—in there as well. The overall feel is extremely relaxing and calm. Maybe this is what the Martians listen to when they get high. Space music for space people. (Hey, that's better than shit music for shit people.) MH (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

PERALTA • CD
This is all over the place, somewhere in between the realms of indi-rock and punk rock. This is one of those bands that you can't really get a feel for until you see them live. At their heaviest they're comparable to their friends in Planes Mistaken For Stars and they bring the same attitude towards their live shows. Recorded, however they're a little mellower and lean a little more towards the indi-rock side, but they seem to make it work both ways. The least you can do is go see them play. FIL (At Arms Mechanics Records/PO Box 27/Marshall, MI 49068)

PIEDMONT CHARISMA • CD
This CD jumps out with a very electronic sound. There's a keyboard and a very synthesized effect in the vocals. Devo come to mind, but the lyrics are more matter-of-fact. There is something in the cadence of their delivery that made me think of Gang of Four, but they are not that rocking. Some songs were light in the way that the Beatles were, so I guess in light of these references, I would recommend this to those that enjoy electronic/Brit-sounding pop. DF (Piedmont Charisma Records/137 E. Chestnut St. Apt. 3/Asheville, NC 28801)

THE PROMISE • My True Love CD
Two songs. Yes, that's right two songs in a full on CD plastic tray. Talk about excessive packaging. Why don't they just empty a barrel of oil into the sea next time. Anyway, this is of course total killer hardcore. The layout is pure Integrity (and I'm still a sucker for that). Pure aggression and power. No wonder, this band features ex-members of Another Victim, Turmoil, One King Down, Earth Crisis, Starkweather, and Conviction. Very tight and all that, as expected. It kinda feels like a waste of time to even review this as a certain kind of crowd will lap this up, anyway, no matter what a jerk like me has to say about it. MH (Deathwish Records/432 Morris Ave/Providence, RI 02906; www.deathwishinc.com)

THE PARTY OF HELICOPTERS • Space... 2xCD
As a comparison to the Abacadaver LP (since I reviewed that also) their newer stuff stays closer to the slower breakdown parts of said record, with less of a frantic feel and more of a refined, matured sound. I am very glad that I still enjoy The Party of Helicopters, their innovative and guitar-solo-fueled rock provides a nice mixture of acceptable pop and emotional hardcore. There are 5 songs at 23 minutes on the first CD, and the second CD seems to have their last album on it. I am not really sure since I never got it, but it has the same name: "the first two years of conquering the tundra." The CD has four songs on it, but from what I hear it is really kind of one song. This is a nice package from a great band. RG (Troublemaker Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

PUNCH IN THE FACE • 7"

The lyrics for this band are really aggressive, and confront a lot of the stupid shit they see in the scene. Though they at times make a good point, I can't help but see the ridiculous nature of the argument. Singing a song about how you don't like people to preach to you sort of seems like a cyclical argument. I mean, *now* you're the one preaching... Even with the flawed logic on some songs, you can't throw the baby out with the bath water. Punks can really easily burn themselves out for a cause, and that can be just as dangerous as everything else. Punch In The Face plays a stripped down and traditional hardcore style that seems to be taking a real stronghold in the Midwest and on the East Coast, especially in the wake of the recent thrash explosion. With all the hype around Lengua Armada releases, I sort of expected a little more than I got here. The recording is thin (no doubt on purpose) and I feel like they are only scratching the surface of their intensity. LO (Lengua Armada/Disco/1010 1/2 Riverine Ave./Santa Ana, CA 92701)

PIRX THE PILOT • Fri Night Seafood Buffet CD

"All this fucking smugness lets the punk out from within." This is a very fun CD with tons of catchy tunes and funny/smart lyrics. It ain't fun punk, though. It's more like a rougher version of the B52's, especially when the lady sings. They also have that great banter thing between the guy and the woman, just like the B52's and X had. I don't know who the people in this band are and where they came from, but I'm pretty sure that they're a great live band. Lots of food for thought and a ton of excellent songs. MH (New Disorder/115 Bartlett St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

POPPERKLOPPER • Learning To Die LP

In case you don't speak German: A Popperklopper is someone who beats up Poppers (Poppers being mainstream people who like to listen to the radio charts and dress up in ridiculously bleached jeans). Or at least I think so. Musically this is somewhere in between Motorhead and the Boxhamsters with rough German vocals. I'm sure there's a whole history of German punk behind this, but I'm no expert. Strange lyrics. One song, "Denim Demon," is about being rejected by scenester kids and then returning as part of a gay leather gang and mixing up the place. I don't know, is it homophobic or is it suggesting that homosexual rape would do good for some of the in crowd kids. Kind of hard to tell but I'm not losing any sleep over it. MH (www.weird-science.de)

PIKADORI • CD

Pikadori is a mellow blend of hardcore and rock stylings. On their better songs, they sound sort of like Jones Very. The songs are fetching and adult, in a refined sort of way. They have an older DC sound, one that comes from an era of smoother sounds and more melodic bands. Nice. LO (Hope Records/PO Box 71154/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

THE PINE • 7"

Very noisy and drawn out emo. At its worst it sounds like a Smiths bootleg. However, once they speed up and get things going they sound a little like a Hated bootleg. I say bootleg because the sound quality is very raw (and that's putting it nicely). Very nice emo-packaging, too. This is pretty good and interesting. I wouldn't mind hearing more. MH (Owsla/PO Box 4834/Richmond, VA 23220)

POTOMAC • double 7"

8 songs, 22 minutes. Multi-layered and emotive hardcore from this new German band. I've seen them compared to Merel, but I don't really hear that. Potomac is definitely influenced by mid-nineties hardcore (Iconoclast, Heroin, Assfactor 4 etc.), though, but they don't sound dated. I also had the pleasure to see them live a few days ago and I was well impressed. Another great new band with a powerful sound that popped out of nowhere. Watch out for their lp on Flowerviolence. MH (Flowerviolence/Kapellenstrasse 16/69469 Weinheim/Germany)

PURPLE GRIP • The Squeeze CD

Five songs. Good times rocking pop punk. They have "Kaiser Wilhelm II (damn that treaty of Versailles!)" on their thanks list and that struck me as so funny. Musically this isn't worth writing home about, but these guys have a sense of humour and I totally appreciate that. Keep on rocking and having fun! MH (www.purplegrip.com)

QUEST FOR QUINTANA ROO • Things To Remember 7"

There are three short tracks of fast paced scream until hoarse rock on this 7". This is apparently posthumous documentation of this band's last songs. The insert includes explanations of each and some information about the band by various members. SJS (Chongo Smash/4621 Fair Avenue/Oakland, CA 94619)

RADAR • CD

A very creative and experimental set of songs (and much more) that uses tons of different instruments and seems to have some sort of epic suggestion to it. There is a mixture of ambient and penetrating rock that starts out in an unassuming fashion and then becomes increasingly complex and maniacal. There is a lot going on here and I was really impressed with the musicianship. These 3 guys get a lot done. RG (Dim Mak)

RED REACTION • Welcome To The Warzone CD

A lot of what Red Reaction does reminds me of Boston hardcore from the '80s. So it didn't surprise me much to learn this band was from Massachusetts. They play crisp hardcore with a tough edge and a lot of rock. Their musical style combined with their inventive lyrics remind me of another current band from Massachusetts, Last In Line. Red Reaction sings about longing for the violence in entertainment's past, annoying people who sing along with the wrong lyrics, irresponsible punks who get spaces shut down, and plenty of other bad things in the world. This CD sounds good, and the disposition grows on me more and more with each listen. The CD version includes 3 bonus tracks. LO (Coalition Records)

REACH THE SKY • Open Roads and Broken Dreams CD

This band has a very uplifting and sincere stage presence. This Boston band plays fast melodic hardcore with shouted/sung vocals. Reach the Sky has a lot of good stuff so say. Pick it up, they are nice guys. EB (Deathwish Inc./432 Morris Ave./Providence, RI 02905)

REACHING FORWARD • Burning The Lies CD

Ah, the familiar nature of straightedge hardcore. With its traditional chords and established breakdowns... only some bands can breathe real power and life into this tried and true classic. Reaching Forward is no Youth Of Today, but they sure can play. The recording bursts with energy and the whole CD is pretty well done. Their lyrics address personal and political issues from the stance of resistance. Reaching Forward is very interested in telling people to be strong in what they believe and live it to the fullest, drawing lines in the same when necessary. LO (Reflections/Spoorwegstraat 117/6828 AP Arnhem/The Netherlands)

RED MARTIAN • Tragic Vision 7"

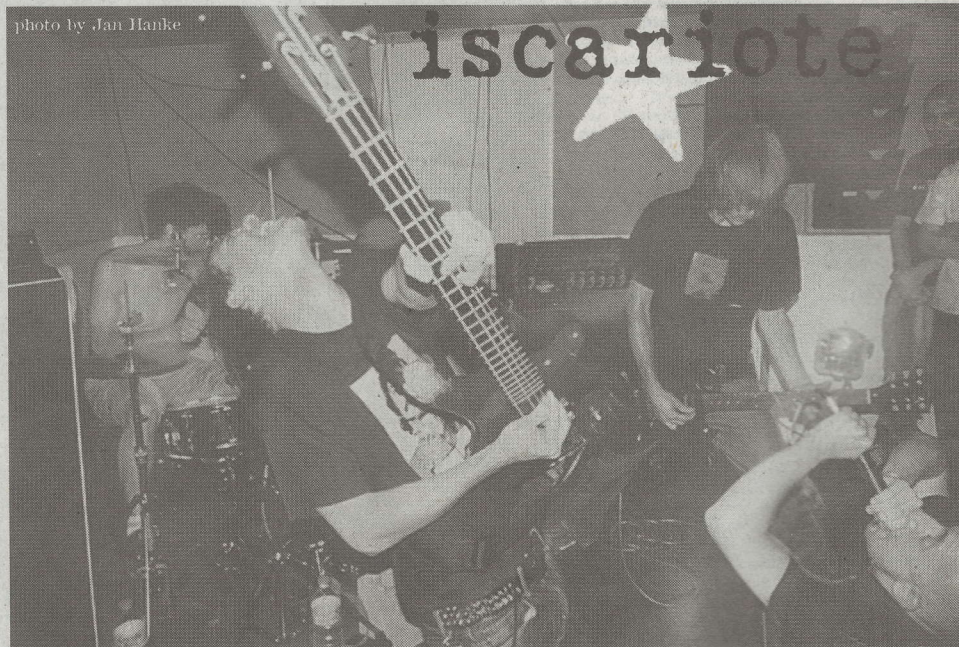
On this 7" Red Martian show their punk rock with five tracks of political and social commentary. The music is straight ahead three chord punk played with speed and precision. After a gentle intro for "In My Country" Red Martian kicks into high gear and maintains that energy to the final beat of side two. Lyrics explore disillusion with the land of the free, the sad state of social affairs, and the struggle for another world. The packaging and vinyl quality are outstanding. SJS (Red Martian/PO Box 61187/Seattle, WA 98121)

REDECION 9.11 • '97-'01 CD

This is good mid paced punk with some cool melodic breakdowns. The lyrics are in Spanish with translations in English. I would say this has some emo influences, but not enough to make it sound weak. Overall I would say this is a solid release. I don't know what to compare Redencion to, but if you are a fan of good music with political lyrics this is for you. DJ (Amor y Lucha Records/6107 43rd St./Riverdale, MD 20737)

RISE ABOVE • CD

Whoa, this mini-CD is filled with a non-stop Japanese grind/thrash attack! Not that you wouldn't expect that from 625, but this release is especially brutal. There is way more distortion and heaviness than most thrash bands of today. You hear the guitar squeak, they bash your head in, and then they are gone. Fast and furious in all sixteen songs, Rise Above doesn't even bother to give you more than a photo collage of their insanity as an insert. Serious insanity here. LO (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)



RESERVE 34 • 7"

Reserve 34 play fast and catchy hardcore that reminds me a lot of older Missing 23rd. Some songs have a melodic tune to them and others are simply hardcore. The vocals are kinda clean but they have a way of bringing in a lot of energy, especially when they have the breakdown with the rest of the gang joining in for a quick sing-a-long (yell-a-long?). Fun, that's what I think of when I listen to this record. EM (EM Records/PO Box 14728/Portland, OR 97203-0728; www.em-zine.com)

RIISTETYT • Tervetuloa Kuolema 7"

I'm not sure, but I think that this is a repress of something that came out in the 80's. I'm pretty sure it's Finnish, but I know it kicks ass. It's got that old school flava and a healthy dose of Dis-ness. Yes, sir, I like it. CD (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE RISE PARK • Long Winded Let Down 7"

This reminds me of a more emo and less catchy Promise Ring. MT (Hello My Name Is Records/33 A Thatcher St./Medford, MA 02155)

RUMAH SAKIT • Obscured By Clowns CD

Woah, freaky experimental grooves abound on this CD. Rumah Sakit goes wandering into lots of different modes, tempos, and sounds throughout this recording. Elements of free jazz bash up against indie rock and are softened by ambient tones. Each song is complex, but many of them are often too drawn out to enjoy. Apparently this band would rather you have ample time to dissect their sound, rather than leave you wanting more. I can only imagine the incredibly drawn out jam session that their live sets must be. There are no lyrics, but plenty of wacky song titles for you to ponder. Sort of typical for this label. LO (Temporary Residence Ltd./PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

RICE • CD

You were wrong, Lisa, it really is the Vinyl Communications Rice from way back when. I still own the LP. I never saw Rice play live, so I don't really know what their deal was except that they were fun. They played fast and harsh hardcore with plenty of humour. On this CD there's some live and demo and unreleased material. I'm not sure anyone still cares, but to me it was one of those little fun trips back in time. More Punk than Tear It Up. MH (Seizmic Records/PO Box 150491/Brooklyn, NY 11215)

SACRILICIOUS • Seven Songs CD

Seven songs at 28:23 minutes. Sacrilicious play mid tempo technical rock with heavy drumming and some melodic guitar parts here and there. After the slower intros you get louder parts with a lot of screaming voices. The lyrics are obviously unhappy with the current state of the world. SJS (New Disorder Records/115 Bartlett St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

SHANK • Coded Messages in Slowed Down Songs LP

This record is fast and loud. Songs are short but sweet, and there are enough of them so that you should feel full and satisfied. So what you get here are plenty of blast beats and gnarly growls and yells. I was trying to read the lyrics along with the songs, but forget about it. I was able to match up 3 songs with their lyrics—this can be a good or a bad thing, you choose. To make this record even better, it comes with a 7-page booklet of their lyrics and explanations for them and the meanings behind them. I'd have to say these guys are pretty punk. Rock. EM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510) or (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

THE SCIENTIFICS • Green Wave CD

Much like The One Am Radio, The Scientifics create most of their sounds with keyboards, sound machines, and haunting vocals. The Scientifics have sweet songs that seem to linger on in your ear. They attempt to take the simple and make complex song structures and ideas. The long songs move quietly along, with only the difference in vocals to really distinguish one from the next. It seems odd to me that something so vocally driven would not have a printing of the lyrics, however. With this CD they urge you to take hold of technology, and with it make art. LO (Alone/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

SCHOLASTIC DETH • Killed By School 7"

Oh yeah, Schooly D brings out the reading-oriented trash for the last time. Turn on this record real loud and jump around your room (with a book in hand). Sing into the hairbrush (or textbook in this case) and let its insanity take you away. Even with the muddy recording and shitty vocal track this record is fun to listen to. They have great lyrics that inspire, question, and amuse. Scholastic Deth grabs you from the first chord to the last. Woo hoo! Schooly D! LO (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

SELF DEFENSE • Shooting Punk Terror 7"

Fast-paced and pounding punk rock. Some interesting tempo changes and fairly good musicianship intermingle with scathing vocals. This record definitely has an 80s punk edge, but for the most part it's quick, hard, modern East Coast style all the way. 10 rather short songs make up this (baby vomit green) vinyl release covering topics from "fashion punks" to staying D.I.Y. Oh yeah, apparently some things they don't like include: posers, Christians, and, um, Radiohead. So if you're into any of that stuff, maybe you'd best avoid this band. Otherwise, head on out and get yourself some nice angry music (with interesting fold-out packaging). AR (Uncle Slam/PO Box 184534/LA, CA 90018)

SUNDAY'S BEST • The Californian CD

10 tracks. Heavily influenced by brit-pop, this Californian band has a lovely, radio-friendly sound but their drummer still didn't play the lead in "Rushmore." If you've been watching MTV thinking "Phantom Planet, now there's a great band," then this is for you. I don't understand why I'm being so cynical. This is just pleasant pop. One time you'll turn on the radio and this will be on. It's still better than Britney. MH (Polyvinyl/PO Box 7140/Champaign, IL 61826-7140)

SELKKAUS • Luokkataistelu - Teoria & Käytäntö LP

Selkkaus are a band from Finland. This LP is a compilation of some of their releases, I think. The songs on this record range from happy anthems to fast punk songs. All of them have an upbeat energy that cannot be ignored. This is great music for getting drunk and hating the system. Their lyrics (in Finnish but translated into English on the insert) discuss a myriad of societal ills and frustrations. Pure rebellion can be found in each track, as they take a simple approach to issues of class like: "Let's break the law/Let's sabotage the homes of the rich." LO (Prole Records c/o Veikki Jauhonen/Kaskenkatu 6 b 19/20700 Turku/Finland)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE • No Love Lost 7"

Severed Head Of State is back with four more brutal crust songs. Born in the Texas heat, three originals and one sick Corrosion Of Conformity cover comprise the latest attack from this band. They play it heavy, dark, and hard. It is a mean recording, with a lot of power and weight. If you liked them before, you'll love this. This release is a 7" and CD that have the same packaging, same songs, and same price. They are so similar, in fact, that there is a slight pause on the CD the same way it is when you are flipping the 7" over. LO (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

SHOT GUN • 7"

These guys easily stole the show on their split with Sound Like Shit not too long ago. Heavy and raging Japanese hardcore that doesn't stop to catch its breath until the stylus cruises onto the run off matrix. The guitars and vocals are thick, intense, and abrasive, with a rhythm section that equals a demo crew. Definitely not a record to pass over. And if you act fast enough, maybe you can land yourself one of the limited to 50 "Punks Is Hippiess" covers. MA (Rampage Records/Mühlenstr. 24/33607 Bielefeld, Germany; rampagerecords@gmx.net)

STAND • True Romance CD

Political metal core in the vein of Chokehold but not as catchy. The lyrics are also accompanied by explanations, which for some reason I never liked. I guess I feel capable of drawing my own conclusions. There was some note in the record about this being a band made of up x members of bands that didn't go anywhere and all could think was, Who Cares? MT (Positive Outlook/PO Box 233/Peterborough/PE14 6UB/England)

**SIR • The Night I Met My Second Wife LP**

Slow, experimental stuff, with lots of weird organ parts, vague and depressed lyrics. This record has a sort of Vincent Gallo feel to it. I recommend it. EB (Superkids Discos/PO Box 028810/10131 Berlin/Germany)

SKINLESS • 7"

Hater of god, the bringer of metal, the destroyer of eardrums releases a new evil unto the world. Skinless, who some of you might recognize from their release on Relapse, returns here with demo versions and samples of what is yet to come. Some of this material may make it onto the next big Relapse release, but probably not in this form. This is pure brutality. Metal with no apologies. No softness, no forgiveness. Skinless lays it all at your feet—and it ain't a pretty picture. This 7" has a fancy die-cut cover with dark artwork that looks really good. LO (Hater Of God/PO Box 666/Troy, NY 12181)

SMACKIN' ISAIAH • The Way To A Girl's Heart... CD

Fat Wreck style pop punk. Well played and all that. I don't know what the lyrics are about. It's like they were written by aliens. Sure, they're in plain English. But you and me guys... we inhabit a different planet. This kind of music is extremely inaccessible to me. Sure, it's all fun and good times. But your fun is a total nightmare to me. MH (All About Records/PO Box 4083/Fall River, MA 02723)

SONNA • Kept Luminesce/Mirameko CDep

This two song CDep is a reissue of a hard to find 7". The band plays light and melodic rock. They use subtle guitar hooks and pretty vocals. It is fluffy and happy stuff that goes by quickly. LO (Temporary Residence Ltd./PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

SOMETHING ABOUT VAMPIRES & SLUTS • CD

Something about typing that makes me feel like I need to wash my hands and keyboard. This is a mid-tempo, riff-driven, vampire-revival rock outfit pulling influences from early British punk and seemingly sharing an aesthetic with the modern heroin rock of the last three or so years. Kinda goth-y, kinda kitsch-y. I dunno; truthfully I'm not very qualified to review this kind of stuff. TS (700-G Seaboard St/Myrtle Beach, SC 29577)

THE SOUTH • Chompl! CD

I had a really hard time reviewing this CD. Not because it was bad, just because it was quite original. The music has a slight metal tinge and really great breakdowns and build ups. It's the kind of band that the music has a voice and the vocals are heard as an instrument. I would love to see them live. They also have impressive sound clips. I only received some of the lyrics but from what I read, coupled with the sound clips, I assume they're rather political. You should definitely check this out. BS (www.deadtankdistro.com)

STAYNLESS • Old Salt 7"

The look and title of this record had me expecting a tough guy hardcore sound. So it came as a pleasant surprise to hear some intensely melodic, dare I say emo, hardcore. The two songs here are filled with emotions and crashing ideas. Staynless play very much in the vein of Current. They create a very nice mood with the music and come and grab you with the vocals. I like this record. I only wish there was some kind of insert that gave me some more info on the topics of the songs and the band. LO (Soul Is Cheap Records/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

STEP FORWARD LOOK WEST • 7"

Wow, the packaging for this is really nice. Super thick cardboard and heavy paper stock that is hand-screened beautifully. It looks like they put a lot of effort into this, and that is nice to see. Step Forward Look West break out with ten, yes ten, songs that are overflowing with brutal energy. They play frenzied hardcore like Reversal Of Man or Combat Wounded Veteran, but way heavier. Long song titles lead into descriptive commentary on the society and culture. Most of it is biting, but the song about "The Goonies" is just sweet. LO (Dupage Collective/2 S 174 Sheffield Rd./Gen Ellyn, IL 60137)

photo by Jan Hanke

SUBTONIX • Tarantism CD

I find myself fascinated with this band. I don't know if it is because they are all women, or if it is because this arty edge that gives them originality. Ever since I heard their split 7" on Troubleman Unlimited I have wanted to hear more. (Regardless of how good each song is, I fell this need to listen to all of it.) On this recording, late seventies punk influences mix with eighties new wave into a post-modern sound for today. This record has a dark and gloomy, horror movie feel to it. From the twisted expressions of love and pain in their lyrics to the "Carrie"-esque photos of them playing, Subtonix seem to want to repel and entice you all at once. Highly listenable and really freaky, my appetite to hear their songs continues after this release. LO (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

TARENTAL • Ephemera CD

Five tracks at 67:29 minutes. This CD contains music from three singles released in 1999 and 2000. Tarental play long quiet pieces that explore minimal, deep listening, and electro-acoustic methods of sound creation. Starting with guitars, bass, and drums Tarental add a variety of instruments and sound sources building some intricately layered music that rewards multiple listening. If extended calm is your chosen area of sonic work, making like a force of nature is a wise decision. Like a summertime warm front sweeping in from the west, Tarental's moments of thunder are surrounded by expanses of gentle breeze and glistening raindrops. Lovely music results. SJS (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

TEAR IT UP! • The December 2000 Session CD

First off, there is no new material on this CD. It is entirely stuff that is from 2000 and, most of it, has been easy enough to get or is still in press. The CD is comprised of tracks from their limited 7" on Uncle Slam, their split LP with E.T.A., and their split 7" with Fast Times. Tear It Up! is a really strong hardcore band with a mean edge. The early songs especially delineate the bleak and desolate in life. They attack each song with fury and aggression, and it makes for some good songs. Personally, I think their *Nothing To Nothing* LP is the best release this far—but this CD does help the late comer play catch up. (It also helps you posers who won't just get a record player.) LO (Coalition Records/Newtonstraat 212/2562 KW Den Haag/The Netherlands)

TETSU ARRAY • Rocket/Core 7"

Heavy, Dirty rock from Japan. Sounds kinda like Motorhead or Nashville Pussy. Two songs Rocket and Core. That's about all the English you get except in the end of the first song where they scream "I like it!" over and over. There's not much packaging here at all, just a plain black sleeve with their name in Japanese and "Rocket/Core" in English. Any other information is squeezed around the label. FIL (H:G Fact/105 Nakano Shinbashi M/2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo/164-0013/Japan)

TRANSISTOR TRANSISTOR • Put Down The Bible... CD

Recorded at Dead Air studios by Will "Dr. Goodsex" Killingsworth, Transistor Transistor offer up five more energetic, catchy, melodic, and edgy emo songs. Their explosive emotive energy is contagious and guaranteed to have emo kids shaking booty. Transistor Transistor also have a brand new release available on Level Plane Records, which is just as good. I enjoyed listening to both Transistor Transistor releases. A good up and coming band, in my opinion. KM (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

THIRTY3 • The Oatman Arizona 7"

Full of energy and passion, this trio comes out blaring with three songs of rock and heart. Their sound falls easily into the more marketable and larger punk area that bigger bands seem to wind up in. The feeling I get when I hear these songs is sort of like how I used to feel about Samiam way back in high school... though they sound like Hot Water Music. (That is, if Hot Water Music would play more stuff that didn't sound like the last 20 songs they wrote.) Emotionally building guitar and vocals meet with crashing drums and the occasional, effective scream. This record sounds really good and it leaves this reviewer pretty satisfied. LO (Clearview/PO Box 16757/Portland, OR 97292)

THE THREATS • Back in Hell CD

This kind of has an Oi element to it I would say... older bald guys singing about nothing important I guess could lead this reviewer to get that impression. Nothing too original or even fun. Boring punk/Oi. NW (Punknite Records/420 Conant Ave./Union, NJ 07083)

TODAY I WAIT • CD

This, I guess, is what happens when bands only seem to listen to Slayer, or rely on Earth Crisis or Converge for inspiration. This is some of the worst mosh metal that I've ever had the misfortune of listening to. I bet the fucking drums are triggered to. Yuck! NW (Friction Records/PO Box 6605/Grand Rapids, MI 49516)

TRAINDODGE • On A Lake Of Dead Trees CD

12 songs. These songs have a very heavy edge, but they're still very much on the melodic side. They remind me of Shades Apart before they were complete pop punk or Jones Very, maybe. There are plenty of quieter parts that keep things interesting. The first thing you notice, though, is the thick and heavy sound. It works really, really well with Traindodge's approach. Great musicianship and singing throughout. A very mature sounding record which, I'm sure, will improve even further with future listens. MH (Ascetic Records/5248 Bancroft No.B/St.Louis, MO 63109)

TRI STATE KILLING SPREE • Some Words On The... CD

This is great. Honestly, I don't know how this release could be much better. The music is really hard and the lyrics are totally engaging. Tri State Killing Spree plays straight up hardcore with a classic edge and punishing intensity; they play it heavy and they play it tight. It punches you in the face and stomps on your feet. It is good. The lyrics talk about all kinds of life issues, scene issues, and world issues. They are straightforward and intelligent, with plenty of additional notes to help flesh out the ideas. Tri State Killing Spree is exactly what I wanted to see and hear right now. LO (Six Weeks Records/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotai, CA 94931)

UMBRA • *My Eyes Lie 7"*

Umbra's vocalist sounds so goddamn much like Jun from There Is A Light That Never Goes Out and the much-missed Swipe. He's not, though. But if either of those bands appeal to you, you will like this group. More of the modern Japanese emo/hardcore currently played by such bands as Envy, There Is A Light That Never Goes Out, and Nine Days Wonder. Very good for what it is, but not quite as masterful as any of the aforementioned units. I think this is a debut, so I'm sure this band will only get much better as they persevere. TS (Say Hello to Never Recording/ [unfortunately, the address is written only in Kanji but here's an e-mail address: umbr@infoseek.jp])

UNDER A DYING SUN • CD

This CD is like the batch of cookies I just made—not quite right and sorely disappointing. I mean, I have made plenty of chocolate chip cookies in my lifetime—and this batch is just wrong. I had all the ingredients. I had the experience. I had the time. But what I've done here is all kinds of wrong. The cookies are bland. The cookies are hard. They are like little bricks with chocolate in them. When I saw this band a few nights ago they played a good set, but what they are doing here just lacks energy and vitality. They certainly get close to having a really good release, but somehow what they are trying to do gets lost on this CD. LO (Substandard/PO Box 310/Berkeley, CA 94701)

UNRUH • CD

Unruh epitomize the brutal band from the desert. They play sick and heavy hardcore with a slick metal edge. In many ways, it is like Rorschach. It is full of anger and bile, it comes at you with a lot of weight, and it covers you in rock. This CD has the material from their *Misery Strengthened Faith* LP, their 7", their split 7" with Enewetak, and some compilation tracks. This stuff has been out of print for a long time, so the CD has arrived to deliver a dose of heavy onto the new generation of kids. LO (King Of The Monsters Records/8341 E San Salvador/Scottsdale, AZ 85258)

VITAMIN X • *Down The Drain* LP

Oh, god damn it, every time I put up the peace sign my fingers get blown off. Perhaps they'll be harder to hit if I just raise the one... Anyhoo, this Vitamin X LP is the best stuff I have heard from them so far. They play blazing thrash with lost of melodic hooks and catchy breakdowns. This LP reminds me a lot of Lifes Halt. Their simple and straight approach at societal commentary works very well for them. They sort of jump in, scream and wail, and then get the hell out. It grabs your attention and gets you to read through the lyric sheet and all of their liner notes. It is punk played in an old school style that does not disappoint. There are 23 songs on the LP for christ's sake! Oh, did I mention they are straight edge, or is that obvious? LO (Underestimated Records/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60618)

VALSE TRISTE • *Kompilaatio* CD

44 tracks at 73:14 minutes. Valse Triste are a hardcore band from Finland. This CD contains every song from their first six 7" EPs plus a compilation track and 4 unreleased songs. Everything was recorded between 1988 and 1993. The music is straight ahead old school hardcore thrash with multiple vocals and bizarre lyrics. Sometimes they break it down, but usually Valse Triste just slam it home with fast and furious raw power. The booklet includes nice essays from band affiliates, a full discography for the included tracks, and photos. SJS (Six Weeks Records/225 Lincoln Avenue/Cotati, CA 94931)

THE VELVET TEEN • *Immortality 7"*

Great, a picture disc with no info... I love that. The Velvet Teen is an indie rock outfit with some heavily affected overtones. I'm coming off reviewing a grindcore record, so this seems like some of the most harmless pap ever. Sure, The Velvet Teen can play a nice song—but I just don't care. Some of their songs have a great early The Cure feel, but I would rather just listen to The Cure. Overall, it is just a little too delicate and romantic for me to deal with right now. I think this band has a record coming out on Slowdance soon. LO (Pandacide Records/PO Box 2774/Petaluma, CA 94952)

VOËTSEK • *Timea Cruris 7"*

Fuck yeah, this is good. Thick and brutal hardcore with some sick female vocals. It reminds me a lot of .FuckingCom, but I think that is just because they were the last band like this that I liked as much. Voëtsek come at you with a fast-paced, full-fledged assault of sound and opinions. Most of the lyrics deal with no longer taking the shit the world has to give. They are political and pissed and totally right on. The energy coming off this record leads me to think they would be an awesome live band. Plus, they hve funny crowd shots on the insert. Hopefully I'll find out soon enough. Finally, a Six Weeks record with a decent recording. LO (Six Weeks Records/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

WINTERBRIEF • *Famous Shoppers* LP

Eleven songs. This Philadelphia based boy/girl duo plays electronic pop punk that reminds me of Atom and his Package a lot except that Winterbrief is not a joke band. Their lyrics are real and personal. As to be expected this is not entirely my cup of tea. Beepy, bleepy stripped down electronica is not what I enjoy listening to (and I might well be the poorer for it). If I ever I got stranded on that often-cited island and I got to pick between this LP and the latest Deep Elm/Defiance/Revelation-pimpily-white-boy-combo-rocking-out-to-get-laid-bullshit record, well, as sad as it is, I probably would pick the bullshit boys. Here's the thing, though, if I had to choose which band and its members would actually be with me on that island, I would most definitely choose Winterbrief, being as they appear to be two smart, individualistic, free-thinking, free-spirited grown ups. Much better company, indeed. MH (X-Mist Records/PO Box 1545/72195 Nagold/Germany)

WORKER'S ETIQUETTE MANUAL • 7"

Two hard-rocking punk songs about the evils of religion and the pitfalls of the 9 to 5 cycle. Each of the songs is hard hitting and full of distortion, keeping a crisp sound whenever they can. This whole record is really clear and precise which is why it has more of a rock sound than a punk sound at times. It follows a progressive style and makes a move for interesting content. LO (Antitainment/Keplerstr. 4/22765 Hamburg/Germany)

WINTER IN JUNE • *Urotsukidoji* CD

This label has been putting out some good stuff. This CD is an introduction to an English emo/screamo band that I'd never heard of before. The vocals are tough and distorted (maybe they're not distorted but that's what they sound like). Lots of tempo and mood changes as you would expect. This has pretty much been a joy to listen to. Maybe not the most original material ever, but still, this is pretty cool. MH (Ignition/1 Chandos Rd./Tunbridge Wells/Kent/TN1 2NY/England)

WINTERBRIEF • *Unwrapped 7"*

An apparently Swedish female/male indie duo. They got some keyboards. Drum machine, too. Some sort of incomprehensible upbeat pop. I'm a little at a loss without the proper references: obscure or absent song structure, good sassy female vocals (though with some male backing), dance-y beats—the only description I can come up with is, "Very San Francisco," but that's probably nonsense to anyone outside of the region. (PS- I can't believe this is the same label that released the Assell/Second Thought 7"...) TS (Promenade Recordings c/o Fredrik Kullman/Durgränd 1/S-386 31 Färjestaden/Sweden)

WITHOUT SYSTEM • *What Will Be Will Be*, CD

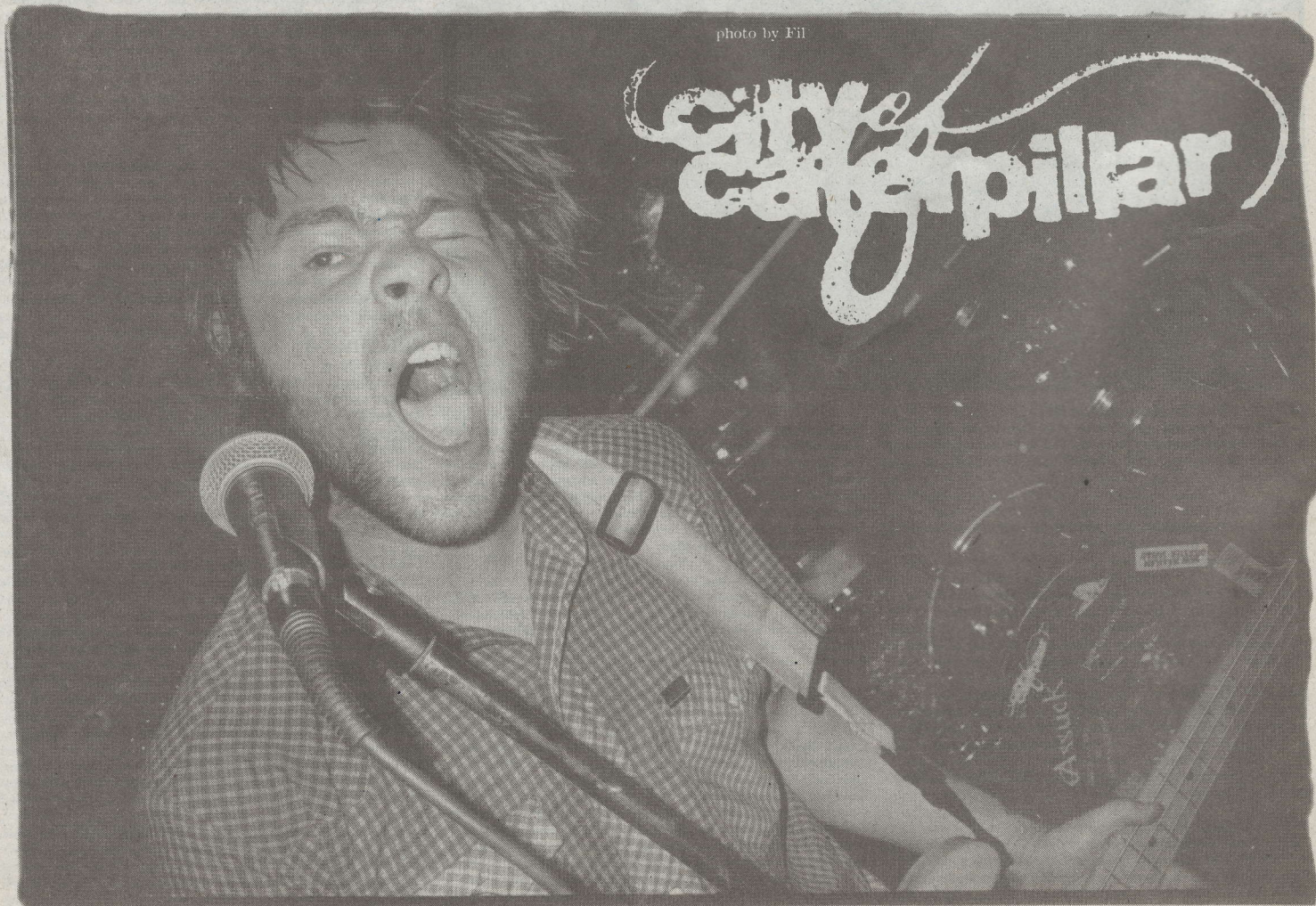
Six track in 14:25 minutes. Without System play tight, loud and fast hardcore. They employ plenty of double bass drum, enormous distortion on the strings, and shout until hoarse vocals on top. You get a full throttle roar with an occasional guitar solo explosion to ice the cake. Each song pushes the energy higher until they scream themselves over the top during the final anthemic blast of "All Strange World Believe Your Capacity." SJS (H-G Fact/Nakano Shinbashi-M 105/Yayoi-cho 2-7-15 Nakano/Tokyo/Japan 164-0013)

THE WIND-UP BIRD • CD

I imagine this is where the screamo kids go after they hear Godspeed, You Black Emperor! The Wind-Up Bird features members of Jerome's Dream, though you would never guess it by the sound of the music. This is instrumental, airy music that is ambient and moody. Bewitching as the sound can be, you can easily read, study, or do something that demands more attention as this plays. Their keyboards and strings float effortlessly by your ears. You choose how much attention you pay. This CD clocks in at just under one hour. LO (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

photo by Fil

city
caterpillar



WOLVES • Art, Culture, Work CD

This CD is a manifesto of how to live. Wolves come to challenge and inspire you to change the world. They have a list of demands and a hefty dose of ideals. The booklet goes to great lengths to expression their passion to change and their fury for stagnation. The scope of this project is wide, and that is a welcome change. Musically, they play modern melodic hardcore with elements of screamo and early '90s hardcore. Their stuff is akin to and possible influenced by other bands from their area and genre: Orchid, The Last Forty Seconds, Off Minor, or This Machine Kills. A very interesting project indeed. LO (Coalition Records/Newtonstraat 212/2562 KW Den Haag/The Netherlands)

YAPHET KOTTO • Usual Suspects 7"

Two more great tracks from Northern California's awesome Yaphet Kotto. These two tracks are very, very Yaphet Kotto with the duel vocals and guitars, and ultimately Yaphet Kotto has totally developed a great sound that is uniquely their own. Love them or hate them, this record will not change your mind; more of the same, which is just awesome by my book. When it ain't broke, don't fix it. Rock on Yaphet Kotto!! KM (Council Records)

THE WARREN COMMISSION • Tricked By... CD

This is music for people driving on Highway 1 with their convertible's top down, the thing is I don't own a convertible, much less a car. From a sound aesthetic point of view, this band is pleasing but utterly forgettable. I don't mean to be overly harsh but this reminds me of the music that is barely audible in a large department store. You know the sound, poppy "emo" whatever. The saving points of this, however, are the harmonies achieved by the female and male singers. Also, it's not as blatantly cheesy as most of this genre. I'm a sucker for synthesizers so the sparing use of them in here also helps The Warren Commission out. JL (Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

YANKEE WUSS • LP

Yankee Wuss play really bad generic crust with a poppy feeling, and guess what... like every other generic crust band, they have male and female vocals—but only on one side of the record. Also like every other generic crust band; they have songs about animal liberation, how much big companies suck, and other crap you've already heard from every other band. Exciting stuff. NG (Ministry of Peace /PMB 121/4410 SE Hawthorne Blvd./Portland, OR 97214)

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA/

REDENCION 9-11 • split 7"

1. Superior emo-packaging that is, well, just beautiful. 2. Lots of content here with extensive writings about globalisation and the north/south dilemma in America, conflict or whatever you choose to call it. 3. Good music. Homage to Catalonia is basically just a guy and his guitar, but what you get is totally heartbreaking. Redencion 9-11 from Chile has a more traditional hardcore sound somewhere in between Dead Silence and Sin Dios. (Please forgive me for making such a simplistic comparison—the lyrics are in Spanish, that's all.) One of those records where hopefully someone will hit me over the head with a frying pan should I ever decide to give it away. MH (Amor Y Lucha Records c/o Brian Lombardozzi/PO Box 1217/Riverdale, MD 20738-1217)

GORGE TRIO/DJUD • split 7"

Let's see, one band is noise and the other is sludgy grind. I don't really care or see the point in either. There isn't really much to enjoy here. Djud kick out the super slow jams on the first track and then move into some crazy paced drums accompanied by a screeching sound. Fil thinks it isn't too band, I disagree. Gorge Trio aren't too original, but they sure can make noise. Both of these bands have a beat, and at least that is something. LO (Theater Records/16 Rue Du Petit Ruisseau/86000 Poitiers/France)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS/

BILLY RESSE PETERS • Chik Chak Attack split CD

Where do folks keep finding these goofy names? Well, I suppose it sort fits as this harkens back to the dark days of the early to mid-'90s when the pop-punk thing ran amok over good sense and good taste. Grabass Charlestons play speedy melodic-hardcore-influenced pop-punk with the requisite snotty/gravely vocals; Face to Face comes to mind. Lyrics are abstract, but seem to address personal experiences. Billy Resse Peters is slower, less snotty and more punky—maybe something akin to the Boll Weevils? Ah, it's been so long since I've heard this kind of shit—my mind has suppressed the memories. I hope this doesn't signal any kind of come back, because this music has so rarely challenged or threatened anything besides our intelligence. TS (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

DISBAND/JUDZU WISH • split CD

Disband play very smooth indie rock that is heavy with post hardcore aspects. They play five songs. As a segway to the next band, track 6 is a medley of the two bands. Kudzu Wish plays pretty much Fugazi style hardcore. It is well done and at times quite catchy. There are five songs from them as well. Either band sounds like something that Dischord would release today. LO (Ernest Jenning/906 Summit Ave./Jersey City, NJ 07307)

THE SCENARIO/

THE CARCRASH SLEEP • split 7"

Comes with a little booklet and you open it and think, wow, there's gonna be all sorts of info and then it turns out it's all about the label and its other releases. Oh well. This is emo through and through. I can't tell which band is which but I guess nowadays that qualifies as emo, too. Both bands have it going on. Crazy and fucked up with hunches of Shotmaker, Page 99 and 400 Years, they rock hard. MH (Carmen Diablo/Jonathan B/ Apdo 13.036/46080 Valencia/Spain)

SPASMS/HONKYTONK ALLSTARS • split 7"

Spasms sound like a crappy Cuck which is kind of cool—but in a cheesy way of course—while Honkeytonk Allstars sound like FakeFight. No lyric sheet? Not surprising? This record pretty much blows. MT (www.eatmyrecords.com)

THIS MACHINE KILLS/JR EWING • split CDep

This Machine Kills offers up two songs here. One hardcore song staying true to their emotive, early nineties hardcore sound. Their other track is a drum machine styled spoken word (that is sung) with female vocal accompaniment. Both songs are highly political and fueled by hope for a better world. JR Ewing also has two songs. Each of them is melodic and catchy, with modern hardcore sensibilities and nice breakdowns. Chaotic and energetic, their stuff does not disappoint. This release is also available throughout Europe as a 7" and in the US as a one sided 12". LO (Dim Mak/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

HATED YOUTH/ROACH MOTEL • split LP

This is a great record for those of you that are interested in hardcore's past. The nineteen Hated Youth tracks are from 1984 and they are classic early '80s sounding hardcore. It is a sound that many bands try to capture today, but Hated Youth was there and they were doing it when it was still new and fresh. Their sound has the same raw primitive energy that made D.R.I.'s first record so good, and judging by the reprinted flyers in the booklet they played more than a show or two with D.R.I. so that all makes sense. Roach Motel is equally as interesting. Their side of the LP is a live set recorded in '1983. The sound quality is great and the show really captures the crazy unpretentious energy that made hardcore so much fun. This was the kind of music that was created before hardcore was crossed with metal or college/indie rock. The production standards were very different and the attitude was untainted by the lure of success. An interesting look back. KM (\$6 to Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

DOMESTIC ENEMY/THE DIXIECRATS/ CHOKING ON PROGRESS • 3 way split CD

All three bands sort of belong together. There is a lengthy explanation included about the bands and the label and why they do what they're doing. I read it all and it was interesting, but that was 3 weeks ago and I don't remember correctly who is who. Sorry. Anyways, Domestic Enemy plays fast, thrashy hardcore circa '84 with tough female vocals and punk lyrics. The Dixiecrats, too, have a sound that takes me right back to at least '87. When they're really fast and cram in a lot of words they totally remind me of the first Suicidal Tendencies LP and the Teen Idles. It really is a little like travelling back in time. I totally understand why they're playing this kind of music. It just sounds so damn unpretentious and punk and that's what it is all about. Choking On Progress, too has that old school sound with plenty of speed, varied songwriting and attitude. It's all good. I just wish they'd come up with a cooler cover so that more people would actually buy this. This is a cool little disc that deserves all the exposure it can get. MH (Pooshot Records/Domestic Enemy/PO Box 12310 El Cajon, CA 92022)

OHUZARU/CYNESS • split 7"

Cynessa have a super thick and evil grindcore sound. This truly is the music of the devil. It stabs you in the gut and grabs you by the throat. Plus, it is German. Their short lyrics point out really relevant flaws in the world. All in all, it is a strong record. It has one brutal viewpoint and punches it home with the sound. It is a nice unity. I am no fan of grindcore, so the fact that I think this is good says a lot. Ohuzaru are from Italy and play upbeat thrash. Their songs about soldiers, loneliness, prostitution, and institutionalization take a strong stance. The whole recordingsurges forth with a lot of pep. I like the way they use straightforward thrash and melodic breakdowns together to keep the songs interesting. LO (Thought Crime c/o Thomas Franke/Boxhagnerstr. 23/10245 Berlin/Germany)

LOISIRS/MYRA LEE • split 7"

On this 7" you get two tracks each from these French bands. One of them sounds like a combination of most bands on the Dischord and Touch & Go labels circa 1995. They are proficient at what they do. The other band plays fast guitar heavy rock with dual vocals that are not to loud in the mix. Their sound is unpolished and full of distortion and they build and maintain good energy across both tracks. SJS (Theatre Records/16 Rue du Petit Ruisseau/86000 Poitiers/France)

EXISTENCH/DISCO INFERNO • split 7"

Existench want to beat your head in and eat your brains. Their eight songs fly by in a grindcore frenzy of guitars, vocals, and screams. The ad that comes with this 7" says they are political, but the only thing in here is contact info and songs titles. Guess I'll have to take their word for it. According to the ad, Disco Inferno plays emoviolence. Though the droning nature of their sound seems to refute that label. Their two songs slow it down and speed it up with a wicked edge. Mean vocals and non-stop drumming pour out of this record. It is heavy hardcore with a real thick edge. LO (Blind Date/PO Box 700104/79055 Freiburg/Germany)

CRUCIAL UNIT/MUNICIPAL WASTE • split CD

Thrash, thrash, thrash... the kids can't get enough thrash. Lucky for them this CD exists. Crucial Unit are back with more hilarious lyrics and high speed screamy thrash. The crusties better watch out because this band just might have the power to turn Pittsburgh into a thrash scene. The Municipal Waste serves up some metal thrash cross over (with the emphasis on the thrash). Chuck Franco says, "One of the best live bands I have seen, an energy bomb!" BS (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotai, CA 94931)

FUDGE/TOSUGEKI SENSYA • split 7"

This Japanese split really sort of caught me off guard. The cover for the Fudge side of the album claimed to be "Gunma Hard Core" and looked like it might have been the logo of a peace punk band, yet the music itself proved not to be easily categorized (although the hardcore label was far more accurate than my other guess). With very interesting vocals (at times I wondered when the singer would finally cough up that hairball) and lyrics in both English and Japanese, Fudge was, at the very least, and entertaining listen with lots of energy and also, apparently, an upright bass (cool!). With a reasonably good effort at heartfelt lyrics in English (as well as Japanese), Totsugeki Sensya reminds me a bit of Aus-Rotten musically with a little more speed and a little worse recording quality. Overall, a worthwhile record. AR (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

DREAD 101/SOCIAL INSECURITY • split LP

Dread 101 attack with eight songs of crust punk fury. The songs are thick and distorted, with a lot of aggression in each. This band could just as easily be from Sweden as from the Czech Republic. Their lyrics slash into society with harsh criticism and an unforgiving tone. Dread 101 has come to fuck your shit up and straighten your shit out. Social Insecurity plays punk based on an old standard. It is full of rebellion and ready to be the soundtrack for the circle pit. Get wasted, scream about the problems, and hope that release gives you the strength to go on another day. Their lyrics are short jabs at the evil they see around them. Most of them point out an issue and tell you that it sucks and/or that they think it is shit. Pretty standard stuff in that respect. Their sound is thinner than Dread 101's, which is unfortunate only because they play a style that really lends itself to the weight. LO (Insane Society Records c/o Barvak/PO Box 6/ 50101 Hradar Kralove/Czech Republic)

TION/NOT IN THE FACE • split LP

I saw Tion not too long ago. If my memory serves me correct, they're a three piece of bass, drums, and keyboards. In the hallowed out hall, their noise was just too much for me to bear. So I went outside and experienced the remainder of their set with a buffer of walls between us. I can't say I regret that because I just don't really enjoy messy noise bands that want to be Man Is The Bastard. Tion reminds me of Godstomper for two reasons: 1) they lack some instruments most bands opt for, and 2) I can't really listen to them for more and a couple minutes. There were plenty of kids at the show who were into the Tion set; I was not one of them. This record has 7 of their strange and wild grind assaults. It is better than their live set. Not In The Face go for a wicked grindcore sound. They have lots of freaky guitar parts and seriously evil vocals. Their songs have more song like structure, but they don't come across very well either. Some of their anti-society lyrics are pretty good. Overall this record isn't one I'd listen to again. LO (Geddy Lee/4725 Roosevelt Way NE/Seattle, WA 98105)

MY OWN LIES/WILBUR COBB • split 5"

MOL play two brutal songs that leave me wanting to hear more by this band. The best comparison I could give of them would be that they sound a bit like Capitalist Casualties. Wilbur Cobb play two songs also, that are equally fast and noisy, just not as memorable or catchy as the MOL stuff. NW (Flowerviolence Records/Kapellenstrasse 16/69469 Weinheim/Germany)

ONE AM RADIO/TRACY SHEDD • split CDep

Fur songs in thirteen minutes, two from each outfit. Tracy Shedd plays two melodic little numbers with minimal guitar and soft, girly vocals. It pours a soft and somber mood into the listener and stays just barely audible half the time. The poetic lyrics fit nicely with the smooth sounds. The first of the two One Am Radio songs is also on their new CD. (This seems odd except for the fact that it did come out first.) It is a romantic little song with smooth tones. The second seems much different than their regular fare, and is also a doo-wop cover. LO (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

KOBRA KHAN/HELEN OF TROY • split 7"

Helen Of Troy play distorted chaos-core with a strange rhythm that is both off time and on time. Meandering vocals that change intensity and thick guitar tracks bulk up the sound. With its dramatic openings and blasts of sound, it is very modern indeed. Kobra Khan, who I remember from that 10" that sounded like Orchid, plays a similar sound here. The songs are constructed with changing melodies covered in harsh tones. Screams and wails covered by varying guitar. It is pleasing in its originality and artfulness. The back cover talks about an insert that isn't my copy, so I can't say much about what these songs are about. LO (Tokyo Fist/PO Box 254/Oceanside, NY 11572)

RACEBANNON/THE DISEASE • split 7"

This is some noisy shit. At least on the Disease side I can tell there's a band playing and I can make out songs and even the different instruments. It's a relief from the Racebannon side that to me sounds like a bunch of loud shit with drums and vocals. I can't make out shit except for the crappy sample intro that's a good minute too long. The worst part about this record is trying to read Racebannon's lyrics. They're not only tiny but are also written in their crappy sci-fi font that you have to hold at an angle to read and of course it's all written over top of their "artwork" (oh hey, cool, another picture of a satellite dish). The Disease side is a little better, noisy, screamy, keyboards. And if you like their sample of what sounds like a little kid saying "I want a moustache, dammit," you can hear more of it on the Kojak record that came out a couple years ago. FIL (Monoton Studio/Areneckstr. 2/44139 Dortmund/Germany)

ASSEL/MY OWN LIES • split 7"

My Own Lies sounds much better and a lot tighter than I remember them. (Apparently though, these songs are taken from the same session as the material for their split-7" with Houses In Texas which I gave a bad review. This proves—once more—that I'm an idiot.) They offer 4 fast and brutal tracks, totally to the point, no fucking around. The lyrics are simple, but they make some important points about all the complacent fucks in our scene who think it's totally okay or even cool to casually spike their speech with racist and sexist slurs. After all it's just a joke, right? Yeah, well, fuck you. Anyway, My Own Lies, job well done!! Assel is somewhat similar musically, except that they have a more punk, thrashing sound, more like Severed Head of State or other Portland/Tennessee bands. (Yes, I know that Portland is not in Tennessee, give me some credit, please, even if I don't deserve it.). Mad, barking vocals, cool slower parts, great recording. It's all there. Great record. MH (Flowerviolence/Kapellenstrasse 16/69469 Weinheim/Germany)

AGHAST/TEKKEN • split CD

A split from two French bands that sound nothing alike. Here Agast offer up two songs of sing/scream emotive hardcore which is very good. I would definitely like to hear more from this band, as they were the highlight of this split for me. Tekken finishes the album with seven songs, their longest clocking in at 1:03. They play a screamy fast hardcore/grindcore style which sounds like it was recorded in their living room. Overall, not a bad release. NH (Wee Wee/25 Rue Goudouli/31240 St. Jean/France)

INCOGNITO POP/THE LIVIDS • split 7"

Incognito Pop plays two songs. The first has a slow build up and light tune which stays true to their incognito labeling. The second is way more rocking, with lots of extra keyboards and funky sounds that have a '60s influence. The vocals on each track are muffled, so the vibe of the music comes through overall. That vibe is minimal and sweet, again staying true to their name. The Livids have a short set of poppy songs full of melody and verve. Both bands seem sucked in to the retro-rock, post-hardcore sound that is around lately. The whole record needs to be about twice as loud for it to have any kind of raw energy coming off it. LO (Swing Beat/Marienburgerstr. 29/10405 Berlin/Germany)

ALLEE DER KOSMONAUTEN/ CRUDE B.E. • split 10"

Alle Der Kosmonauten plays one really long song. It is the entire side of the 10"; it is that long. Their song is moody and eerie, with lots of droning crust sounds. It is about how the world has already been discovered and paved, and they wish to be somewhere else. One the other side Crude B.E. has thirteen songs. They are all furious and fast crust songs with a sick grindcore edge. Crude B.E. sing all in German about the shitty thing in this world. Their lyrics are opinionated and at times quite clever. They lay the music out thick and cover it with sick and raspy vocals. A couple of the songs on here are covers but, for the most part, the intensity you find here is all their own. I know of more than a few crust kids in this town who are going to be stoked to hear this. LO (Thought Crime c/o Thomas Franke/Boxhagnerstr. 23/10245 Berlin/Germany)

CRUDE B.E./RADIO SCHIZO • split LP

Let's start off here with some brutal ass grindcore Crude B.E. style. This is good shit and it's tight as all hell breaking loose. The insert has good layout and artwork with lyrics in German and translations in English. Radio Schizo plays some alright punk that gets pretty melodic at times. DJ (Merciless Records c/o Jorn Thondel/PSF 601504/14415 Potsdam/Germany)

SKARP/HUMAN ERROR • split 7"

This record sure does come with a lot of little extras! Tons of fun, home-made looking stickers, interesting cover art (a painting of a rather menacing looking sandwich), and a lyric sheet giving the listener a glimpse at both bands' otherwise hardly discernible words. Skarp has two songs on this recording, one of which is a cover of ABC Diablo's "Absence." The other is deceptive in its slow, twinkly beginning, but quickly turns into fast paced, almost sarcastic punk with screamed vocals that ask for an end to people's whined comparisons of their "bad days." Human Error plays 3 very unique and very crazy songs on this split. Tight musicianship with odd arrangements and almost humorous screechy vocals makes for a very fun listen. AR (Pull The Trigger; killme_777@yahoo.com) or (Aborted Society Records; www.abortedociety.com)

SEEN' RED/VUUR • split 7"

Yet another split 7" from Seen' Red and friends. This time they are coupled with Belgium's Vuur. Seen' Red offer up four mad thrashing belts of pure anger. Totally loaded with frustration, rage, and hope for some sort of political change. Vuur play three angry political hardcore songs which have a solid recording, and they certainly stand on their own. The 7" has a nice design, and it comes with a small booklet with lyrics and text from the bands (would you expect any less from Seen' Red?). Another great political thrash record. KM (Day One Records/Nico Olenseweg 151/2260 Westerlo/Belgium)

THE SWING DING AMIGOS/ THE BLACKS • split 7"

2 songs of short, intense, fast punk, snotty vocals and a sing-song part make it sound like that old school 70's style punk, with other elements as well. Not bad, nice and catchy. The Blacks have a similar sound, but a bit more driving, a bit more hardcore. I definitely enjoyed The Swing Ding Amigos more. CD (Chemical Valley Records/PO Box 77142/Tucson, AZ 85703)

NEVERENDING/ THE [JUKEBOX] SCENARIO • split 7"

Neverending have a very strong melodic hardcore sound. Their recording is intense and artful. They remind me a lot of 400 Years. The [Jukebox] Scenario also has a strong sound. It is highly driven hardcore that, again, reminds me of 400 Years—but in instance I mean their early stuff. I like the raw energy and precise guitar on this record. It is quite good. This record is a benefit for Rote Hilfe, a left wing solidarity and protection organization. LO (TDLL/PO Box 102848/33528 Bielefeld/Germany)

ANODYNE/KEELHAUL • split 7"

After listening to both of this sides of this record extensively I realized there was definitely something missing... P-O-T. This may quite possibly be a stoner's dream, with the exception that it requires you to get up to flip the record. I recommend the Keelhaul side first, its got more of that up beat stoner rock thing going on. There's a whole bunch of that repetitive guitar, intense build up stuff. The Anodyne side starts out with some brutal and technical parts then brings it down with some crazy dark sludge. I gotta say I'm glad I get to keep this, even if I don't smoke the doobage anymore. BS (Chainsaw Safety Records/PO Box 260318/Bellrose, NY 11426)

MY OWN LIES/WILBUR COBB • split 5"

I honestly didn't believe that my record player was going to be able to play this, but hey, there's a surprise around the corner every day. Both bands play fast, harsh hardcore, 2 songs each. This kind of format is a novelty thing so you probably want to buy it. The bands are good, so I'm not gonna blame you. German hardcore at its blistering best. MH (Scene Police/Humboldtstrasse 15/53115 Bonn/Germany)

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA/ ANDREA LISI • split 7"

2 acoustic tracks with melodic singing. Nice guitar picking and all. The guy that makes up Homage to Catalonia has a slightly more coherent sound whereas Andrea more or less sings whenever and however she pleases. Not bad, though. If I had the choice I would choose Tiger Lou over both of them, but that's just me. Nothing wrong with this release. MH (Exotic Forever/PO Box 297/College Park, MD 20741)

NOXAGT/HELLFIRE • split 7"

It's kind of hard to say which band is which, so please forgive me if I screwed them up. Noxagt play dark amusement park/insane asylum metal. No singing. The effect you get is that of watching a low budget horror movie. Slow and drony, antisocial and ugly. Hellfire consists of super low and slow metal whale grunts and robotic bowel movements. Pure torture. MH (Nor Wave/PO Box 356/4303 Sandnes/Norway)

BORN DEAD ICONS/COMA • split 7"

Canada's Born Dead Icons can be a miss or a hit with me. The two songs on this split fall in the hit category. Heavy, raw and ominous sounding, but less comatose than some of their previous releases. Coma offer up three heavy hitting songs, that are in a similar vein, though they can kick in with some speed and aggression at times. They are from Sweden. A great record for those folks that like what I would call the Amebix/Motorhead fallout sound. KM (Busted Heads/Box 275/901 06 Umea/Sweden)

Y/MY OWN LIES • split LP

My Own Lies are crazy. They play ultra fast hardcore with melodic riffs, grindcore brutality, and blasting drums. Their 14 songs play like a nice live set: tight, energetic, and short. The more I listen to their stuff, the more I appreciate the noise they have laid down here. The Y side is just as harsh and just as rocking, though they have some clearer melodies mixed in with their grinding hardcore mayhem. The energy of their songs comes right at you. I was impressed by both of these bands, they have a solid sound and lyrics (partially in German) that tie it all together. They've come to punish with sound, and the weight feels great. LO (Thought Crime c/o Thomas Franke/Boxhagnerstr. 23/10245 Berlin/Germany)

OVER MY DEAD BODY/TIME X • split 7"

Time X is a straight edge band from Portugal that plays frantic, thrashing hardcore. They have smart lyrics that go way beyond the standard SXE fare. I enjoyed this a lot. Over My Dead Body is from San Diego. They have a less formulaic sound than I would have expected. They just sound like they're doing their own thing and they're having fun doing it. Cool, can't complain. (Hmm, unfortunately, though, I think that the best track on here is a cover version of No Reply's "Still Pissed"...). Anyway, I always enjoy seeing cross-Atlantic splits. It sounds stupid, but I think it brings people closer together. MH (Phyte Records)

BLOODPACT/TIME X • split 7"

This is a good combination for a split 7" record. Bloodpact (USA) play pissed off political hardcore with a solid dose of angry raw energy. Time X (Portugal) are just as angry, but not quite as harsh or raw. Their songs have a bit more melody. Both bands are doing the political straight edge thing, which is generally good in my opinion. Well done. KM (Still Holding On/Xavier Lepage/65 Au Long Pre/4053 Embourg/Belgium)

RED MARTIAN/CUTE • split 7"

Red Martian, a band who explore a variety of musical sounds, contribute two tracks of guitar strumming electro pop. Throbbing low end and electronic rhythms propel these gently melodic tunes off the heavy duty vinyl and into ecstatic reverie. Some nifty lyrics question a person's role in changing an unsatisfactory world. On the flip Cute play two slow distorted pop songs with a massively overdriven fuzz guitar at their center. The rhythm section provides a pulsing foundation for the droning guitar turbulence and mechanical vocals. Their side closes with a multi-layered guitar freakout solo. Unpolished beauty is an appropriate description of this music. Lyrics are non sequitur strings of concrete imagery. SJS (Red Martian/PO Box 61187/Seattle, WA 98121)

MENFOLK/THE UNIT • split 7"

Menfolk: first off, great name! This Danish band plays drudgy and heavy hardcore. I don't know if it's the recording but the whole thing never really comes together. There's a bunch of good parts (some remind me of Nomeansno and Blast), but the whole thing is weighed down by a ca. '82 basement sound and quasi-accidental songwriting (they appear to be stumbling over new parts and then keep going where they landed). The Unit recorded at the same studio. They have a more coherent and relaxed sound. Their first track has a cool swinging garage feel to it. The second is more emotive. Personal lyrics (loved the line „I was the hand grenade you threw into your life, watch me explode!“). In the end it's probably a record that is most interesting to the locals and maybe not all that interesting to me. There's nothing wrong with that, though. MH (www.playrec.dk)

THE IGNITERS/THE VINCENTS • split 7"

The Igniters sound like T Rex. Nice Picture of the band? No lyrics and stupid song titles scare me. The Vincents, however, are very catchy and kind of remind me of a more guitar heavy Jehu. I would get this record for their side alone. MT (Diaphragm Records/PO Box 10388/Columbus, OH 43201)

DIE KOSMO GESELLSCHAFT/WROUGHT: IRON SMILE • split 7"

Die Kosmo Gesellschaft bring in arty and hardcore influences to achieve their pointed cacophony. The songs on here are brash and out there while holding onto some basic concepts of music as well. It is as if they are building and deconstructing their sound at the same time. It comes as no surprise to me that an arty hardcore band of this nature would be from Berlin... that city just seems to breed this style of expression. Wrought: Iron Smile takes it into a different direction. They play two emo songs full of sadness, jazzy drum influences, flute solos, and dreamy lyrics. Though they also throw in a few oddities to keep it fresh, the style of Wrought: Iron Smile is one many bands before them have played to loving local (and not so local) kids everywhere. It is sweet and is fills in the edges with warm tones—very comfortable indeed. The two bands don't really compliment or conflict with one another, which makes for an interesting split. LO (Swing Beat/Marienburgerstr. 29/10405 Berlin/Germany)

V/A • Location is Everything CD

One of them cheapo samplers that correspond to that heavily made up forty-something lady at Macy's, spritzing unwanted perfume on your face. You don't really want to know but there you are stuck with it for a while. 23 tracks, 7 of them unreleased. The unreleased material is from Girls Against Boys, Milemarker, Pedro The Lion, Jets To Brazil, Paint It Black, Mighty Flashlight, The Promise Ring. Other bands include: Denali, Cub Country, Strike Anywhere, Owls, The Explosion, Zero Zero, Euphone and OneLineDrawing. I don't see any reason why I should go out there and support this label. They're already doing a great job at it themselves. MH (Jade Tree; jadetree.com)

V/A • Angels & Insects CD

"I've got a cousin who's a virus and lives inside the needles, they say we know his name through African mosquitoes." This is a compilation of intelligent hip hop from artists such as Plead the 5th, Delta, Kasm, Impervious, Aesoprock, and Eudia and Shrug among others. This is definitely a conceptual album with every song here dealing with either Angels and/or Insects. By far the most lyrically and musically interesting track is the first, by Plead the 5th, which compares gangsta rap to "...puberty created by society." While there is a ton of Christian imagery here, don't let that bring you down because it is mostly metaphor, and the message on most of the tracks is one of frustration and hope for change. Lyrically, the album ranges everywhere from the incoherence of Dr. Octagon to frustrated anger, with socially aware messages throughout. Overall a great CD. I would buy it if I didn't already have it. JL (Mondrian Sound Network/481 Piermont Ave./Piermont, NY 10968)

V/A • Sincere Brutality: Audio Component Vol. 1 CD

This is a comp made up of all the bands that this guy (who put out the CD) really likes. Some of the bands are: Dead and Gone, Discount, Dr. Doom (Cool Keith), and Tom Waits. It's like a bad mix tape your friend made you... but it isn't. NG (PO Box 5964/Portland, OR 97228-5964)



photo by Matt Average

Twenty-five Dutch punk and hardcore bands team up on this CD to "celebrate" some royal wedding in the Netherlands. Bizarre. Anyway, this CD has a super awesome booklet that is something like 40 pages long. The CD is also a benefit for two Argentinean human rights organizations. There are some great bands and some not so great bands, of course. The line up includes Skulls and Flames, Seicin 'Red, Human Alert, Brezhnev, Uit De Sloot, Vitamin X, Reaching Forward, PCP, Shikari, Betercore, Spirit 84, MilkMan, Makiladoras, Miihon, Live Fast Die Young, and ten more. A great way to check out the very vibrant and active Dutch scene. KM (Royal Blood/Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nietgevecht/Netherlands)

Traffic Violation is quickly becoming one of my favorite punk labels. They've put out a bunch of records that I can't get enough of (namely the Contra LP, the On The Might Of Princes CD and that 7" comp with the Fonzo on it). Not to mention that they have that that total punk rock/total independence vibe coming at you on every release. So, if you've never heard of this label then this CD is a really cool way to sample their releases. And it's only \$4 ppp!!!!. You will hear that the Traffic Violation bands all have a pretty distinctive sound. You get super catchy punk in the vein of J-Church and Monsula from Striped Bastards, Latterman, Divide & Conquer, Spurge, Robotniks and The Insurgent, raw screaming power emo from Sometimes Walking, Sometimes Running, ultimate emo from On The Might Of Princes (who I heard got snatched up by Revelation— Why, I say, why????) and old school sounds from Jan Cux and Contra. There isn't a one track on this CD that I don't like. They've all been previously released, but like I said this is to give you an introduction to a label that you must know. MH (Traffic Violation Records/PO Box 772/ East Setauket, NY 11733)

A fine collection of sincere hardcore including Substis, Incision, Shiloh, Fable, Entrust, Castahead, Upheaval, Acharyh, Zao, and eight others. The title refers to the conflict between Christian and secular scenes. Anyone that mere fact scares away probably wouldn't get much out of this anyway, but there are some very intelligent things mentioned in the booklet. "Shallow isolationism is not a authentic manifestation of a faith commitment." The author stays in the middle by following with a statement about the sometimes equally shallow attitude of anti-Christians. I would have simply added that shallow isolationism is not a positive manifestation of faith in one's self either. His words formed a refreshingly broad perspective (for any sub-genre), but I do have one serious complaint. He says, "the main purpose of this release ... is to engage people in a dialogue," yet the lyrics were not included. In any event I would still recommend this to people of any faith or lack thereof. DF (\$10 to Backroad Records/20260 Fieldstone Crossing/Goshen, IN 46528)

A mix of grind bands ranging from the Netherlands, Italian, and Czech. Some better than others, especially Bile who sound like early Carcass. Although stupid samples no lyrics and crappy art work make me wonder... MT (Emergence c/o Vincent Troplain/29 Rue Le Nostre/76000 Rouen/France)

A collection of experimental music (the electronic kind). CONCENTRICK: Bleep bleep crap. HALO ALTERA: Soft singing over mid tempo casio fumbblings. THE FAUX: Not bad thanks to the fact that they use some traditional instruments, aggressive vocals and (yes!) something approaching a real song structure. KISSES: Low budget Squarepusher. Not bad at all. LO HI: Portishead and Lamb get it on at the village disco circa '84. Pretty good. XBRRX w/ QUINTRON & MISS PUSSYCAT: Aggressive music coupled with electronica = cartoon land car crash, Batman alert and broken knee caps on Minnie Mouse. RACQUET: New wave disco. Major drug use suggested since otherwise enjoyment is nearly nil. MANMATESMACHINE: Fuck off, you. HEALAMONSTER & TARSIER: It's that Lamb thing again plus a good tune. Nice. DJ TROPIK: Somewhere inbetween Daft Punk, Yello and hotek (at this point I'm just throwing out names). FEELINGS ON A GRID: Lonely people tune with a new romantic/new wave bite. SEMIAUTOMATIC: Blondie through the meat grinder. EXOTIC PET OVER FAKE: Muffled, weird and headache-inducing. Kinda like surfing for porn when you've had too much vodka. (I imagine.) GOLDAR: The first really interesting beat on here. Unfortunately it goes nowhere. Nice try, though. GREAT OCEAN: You'd normally find this on Temporary Residence. Sweet and atmospheric. Couldn't detect the electronica part in it. One of the best track on here, no doubt. BLACK JAPAN: Robot attack. And they're all really mean. ANDY CIGARETTES: Porn. DOKO DEMO DOA: Some sort of Cerberus Shal inspired world music opera track. Interesting. MH (Seismic Records/PO Box 150491/Brooklyn, NY 11215-0491)

A comp from Sweden. From the title I expected a thrash fest the likes of which even Max Ward has never seen. But surprisingly, this is a very diverse collection. Which is not to say there's no thrash here, but the spectrum these bands occupy hits everything from fast hardcore to quirky no-wave-ishness to indie-influenced stuff to noise to more traditionally punk-sounding numbers. There's even a keyboard or two in there. Unfortunately, the production values are also a bit diverse, but are overall tolerable. The only names I recognized were Snifter, Members of Tinnitus, The Jam Session, and Get Up & Goers. The last of which is one of the two highlights for me of the record, cranking a pleasantly fresh youth crew-esque number. The other half of this diad is 2 Years After, who really impressed me with their really, really nice take on the Gravity legacy, fading the song out with some really, really, really great female vocals. Really. There's something here for anyone interested in northern European punk, but unfortunately, there's no information for any of the bands. Not even lyrics. Only e-mail address, which seems yet another sign that "indie-rock and the internet are killing hardcore." TS (Spirit of the Mindless Records c/o J Svensson, Oxhagsv, 4A/S-392 38 Kalmar/Sweden; joe_hard@spray.se)



This, obviously by the name of the CD, is a comp for the Earth Liberation Front. It comes on a burned CD and has a photocopied cover. It has 17 bands ranging from punk to grindcore, all with songs about saving the earth. Remains of the Day, and They Fear the Reclaim have some scorchers on here. The CD is only 3 dollars and 50 cents and it goes towards our loving mother earth. NG (Kinda Sorta Music/PO Box 7301/Santa Monica, CA 90406-7301)

Source And Root rip through five songs. They play upbeat punk with a circle pit beat and frantic vocals. It reminds me of some of the early Kill The Man Who Questions stuff, especially with the male/female vocal attack. The recording is real raw, and every ounce of intensity and passion comes through on this tape. LO (Josh/907 Ridgefield Rd./Wilton, CT 06897)

This comp apparently took five years to release. Good job guy. Anyway, this thing has a lot of punk/grindcore/metal type of stuff. Some of the featured bands are: Fat Day, Asshole Parade, Dead End, Pretentious Assholes, Crooked Cops, and Godstomper, just to name a few. Give it a shot. EB (Coast/PO Box 300536/Austin, TX 78703)

I liked the artwork and packaging, but I found the music too generic and not very catchy. And not generic in the bad metal way. I did however think that when they play slower parts they sounded ok, that is when the drummer isn't playing cheatós. MT (11060 Edinboro Rd./McKean, PA 16426)

There is no better feeling than listening to a demo for review—and actually liking it. There are always a few gems in the pile, and for me this is one of them. Corpus Christie is an all girl band that rock something fierce. The first song is played in the same style as The Avengers, and shows a lot of the same intensity. Overall, they play fast punk songs with urgent vocals. The sound is classic and the emotional drive is real. I liked all of the 6 songs. LO (\$3 to PO Box 71144/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

Ten songs of very mediocre punk hardcore with a really jangley guitar sound, and vocals that sound like Choke of Slapshot fame. NW (Chumpire/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

This sucks. I mean, they can play their sound fine, but I think it sucks. It is boring rock with little content that I can glean from the songs alone. There is little information on the demo and the rock and roll style music isn't exciting enough for me to actively find out more. LO
(tohellandbak@capital.net)

THUMBS UP! • demo 2002

What is it about youth crew that makes it so fun to listen to? Thumbs Up! play positive youth crew with no frills, and semi-cheesy lyrics. You've probably heard it before, but that doesn't mean it isn't fun! JL (32 Blaine St./Allston, MA 02134)

THE EXELAR • demo CD

A nice recording can do a lot for a demo. For this CD, it allows the eight punchy and frantic songs to come out clear and pointed. Each piece crafted well and layered, melody and discord. The lyrics are a mixture of personal and political, written in the aloof style of so many bands of today. The Exelar play modern, chaotic hardcore with a hard edge and just enough catchy hooks. LO (theexelar@hotmail.com)

STRUCTURE OF LIES • demo CD

To lay down some foundation, this band has members of Unruh. They play decent death metal with chilling screams combined with lower growls. There are only 3 tracks on this CD, however each song has a lot of substance to it so it's small in number but not in intensity. I enjoyed how the songs progress. They fluctuate, it's not the same riff over and over again. The songs are almost like a story... they have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Oh, but there is one song that sounds strikingly similar to a metal-core song, with the heavy riff and the breaks... interesting nonetheless. EM (Structureoflies.com)

1905 • demo

Great melodic and emotive punk with an alternative feel. Male/female vocals, the nice harmonies and a lack of distorted guitars give this a somewhat hippy sound. And I'm not saying that this is a bad thing. When they start to sound more aggressive I'm more reminded of Submission Hold. All in all this has a definitive (early) Chumbawumba vibe. I would definitely like to hear more of this band, mostly because of the memorable songwriting and the overall "let's go out there and change the world" spirit. A really promising demo. They have a CD out now, so that might be easier to find. MH (punkrawsoundman@mindspring.com)

BLEEDING KANSAS • demo CD

Eight fast hardcore songs from this Californian band. They use a mixture of heavy breakdowns and screamo influences to create a sound that is full and furious. The lyrics are all sort of crazy and angry, with songs about failed relationships and frustrations with the world. LO (Daniel/602 N Bel Aire Dr./Burbank, CA 91501)

SANGRE DE LOS PUERCO • demo

This isn't very good. It's kind of sloppily played punk and the sound quality leaves much to be desired. The lyrics are political in classic crust form. DJ (Todd Ciavarella/PO Box 20875/Tompkins Square Station/New York, NY 10009)

GO IT ALONE • Hollywood North demo '02

This is a rare and perfect example of what makes reviewing records interesting and worth while. Amidst the pile of seemingly endless amounts of boring, stagnant and hopelessly mediocre records there still lie a few surprises. With so many For The Living's and High Hopes' out there "keeping it real" (i.e. boring and predictable), I'm almost amazed that there are kids out there that are able to make youth crew hardcore interesting. Even though it's not really a scene that I can get into anymore, I can still recognize when someone puts forth the effort to take a somewhat different approach or at least to do it well. They're still addressing the same issues that the youth crew scene can't seem to get past like fading friendships, having trouble letting go, not being apathetic and not sedating their minds, but at least they're written intelligently and with a little bit of a fresh perspective. The one thing that doesn't add up is that this tape only credits and pictures two people even though there are clearly guitar, drums and bass. So is this just a side project or do they play shows or did someone just get forgotten or what? FIL (Lucas McFadden/762 E 13th Ave/Vancouver, BC/V5T 2L3/Canada)

INTENSE YOUTH! • demo

So, this is my favorite demo of the issue. It is noisy hardcore with a thrash backbone. The recording is clear, way better than most demos, and that makes listening to this tape more of a pleasure and less of a chore. Some points are so driving and catchy I have to do a little dance with my arms as I drive down the road, this paying on the cassette deck. Intense Youth! embodies much of what a good hardcore band should: a strong sound and a definite message. This booklet for this has lyrics and liner notes, plus it looks really nice. You can tell this band put a lot into this project, and it has come together very well. LO (\$3 to PO Box 10223/Pittsburgh, PA 15232)

FIYA • demo CD

This has a lot of heart. It's melodic hardcore punk, but with a sense of urgency and sincerity that's not so easy to find. After I heard them, I wasn't surprised to find out that they were from Gainesville, but I don't know what that means. I guess I just really like the way this was done. The recording is raw, the songs are short and to the point, the lyrics seem to be honest and they were fun to watch live. The whole thing's only like nine minutes long, for five songs, that's pretty good. FIL (PO Box 642/Gainesville, FL 32602)

ONE MASTER • cassette

One Master is, as far as I can tell, one man. It is fiendish black metal played well. I wonder, does he play all the parts or are some of them simply computerized? Whatever, the metal is blazing. The lyrics are all dark and desolate. At first glance, they seem cliché and vague—but the liner notes tell a fuller story that brings up life, freedom, and creativity. LO (160 Summit St. #1/Hyde Park, MA 02136)

SHORT OF BREATH • demo

... and unfortunately not short of demo. I couldn't get into this at all. Short Of Breath play short, fast stuff that is heavy and grinding. That style can easily be good, but on this recording is just felt too oppressive. There are a lot of songs on here, for a demo, and perhaps that worked against them as well. The songs on here just seemed like noise coming at me more than music I might choose to listen to for pleasure. It comes as no surprise that this band rises from the dust of the Arizona desert, like Unruh or Suicide Nation. There must be something in the water out there that drives people to express themselves with especially dark and brutal music. LO (\$4 to Sinkfast Records/PO Box 675/Flagstaff, AZ 86002)

THE NOVEMBER GROUP • demo

Mid Tempo catchy Anarcho Punk hardcore that at times reminds me of John Henry West. I thought some of it was a bit generic, but overall I liked the packaging. Plus a really good recording. Much better than most records actually. MT (5209 19th Ave. NE/Seattle, WA 98105)

IKKABOD • Dark Angel Rock Attack demo CDR

Powerful and aggressive hardcore that is played with some talent and imagination. However there's nothing else here that would make me care about this band. It's just a cheap ass demo that could have been a really interesting introduction to a bunch of people in... I don't even know where they live. MH (www.masterdik.com/ikkabod)

SHOWERING ASHES • demo

This band has a lot of potential. This rough recording has some progressive hardcore with very conscious lyrics. Nice stuff. EB (PO Box 1275/Iowa City, IA 52240)

DEATHBAG • demo

At times this reminds me of old Nausea. Some of the stuff was a little generic, though. I think given time these guys could be a great band. I think it's great they did a demo and not a 7". This was a good demo with a lot of effort but would have been a premature 7". Too bad other bands haven't learned their lesson. MT (10 Beech St./Ilion, NY 13359)

SPTS NZ • demo CD

Sptsnz blast out six quick songs. It is chaotic hardcore in the vein of early Reversal Of Man. They use personal metaphors to discuss larger political ideas. The recording is raw and it has some nice parts. LO (425 Lincoln St./Carlisle, PA 17013)

EL AHRAIRAH • demo

I thought this was a really good. It reminded me a lot of first 12" era Antioch Arrow. Good emo violence. Even the packaging is very reminiscent of early gravity releases. MT (PO Box 4834/Richmond, VA 23220)



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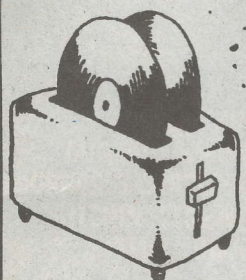
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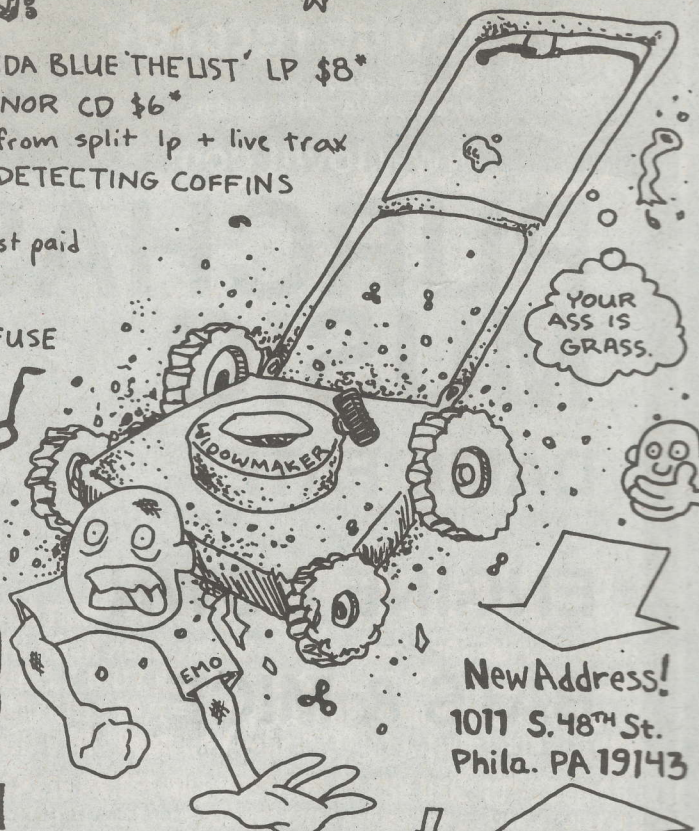
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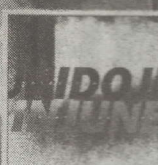
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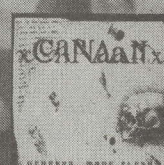
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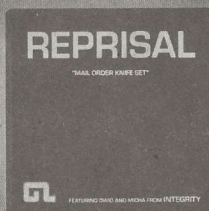
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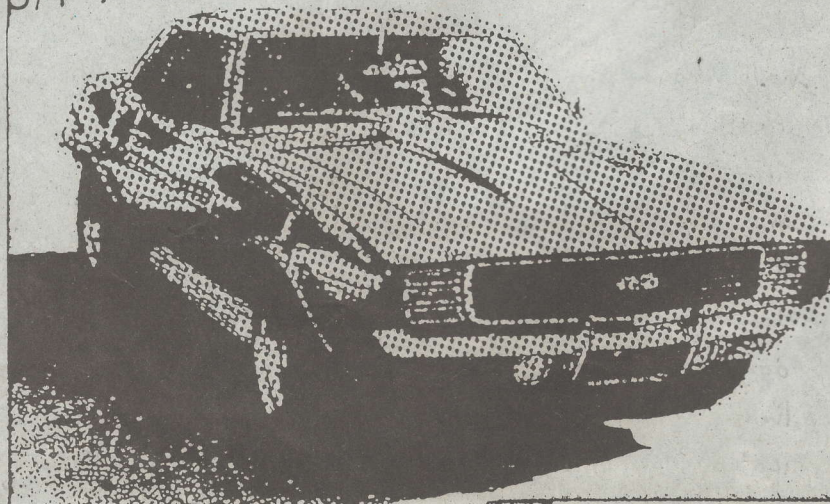
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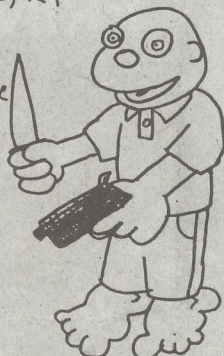
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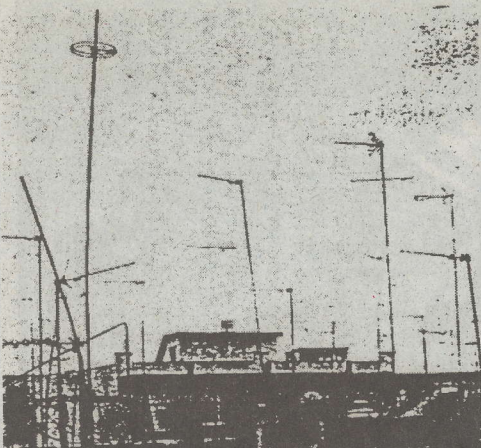
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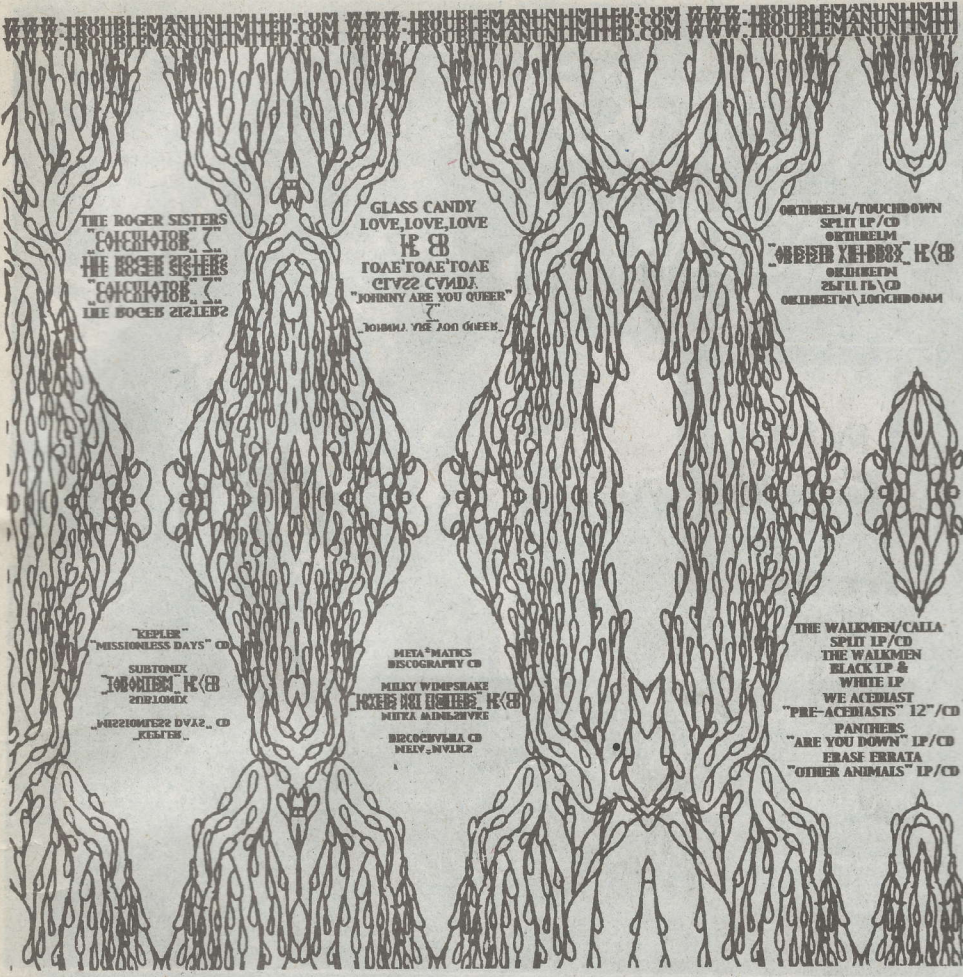
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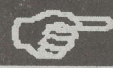


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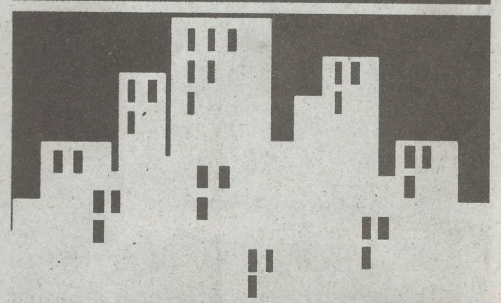
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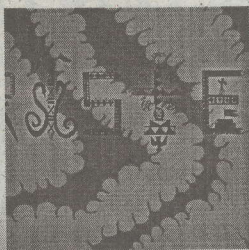
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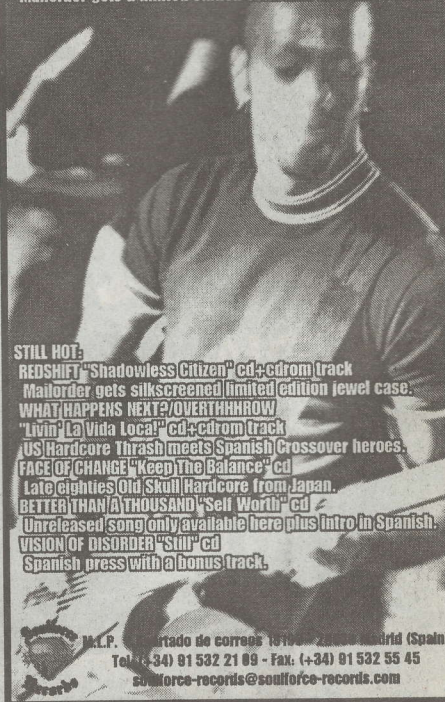
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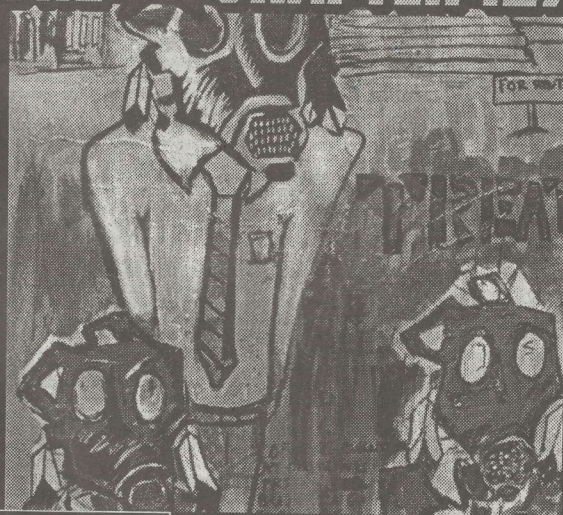


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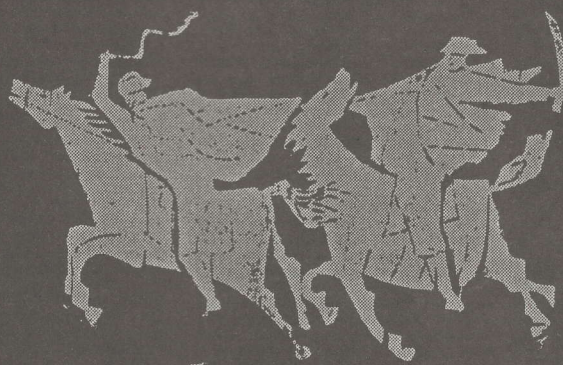
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This newsletter focuses on metal and punk music from around the globe. Editor J-P Muikku states in his introduction that future issues may move in new directions though. In this issue he wonders about American bands dominating European 'zines. There is an interview with Czech Republic hardcore band See You In Hell that explores political and social messages in hardcore and the need for support of DIY efforts in places far away from the European/American spotlight. Other articles look at a punk band made up of cops and the consequences of corporations out of control. There are reviews of music and 'zines as well. SJS (J-P Muikku/Csongrád/Fö u. 20-24, 1-1/6640/Hungary)

ALARM #12

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When I think about 'zines I don't think glossy covers, or full color photos of bands with their interview, or copyrights. However, all of the above is what *Alarm* has to offer you. They also have interviews with many heavy hitters, such as Jurassic 5, Saves the Day, Milemarker and many more. I didn't get much out of this 'zine, except maybe a lower opinion of certain "independent" bands. BS (PO Box 200069/Boston, MA 02120)

ALMOST KISSING #3

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.

The third installment of *Almost Kissing* is another smooth ride through the editor's brain and personality. Anecdotes and reflections on traveling, living, working, drinking/doing drugs, and pooping the pants fill the pages of this issue. Each piece is personal and tells a lot about the personality of the writer. It also has a nice layout and some good graphics. *Almost Kissing* is a freedom loving personal 'zine for the young at heart and mind. It hopes to talk to you and tell you about life, perhaps to enthrall you to live the way you want. To have the fire and desire to persue what you want as much as possible. To have each day feel as tingly as almost kissing that special someone. LO (Tim Rakunze/PO Box 11415/Oakland, CA 94611)

APOLLO ASTRO #5

5.5x8.5 \$3 64pgs.

This is a comic 'zine created, for the most part, while this kid was still junior in high school. There are a few short stories and one long story that fills most of the pages. They seem to be at least semi-autobiographical as they center around a high school aged character dealing with common issues of love and feelings of alienation. Then they go a step further and a bit into the sci-fi realm as the girl of his dreams gets whisked away by a flying saucer and all his peers turn out to be flesh eating zombies. Well drawn and fun to read. FIL (Jack Turnbull/162 Topsfield Rd./Ipswich, MA 01938)

ARA RESEARCH BULLETIN #3

8.5x11 \$2.50 32pgs.

The third installment of this bulletin is a very comprehensive and very informative journal of strategy, theory and current events, brought to you by the Chicago area ARA. This journal is very concise and professional looking, the research into national Fascist groups on the national level taken on here is astounding, and I was very impressed with the amount of intelligence provided within these pages as far as the activities and structures of fascist groups in the US currently. Its good to see a group of dedicated ARA folks help in taking the struggle against fascism one step further. As said previously, this journal offers up interesting theory, news, stories, and many other things that should not go on overlooked. CF (1573 N Milwaukee #420/Chicago, IL 60622)

AS THEY DROP BOMBS

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

This is a collection of various poems, songs, opinions, and interview pieces done by Ali Khalid Abdullah. Abdullah is in prison for attempting to take Direct Action on a major drug dealer. His writings have appeared in various anarchist magazines through out the years. His writing is very insightful and knowledgeable and he speaks from a perspective of someone who is street smart and also very politically aware. Some of my favorites were the poem, which is almost directly taken from the title but called "As We Drop Bombs." Another is, a song for the listener that would make a great punk or hip-hop rant, which pretty much deals with social and political repression. Most of the writings at the beginning deal with the political climate in the post 9-11 America. Send a couple of bucks and support a good cause and get some good political writings. CF (Fog Light Press c/o Mutual Aid Portland/PO Box 7328/Portland, ME 04112)

BALD CACTUS #19

5.5x 8.5 \$3 28pgs.

British 'zines are usually a guaranteed good read, and *Bald Cactus* upholds that statement. Perhaps the main highlight is the bogus *Fracture* columns. Similar in assassinations as Mykel Board's spoof on MRR columnists a few years back. Interviews are with Juggling Jugulars, Emmaz London Social Centre, as well as thoughts on the closing of 120 Rats, and other odds and ends. MA (PO Box HP17/Leeds W. Yorks/LS6 1XX/England)

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY: A Picture History

5x6 \$1 104pgs.

This 'zine tells the story of the Black Panther Party through pictures. The editor hopes the images will inspire the reader to find out more about this revolutionary movement. Knowing some things about this history beforehand, I found I was able to enjoy this even with its (occasional) lack of context. LO (Laughing Horse Collective Books/no address given)

BLACKTHORN #1

news free 20pgs.

Blackthorn is a free anarchist paper that wants to illuminate the practices of DIY individuals outside of music. It is about resistance, it is about living, and it is about hope. That said, the features and filler in this issue are pretty interesting. There are articles on the history of Oregon's radical press, the work of Spurkraft (a collective that gave space to community projects), DIY female and male birth control, and the traveling independent art show Drawing Resistance. There are also shorter pieces of anarchist news, poetry, comics, upcoming events, bio diesel, and how to write to a prisoner/writing from a prisoner Ali Khalid Abdullah. They also interview Dir Yassin, a highly political hardcore band from Israel. (Which is more about politics than music, so it still stays true to the theme.) In the last few months, I have seen more than my share of dry leftist newsletters from Portland. Thankfully, *Blackthorn* is not one of those. LO (PO Box 11046/Portland, OR 97211)

BLAH BLAH BLOOD #1

6x8 \$7 20pgs.

This is a DIY hardcore punk 'zine from St. Petersburg, Russia. Editor Sharapov collects interviews and scene reports that document the history and current status of hardcore/punk in Russia and Eastern Europe. One interview with Luk Haas of Tian An Men 89 Records explores his reasons for releasing music by punk bands from every imaginable far flung locality on our planet. His current plans include bands from Greenland, Buryatia, Tahiti, Kosovo, and Angola. There's also a reprint of an interview with a notorious early Russian punk named Svin' Ja and an interview with Belarus punks, Hate To State. Other stuff includes reviews of music and 'zines from throughout eastern Europe, Russia, and beyond. SJS (Sharapov/PO Box 30/St. Petersburg-9/195009/Russia)

BURN COLLECTOR #12

5x3 \$3 84pgs.

I really appreciate Al Burian's writing. His 'zines are like little chapters of his life, with even smaller stories that make up the larger segment that he is revealing to you. This one contains the happenings after he moves to Chicago. There's a lot of heartache and depression... which goes well with the coldness of the winter in Chicago. I also liked the size and cover art of this issue. Two thumbs up. BS (Stickfigure/PO Box 55642/Atlanta, GA 30308)

CHUMPIRE #149

8.8x11 37¢ 2pgs.

Greg checks in with writings about the arrival of spring, the innocence of kids, genitalia, Andy Warhol, and his recent travels about the Rustbelt. Visits to Michigan Fest, D.C. metro, Allentown and all the related family, friends, and farms are on the agenda for Easter break. Then a trip to Pittsburgh to visit the Andy Warhol museum. The rest of the space is filled with reviews of 'zines and music emphasizing small scale and DIY productions. SJS (PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

THE C.P.A.B. #3

4.25x5.5 trade/stamps 28pgs.

The C.P.A.B. comes from the heart of a young punk woman. She rants about her life and loves, her additions and hopes, her city and her world. It is short personal 'zine that reads quickly. In the end, you sort of feel like you got a letter from someone you don't really know. She opens up to you and you get to read about it. It isn't so personal that you feel awkward, just informed. LO (Vicki/PO Box 170565/San Francisco, CA 94117)

CRACKS IN THE WALL #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

The writing in here is pretty odd. It jumps from an article about how much the editor likes The Feederz, to a fiction story about a boy no one cared about going on a homicidal (and then suicidal) rampage, to a description of how to create a complacent citizen. The stories and ideas all seem to come from left field. That is, except for the section that reviews Charlie Chaplin movies. People love to talk about movies. LO (2 Tinkham Glenn/Willbraham, MA 01095)

CRANIAL STRECH #1 w/tape

5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

Cranial Strech gives you a 'zine and tape comp. The comp has a selection of newer punk bands covering songs from older punk bands. In terms of finding new things you like, it isn't a bad idea. The 'zine has interviews with Feast Or Famme and Axiom, music reviews, a few thoughts, and lots of cut and paste art. The first issue of this 'zine suffers from the pains of many first issues, but that can pass with time. LO (Adam/13386 Picadilly Dr./Sterling, MI 48312)

CUB #1: RAINWEEK

4.25x3.66 \$1/trade 62pgs.

This is a collection of very personal writings that center around the pleasure of awakening one's creativity and getting some pent up writing onto paper. Some of the pieces describe finding and keeping happiness, interactions between humans and our environment, and the nature of communicating with words. Others are descriptions of dreams that seem to beg psychological interpretation. The are short quotes or statements between the pieces that provide connection and continuity throughout. This 'zine explores emotional aspects of creativity, a simple life, and coming to terms with the flow of life. SJS (PO Box 742/Providence, RI 02901)

THE DESTREY HONE CHRONICLES: CONFESSIONS OF A LAYLOW CRIP

5.5x8.5 \$7 32pgs.

"Laylow Crip?" This is from Salt Lake City—I thought they only had SxT gangs there! At any rate, I'm not sure what the title has to do with the content, as this seems primarily intended as a sort of exposé on Mormonism. Reprintings of church doctrine concerning masturbation; a piece on marriage; critiques of the church's traditional position on race; and an edifying personal narrative of someone who came out in the church, the tortuous and draconian attempts by the church to "cure" him, and profiles of others who attempted suicide in the throes of this process. Informative, certainly, especially to those outside of areas where Mormonism flourishes, but I felt my heart sink to see that while this person has a critical for Mormonism, they still seems to be stuck in the cold grip of the Judeo-Christian ideology. "Faith, hope, unity," opens the 'zine and "...I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ amen" closes it. To me, this would then seem to be merely a complaint about the comfort or the color of the chains one had been shackled in. I hope I misunderstood. TS (destreyhone@hotmail.com)

DORK MAGAZINE #11

5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

This is the self-proclaimed 'zine for dorks, losers, nerds, freaks, weirdos, geeks, and people like yourself. Since I am a dork, I thought I could relate but, alas, I could not, seeing as I don't have big boobs, I don't care about The Godfather of goth, nor do I know who Charlie Phoenix or April Winchell are. But I did take a long look at the 20 ramen recipes. Hmmm, think I'll try the white trash ramen sandwich next! CD (PO Box 1008/Mira Loma, CA 91752)

DIMINUTIVE RAGE #6

5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Really well-done cut-&paste punk 'zine out of Minneapolis. The layout is eye-catching and consistent—it has a lot of character and feels very personal. Introspective pieces on various aspects of life. A quick interview with Defuse, the all-woman Japanese crust band that did that killer split with Polikarpa Y Sus Viciosas. A longer conversation with Epajarfesty from Finland. Very recommendable, though I gotta say to the author: Stop using so many damn staples when you mail your 'zines! I'm bleeding dammit! TS (Saira/PO Box 80338/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

D.I.Y. GUIDE #2

5.5x8.5 donation 56pgs.

Hmm, I thought that I had already seen and reviewed a second *D.I.Y. Guide* in the last issue of HaC—but this one seems a little different so maybe there are two projects like this floating around. This sophomore effort has a high quality newsprint printing job and is organized better than the first. (Or perhaps just the first issue of that other one.) The contents are in sections: dismantling capitalism, traveling, abortion, building and fixing, record and book publishing, food, and art. So there is sort of something for everyone here. You can treat it like a big skill share, that you can put in your back pocket and travel around with. The amount of info packed into this little 'zine is staggering. Plus, the contributions are done very well. Each idea and task is easy to understand and explained fully. I really like this project and I hope it continues for some time. LO (PO Box 2133/Greensboro, NC 27402)

DUAL/DEUL

5.5x4.25 trade/free 40pgs.

Subtitled "Things I Thought In March," this 'zine is a series of stories written by Evan during that month. Much of the writing deals with housemates from various living situations in Evan's past. As might be expected a few characters stand out and their antics receive multiple pages of description. Elsewhere Evan does a bit of punk scene analysis and critiques the inclusion of bomb and booty trap information in a recent Crimethinc publication. Beginning this issue, Evan reflects on his recently deceased grandfather and their relationship. In *Dual/Duel* you will find some pleasant and funny stories. SJS (evankilgore@hotmail.com)

EMERGENCY #4

5.5x8.5 \$2 64pgs.

Wow. Wow, wow, wow, this was good. *Emergency* takes you through some recent (and life altering) occurrences in the author's life. The death of a friend, the experience of mourning, and the continuance of life are all masterfully explained herein. Ammi has an interesting style that is thick with creative explanations and powerful descriptions. I read this 'zine every night for a week and found myself staying up way too late each time. I just did not want to stop reading it. The theme of this issue is monsters; those inside our skin and within the other people we know. She gives a lot of space to picking out the monsters and attempting to exorcise them from her life. To note them, to handle them, and to not be overrun by them. This is a really powerful read. LO (Ammi/PO Box 72023/New Orleans, LA 70172)

ENTERRUPTED #1

5.5x8.5 \$7 16/20pgs.

The first two issues of this 'zine are either still finding their footing or setting foot in eclectic and random areas. *Interrupted* has come to be because the people who run Interruption Records and interruption.com wanted to expand into the printed form. The label puts out music, the web site features art and columns, and now the 'zine has arrived to sort of do some of what has already been done in print. They interview obscure artists, print live photos, showplace art, share columns and ideas, and review some music. It all sort of meshes together within the pages of these issues. I grabbed this 'zine for review because of it's nice silk screened cover. I was not expecting the random content I found. LO (PO Box 884626/San Francisco, CA 94188)

THE EX-COOLEST GUY'S WHEATPASTING JOURNAL

5.5x8.5 34¢ 12pgs.

This booklet explores the philosophy, reasons, and methods behind and for creating posters and pasting them up around your town. There are photos of some projects the ex-coolest guy has undertaken and descriptions of their locations. If you want to learn about this easy, fun, and cheap means of creative expression, this guide is a fine place to start. SJS (Paul/1925 Skyline Dr./Fullerton, CA 92831)

THE FIFTH GOAL #5-#6

5.5x8.5 \$2 44/52pgs.

Issue #5 is a graffiti 'zine dedicated to trains and more specifically to the sketches and monikers found on the freights that travel North America. Every page is filled with pictures of the drawings and messages left on the sides of freights by the rail workers, hobos and other people who love and/or ride these rails. I think this is interesting even to people who aren't into graffiti and especially to those who are into trains. This issue features an interview with Ed Haskell (who draws the steamroller), a few music and 'zine reviews and a recipe for Khitchri. Issue #6 has more pictures of trains, monikers, sketches and other art and messages found on the sides of freights. Very similar and just as interesting as issue five. This issue features an interview with Green Thumb as well as a few vegan dessert recipes. FIL (PO Box 970085/Orem, UT 84097)

FRACTURE #21

8.5x11 \$3 120pgs.

Another issue of this large and long running Welsh punk and hardcore 'zine. In this issue you get a very long interview with Strike Anywhere in which Thomas describes the histories of the band and band members, the growth of the international hardcore/punk scene, and many political and social issues confronting the world and the punk scene. Other nice interviews include Sworn In, Twelve Hour Turn, Jordi of BCore Records, Tear It Up, and James Beale, and Steve Stewart of Leeds' Out Of Step Record store. There is a long review of cut and paste 'zine created in the UK during the mid to late 1980s. The editor of *Artcore* 'zine goes through his collection of 'zines and describes their DIY nature and content. He ends up wondering if there are many new 'zines coming along to continue the DIY emphasis. There is a section of personal questions asked of a few high profile scene folks. *Fracture* opens with a columns department that addresses various social and political issues that are always of importance and open to discussion in the global punk and hardcore community. SJS (PO Box 623/Cardiff CF# 42a/Wales/UK)

GOOD SAMARITAN #1

8 x 6 \$3 38pgs.

This 'zine is off to a good start here. Lengthy columns, a section on various drummers in the hardcore scene, interviews with Olav from Seen Red, Stonehenge Records, Chris Mann, a reprint of an interview with Ernestine Hara Kettler, as well as articles on Aborigines, and voodoo dolls. MA (Zujic Bojan/Cara Dusana IIO TRN/78000 Banja Luka/Republika Srpska/Bosnia)

GREEN ANRACHY #9

news \$2 28pgs.

This newest newsletter continues along the same path as the last few I have seen. In an attempt to inspire, have discourse with, and challenge revolutionaries, the people at *Green Anarchy* offer up this read for you to ponder. There are numerous reports of struggles and direct action happenings around the world, they reprint essays and ideas that support their beliefs, and they give space for dialogue about the progress made and the path taken towards a better world. LO (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

THE HATEMONGER 5.5x8.5 free 36pgs.

This is a goofy music 'zine that contains interviews and reviews. Those interviewed include folks from Burn It Down, Trial, Circle of Dead Children, and Enemy Soil. Band histories, personal philosophies, and *Star Wars* make up the bulk of the interviews. The review section is mostly jokes about a long list of records, people, and other stuff. SJS (1624 N Starrett Rd./Metairie, LA 70003)

HELLO, MY NAME IS RACHEL 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T find out what this 'zine means to me! I totally loved this 'zine. She pours out these tremendously personal stories. This is her catharsis. I got lost in here stories. It was easy to compare these to my own horrific experiences with men... And people wonder why there are man haters. Although that is what this 'zine is about, it is more about taking it back, regaining control, and loving yourself. I want to give Rachel a hug... not to mention a big high five. BS (3629 25th St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

HOPE IN MOTION 5.5x8.5 free 48pgs.

This 'zine is subtitled "The Story Of A Girl Named Echo Living At The End Of The 20th Century." It is a series of writings about events in the life of Echo told in a non-linear fashion. The focus is on death, loss, and coming to terms with both. The mood is somber with much introspection. Fortunately the writings are not maudlin. Good reading if you don't mind sadness. SJS (Jonathan/2919 White Ave./Baltimore, MD 21214)

IMPACT PRESS #38 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

The cover story for this issue takes a good look at the ongoing creep of religion into concerns of state by investigating faith based government programs and the ideologies of people and organizations pushing them. Two articles describe the sick and twisted little world of commercial hunts on fenced game ranches and the escalation of actions against industry that exploits and destroys animals and nature. A range of essays looks at corporate scandals, the Pentagon and propaganda, drugs and terrorism, law enforcement, and so much more. Plus you get comics, some fine columns, and pages of short music reviews. Always worth reading. *Impact Press* provides vital analysis of the political and social climate in which we live. SJS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

IMPACT PRESS #39 8.5x11 \$2 60pgs.

Surprise, surprise this issue of *Impact Press* offers you more in the way of politics. So many fascinating articles, including ones on the mistreatment of animals in the circus, the possibility of the war in Afghanistan being oil related, Nader and the Green Party, and the list goes on. So many juicy tidbits for the radicals to sink their teeth into. My personal favorite was the article that examined the image of women in the mass media and how little things have changed in the past few decades. Bottom line is, everyone could learn a little something from this 'zine. BS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

THE INSIDE BOOKS PROJECT NEWSLETTER #2 8.5x11 free 12pgs.

The Inside Books Project distributes books directly to prisoners at their request, free of charge. Most of the writing and artwork in this newsletter was done from inside prisons in the United States. This is mostly filled with letters, articles and poems about life within the prison industry, but there are also resource listings as well as information about supporting prisoners, laws regarding police brutality, and prisoners who want pen pals. FIL (827 W 12th St./Austin, TX 78701)

JACK #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

The subject matter of this 'zine is the behind the scenes stories collected by a journalist who often writes about technology. Jack Masters (a pseudonym) describes some of his experiences while researching or interviewing people about new internet based services. Jack tells of lies, misinformation, and subversions of freedom speech that infect sales pitches for new electronic products. He upholds the internet as a forum open to all expression and gets riled up when something threatens that principle. The stories go into considerable detail using a bit of tech-speak here and there, but are generally enjoyable reading. SJS (PO Box 781/Boston, MA 02130)

LARCENY #11 3x4.25 \$1/trade 12pgs.

This is a small personal 'zine that describes a trip to Cleveland, OH. Editor Shaun spends several days record shopping, hanging out in a coffee house, and just relaxing. During these days his reflections on life become the words to this 'zine. *Larceny* is a friendly 'zine. SJA (Shaun/8128 Constitution Apt. 8/Sterling Heights, MI 48313)

LITTLE BLACK STAR #15 5.5x8.5 free 4pgs.

The latest update from this agitator rage talks about the government's pre-knowledge of 9-11, and Israeli peace rally, a botched CIA assassination, and a little more. They search the world to synthesize news into the format. LO (AAC/PO Box 197/Lewisburg, PA 17837)

LOUD AND OBNOXIOUS: THE BALLAD OF MEL LICIOUS 8.5x11 \$1 24pgs.

Here is the story of the singer of an old school punk band. He is a snotty, doped up, sexist alcoholic who revels in the out of control lifestyle that is a cartoon of punk. His band goes along with the act and their fame and notoriety increases. Eventually the downfall comes for Mel Licious and he ends up the embodiment of all he used to despise. This is a decent story told in the first person that describes fame, insecurity, and homoerotic desire. SJS (Jimmy Reject/115 W Squantum St./Quincy, MA 02171)

THE LOVEMONGER #2 5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs

This 'zine doesn't actually have an official name yet. The cover is a long list of names that they are considering and that they would like the reader to choose from. We just chose to call it by the name that's written a little darker than the others, and therefore sticks out. Inside are some extremely random writings. One in particular seems to be some sort of mad lib experiment where they've changed half the words in an article to "vagina." The bulk of this issue is a travelogue of the two girls' trip to San Francisco. Mostly accounts of petty theft and masturbatory feats. It's a little longer than it needs to be, but it's not bad. Also in this issue are interviews with a few 8 and 9 year olds that are short and funny. I just wish there was less computer and more cut and paste. FIL (Lauren/98 Green St./Box 6271/Norhampton, MA 01063)

MAISONETTE #8 5.5x8.5 \$1 38pgs

This 'zine is packed full of short stories that explore either traumatic or revelatory aspects of human relations and expectations. Some of the stories deal with family relations, others with friends and couples. An ongoing theme seems to be one of people who stay together through the bad parts of their relationships. One story, titled "Body Language", tells of an argument with much emphasis on describing the posture and motions of the two protagonists. Another story delves into secrets learned about parents and the review of one's parent-child relationship that results. All the stories have intriguing storylines with an occasional surprise development along the way. SJS (Eva Writt/PMB 1000/PO Box 9739/Portland, ME 04104)

MESSAGE FROM THE HOMELAND #8

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Editor Dave opens this issue with a summary of where he has been since the last. A large number of the pages are given to pieces of a story about a relaxed solo journey to Hawaii, as well as some of the adventures to be found when no plans are made, getting around is left to chance, and time is spent hanging out with folks met along the way. Traveling is always better than arriving and this story is all about traveling. Also in these pages are a couple food reviews, an essay about the nasty and exploitative side of the diamond trade, and twelve questions that could save a person from a life condemned to heterosexuality. There are many pages of lengthy, knowledgeable music reviews and everything is bookended by a philosophical manifesto and a statement of belief from Dave. *Message From the Homeland* is one fine 'zine. SJS (David Lucander/PO Box 1725/Westfield, MA 01086)

MINDERHEIT 7x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

As photo 'zine that attempts to highlight local bands, as well as bands that come through Texas, *Minderheit* only partially achieves this goal. True, they give as much info as possible... But when the medium is photography you will need to get better quality. The poor photocopies just work against the idea of showcasing photography. LO (Andrew & Jack/6325 Lange Cirle/Dallas, TX 75214)

MINE: An Anthology of Women's Choices

7x8.5 \$3 60pgs.

This is a collection of women's stories of personal experiences with abortion. I found it to be very informative, especially in the area of herbal solutions. There were a lot of helpful hints and recipes. In these pages, most women relate they're emotional responses and the positive and negative repercussions. Anyone dealing with this situation would definitely gain a lot from this 'zine. BS (Meredith/PO Box 19136/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

MISHAP #13 5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 68pgs.

Mishap is a well written 'zine that tries to cover a lot of ground. It's anarchist leanings and mix of personal anecdotes reminds me a lot of *Antipathy*, though there is a style and expression all Ryan's own throughout. On the personal level, he tells stories of growing up, of trends in the local scene, and of transgendered issues (in and out of the punk scene). On a political level he discusses the importance of communication for a better tomorrow, views of violence and anarchy, ideas of how anarchy can and cannot be brought into practice, and information about radical groups in the area. There are also numerous book and 'zine reviews that go in depth the way reviews really ought to. The pages of this read are thick with content, and that makes it a very satisfying read. LO (PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

MORE THAN MUSIC? 8.5x5.5 \$? 60pgs.

"A collection of pictures and words about hardcore, punk and other forms of rock 'n' roll." This 'zine was put together by two photographers from Germany. The print job looks good. Each page has a different band with either just a picture or a picture and a short interview. There are fifty-some bands featured here, from DS-13 to Blonde Redhead. I have to admit that most of the bands I had either never heard of before or just weren't that interested in, but as a whole I found the 'zine to be worth while. The bands were all asked the same eight questions like "How do you remember this concert?" and "How have things changed since then?" and of course "Punk—more than music?" This makes it easy to read once you know the questions and you can just skip to the different bands' answers, although a lot of times the generic questions receive only generic answers. Most of what's in the 'zine is accessible through the web site. FIL (www.morethanphotos.net)

MORGENMUFFEL #10 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 24pgs.

This is the best thing I got for review this time around, 'zine or record. *Morgenmuffel* is a mostly hand-drawn and lettered personal 'zine of someone who is explicitly and articulately anarchist. There are food reviews, a good post-left analysis of the period of reaction by the radical communities to the Events of 911 spectacle, roommates, more anarchy, book recommendations, and a tour diary—most expressed in comic format. Even a great piece poking fun at the myriad permutations of communism that one might find recruiting at radical events—glad to see more anarchists vocally denouncing the cold and continual call of ideology. This is the kind of thing we need more of in anarchism: a bold, articulate, humorous, and above all, *human* narrative of the anarchist perspective. More, please. TS (Isy/PO Box 74/Brighton/BN1 4ZQ/UK)

MOSS ON URBAN DECAY #2 5.5x8.5 \$2.50 84pgs.

A political 'zine from Portland. This issue's topics mostly discuss the effects of 9/11. The intro says that the first issue was a reaction to 9/11, with this issue trying to raise awareness by discussing the patriot act, bush, the WEF, and others. It's very well written, and gives fair discussion to topics, like native struggles, that have been brushed to the wayside. The last thirty pages is a how to that outlines becoming an activist. Good read! JL (Jonah/Box 1582/Portland, ME 04104)

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL #229 8.5x11 \$3 160pgs.

If you need me to explain MRR, well, either you have been living in a Tora Bora cave for the last 20 years, are just getting into the swing of things in the punk world, or you are your Grandma that gives you funny looks whenever it arrives in the mail. MRR has become a staple in the punk and hardcore scenes, and is the longest and most consistently running underground punk magazine around. This issue features interviews with Countdown to Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou?, (done by yours truly by the way), Kill Devil Hills, Sound of Failure, Epileptic Terror Attack, The Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, and The Sinx. This is a packed issue full of great interviews with great bands. MRR has gotten a lot better, as I remember a few years back where there was sort of a lull. This issue features columns, reviews, and all that good stuff. I'm sure you already have this two months ago. CF (PO Box 460760/San Francisco, CA 94616)

NATIVE RESISTANCE TO CANADA 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

This is a little info 'zine made up of different stories of indigenous resistance to commodification, relocation, genocide, the war machine, and the oil industry. There are six sections, each dedicated to a particular tribe. A very informative and stimulating thing for me to read. CD (Redwire Magazine/PO Box 34097, Station D/Vancouver, Coast Salish Territory, BC/V6A 1V8/Canada)

THE NEW SCHEME #5 8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.

This time around *The New Scheme* has interviews with Engine Down, The Dismemberment Plan, The Flashing Astonishers, Time Spent Driving and Ping. That's the bulk of this issue. There are also book, 'zine, and record reviews. They seem to focus on the indie rock/emo/pop-punk/pop-hardcore scene. Other than that, there are only two columns (which aren't really that interesting) and a "We Hate River City High" page. The interviews are short but they're not bad if you're into those bands. FIL (PO Box 19873/Boulder, CO 80308)

THE NORTHEASTERN ANARCHIST #4 8.5x11 \$4 48pgs.

It seems like I'm always the one who gets this... which is not a bad thing at all. This magazine is full of anarchist theory, debate, and news. This issue seems to be particularly text heavy and full of theoretical debate. This issue confronts the idea of taking our struggle beyond street protest, summit hoping, etc., and moving ourselves into our communities and helping out there. After all I have always believed you will never achieve anything but broken skulls and jail time if you do not have the support of the working class. This issue is very impressive and took me a while to read through it. There are many different debates and editorials and history to be taken on within this issue, such as the effectiveness of the Black Bloc, Anarchist Economics, and Radical Feminism etc. This issue is very full and full of serious and provoking views and ideas. On a side note, I was lucky enough to catch one of the collective members workshops at the San Francisco Anarchist conference. I thought what he had to say and share was very intelligent and that the things NEFAC are doing very important. Keep up the good work NEFAC! CF (PO Box 230685/Boston, MA 02123)

THE ONLY THING MISSING IS YOU #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

This first effort of a light little read that mixes personal anecdotes and a school paper. They look to cover all the bases of what a good read should be, but lack any kind of real defined style you need to pull it off well. (Don't be discouraged, 'zine editor, this only comes with time.) The pieces are about late night adventures, wanting to be an artist, and summer memories. Each one short; there isn't much for the reader to attach to. (Again, something you learn with time.) The longer school essay on the US invasion of Panama has more filler—but, since it is really a research paper, can be quite dry. I did have some interesting ideas in it though. The short interview with Nakatomi Plaza was fine, but again needs the benefit of time to have been much more than a quick Q&A. We'll see how it goes for issue #2. LO (1682 FRANCES ST./Vancouver, BC/V51 1Z4/Canada)

PICKING UP THE PIECES #3

5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

This is a music 'zine from the northwest Pennsylvania punk scene. Contents of this issue include an interview with Pseudo Heroes and an informative discussion about running a DIY performance space in a small town with Ryan of the Cobra La space in Olean, New York. Both interviews are relaxed and full of good information. Elsewhere in the pages is a rant on the attack at the Pentagon and a few essays on various personal concerns. SJS (Brent/1100 Mercer-New Wilmington Rd./New Wilmington, PA 16142)

PICARESQUE #1 5.5x8.5 free 20pgs.

A sampling of short thoughts and stories litter the pages of this 'zine. They are funny, sweet, sad, and a little weird. It makes the person behind the project seem like a good conversationalist, since they seem to find something to say about most things but also have interesting notions about what they see. Very nice. LO (3 Sharpley Ave./Stawell, Victoria/3380 Australia)

POETS' GROOVE #10

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.

Thankfully, this is *not* a poetry 'zine. And the dances in question consist of seven short literary fragments and one poem. It is grooving, but it is not poetry grooving. The author seems a competent writer, crafting rich narratives that invoke convincing backdrops for the brief slices-of-life they describe. However, most of the subject matter details various romantic and/or sexual matters, and though the attempt is made to infuse the writing with poignant insights, I personally didn't find a lot of substance. Others might. TS (S Sebastian/Potsu/4811 Springfield Ave./Philadelphia, PA 19143)

PRINCIPLE IDEAL #2

5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 68pgs.

This is a travelogue of the author's vacation in Egypt. I know it's a bit cheap to make these kinds of comparisons, but it really reminded me of the style of obscure theories and observations Al makes in *Burn Collector*. Which isn't to say this doesn't stand on its own—the author seems to be a competent writer, and if the concept appeals to you, you will probably like this. TS (Matt Young/19 South 1st Ave, Apt #2/Highland Park, NJ 08904)

PROMENADE #12 5.5x8.5 \$3 84pgs.

Promenade is all in Swedish, so I can't read it. I can only tell you what I see. The features of this issue are interviews with Ideal Recordings, Dialog Cet, This Heat, and Arsedestroyer. There are also columns, reviews, and some people's thoughts on The Simpsons. I am pretty certain that I am glossing over a lot of content here. There are pages and pages of text that I can't really discern under a heading. Sometimes I wish people wouldn't send us 'zines for review in languages we can't read. But I'm sure once I make that rule some multi-lingual kid will move into town and be gung ho to review 'zines. So, until that fateful day, you get me half assed review. LO (Frederik Kullman/Durggränd 1/38631 Färjestaden/Sweden)



art from Walkie Talkie #4

QUICK DUMMIES #14 w/CD comp 8.5x11 \$4 96pgs.

This 'zine is about as packed with words as a 'zine can get. There is plenty of music content but this 'zine does not flinch at presenting content that will test the patience of many 'zine readers. There is lengthy documentation of unimaginably cruel testing done on monkeys and many other fellow species at various institutions of higher education throughout the US. These tests were performed at taxpayer expense and seem to serve no identifiable purpose. The two articles quote extensively from published papers on this research to show the extent of invasive surgery and technology employed and names the people conducting the "experiments." Then there is a short article on Japan's human experimentation during WWII. There are extended interviews with Out Cold, Chris Dodge of Spazz, Toys That Kill, Strike Anywhere, and Ken Sanderson of Prank Records. Other interviews include Pete of The GCS, Shank, and Australia's oldest punks, Rocks. All interviews go deep into band or label histories, personal beliefs, and influences of local and global punk communities. *Quick Dummies* opens with a columns section that includes a few monumental contributions, the most notable from editor Robb Roemershauer. He checks in with a whopping 21 pages of writing recounting the travels and travails of the last five years of his life. Robb seems a generally happy guy but he could easily be the punk rock Theodore Dreiser without trying. I must say that once I started reading his column I could not put it down. The remaining columns all run less than four pages each covering punk rock travel experiences, the fate of our planet's forests, the fate of independent record shops, the fate of the Yanomami people, and many more punk rock issues and experiences. This issue comes with a compilation CD featuring 32 tracks from 31 bands in just under 75 minutes. The music covers most of the sounds of punk and hardcore circa 2001 with a definite preponderance of pop punk and melodic hardcore. There is remarkably high quality sound throughout. Totally DIY packaging is included with another essay from Robb. **FIND YOUR OWN COPY OF QUICKDUMMIES, NOW!** SJS (6810 Bellaire Dr./New Orleans, LA 70124)

RADIO STATE #3 8.5x11 \$3 52pgs. Yeah, yeah, yeah! This Canadian 'zine totally grinds! I hope they keep it up for more issues. Herein are some pretty cool interviews with the bands Brodys Militia, Oxbaker, What Happens Next?, Mesrine, the Blasphenaut, Fall Silent, and Unholy Grave. This is a solid hardcore 'zine in a world of half-assed and immature copouts that come into our HaC review pile. There are also two show reviews, Razor (classic Speed Metal) and Thrashfest 3, along with cool photos. The interviews have a lot to say and the layout is cut and paste punk rock. There are some funny pictures and stories hidden throughout, and some pictures the writer's adventures in abandoned factories. I hope this 'zine sticks around so I can read more. Please keep it up, *Radio State!* CF (PO Box 26014/116 Sherbrook Sr./Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4K9/Canada)

RATION #2 5.5x8.5 2 stamps 8pgs Short and sweet, I love this. This issue is a short story made up of five tiny stories from different points in her life, starting when she was a little girl. Besides the reoccurring themes of heat and fire, this is a personal account, spanning twenty years, of how internalizing stress and conflict seemed to directly effect her health. It's about recognizing how her immune system reacted to these situations and about how the people in her life reacted to her. It's extremely well written and it seems obvious that there was a lot of care put into this. I think that's important. [This is one of the most inspiring projects I have seen come in for review for this issue. I'm looking forward to issue #3. Yah-hoo! - Lisa] FIL (Arwen/PO Box 170291/San Francisco, CA)

REALIES #1 5.5x8.5 \$7 16pgs.

As a first issue, this 'zine does a good job of packing interesting content into a small space. Though the editor's ideas of grandeur for this project have not yet been achieved, this issue certainly gets the ball rolling. The interviews with Kill The Man Who Questions and Dir Yassin turned out well, as they generally covered some noteworthy band issues and their ongoing ideas about the world around them. The review section was short, but the reviews in there were better than many we print. I'm not the biggest fan of photo spreads for 'zines that just get a xerox copy, but luckily they didn't use too much space on it. Perhaps that photo spread will be something weeded out for next issue in favor of more good content like they have shown here. LO (Ola Begler/Hjallbogärdet 27/42434 Angered/Sweden)

RECLUSE 'ZINE #6 5.5x8.5 \$1.25 40pgs.

Recluse 'Zine has quickly become a fine publication with diverse content and a very strong column section. In this issue there is information about non toxic household cleaning material, an essay on the pleasures and pitfalls of never losing adolescence, a profile of Anti-Racist Action, and a guide to personal debt disposal. There is a short story about a lost memory regained and a bit of poetic prose. The columns include essays on the loss of public citizenship, the status of cruelty to animal legislation in Ohio, decisions about education, and questions about the September attack on the Pentagon. The issue closes with reviews of music, 'zines, books, and movies and a couple recipes. Classified ads are available on the back cover. SJS (PO Box 09558/Columbus, OH 43209)

THE RESULT #3 5.5x8.5 free 16pgs

This is the food issue. There are a few recipes and a lot of recipe book pictures of food but most of the writings are on random topics such as beauty, friends, boys, and a short history of nuclear weapons. The theme of this issue, however, seems to center around her disgust with the power that food has to control our lives and how vulnerable we are to it. FIL (Opogar/1614 St. Christophe/Montreal, QC/H2L 3W8/Canada)

RETAIL WHORE #8 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

So this here issue is "the car issue." It includes all kinds of great little stories about cars and driving. Nothing boring though. They mostly involve some sort of make out or doin' it... which is right up my alley. There's also a lot of getting fucked up, which doesn't always mix so well with the driving. She, the writer, seems to get pretty attached to her cars. She basically personifies them. For someone who isn't too terribly interested in cars I sure enjoyed this 'zine. BS (Kat Raz/PO Box 688/Evanston, IL 60204)

RIDE ON #6 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

Ride On encompasses the dreams of an idealist young man, and the trials he goes through alone the way. On his voyage to a just world, he encounters a single man who does community organizing gets fired for not earning enough, talks about reading the personals to get to know the deep desires and pains of the people in your community, and writes a letter to political prisoner Bar-Rae about how he inspired him. On his voyage to a better self he goes through many adventures. Ones that take him through summer romances, dumpster races, kicking drinking by a regimented shitty job, better times, and making out. One the voyage to finding a better environment, he tells about the tribulations of living on frat row, the story of a house doomed for arson and finding your neighborhood. It is a nice little read. The only thing that I really felt was missing from this issue was the cute doodles that filled the last one I read. Jim, feel free to bring those back more and more because they give you a personal style I really enjoy. LO (1308 W Cary St./Richmond, VA 23220)

THE RIGHT PATH #13 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

This is a music 'zine focused on the hardcore scene. Featured are interviews with Reach the Sky, Building On Fire, and American Nightmare. Basic band history and songwriting tend to be the subjects of the questions. There are a few personal writings about a recent heartbreak. The 'zine opens with a few pages of columns and closes with music and 'zine reviews. There are a few pages given to road diaries from trips to several hardcore fests. The layout of *The Right Path* is decent. As a whole the 'zine is marginally interesting. SJS (Josh Lyons/244 Rutgers/Rochester, NY 14607)

RIOT 77 MAGAZINE #4 8.5x11 2.50 Euros 52pgs.

Riot 77, as you might ascertain from the name, has an older punk slant. This music magazine features interviews with bands like The Buzzcocks, Bad Manners, The Dickies, and Youth Brigade. Really old bands that have managed to stay together in some form over the years, or have recently reformed and gone for the nostalgia kick. The interviews are all very project oriented. Most of them discuss what they are doing and what it means to be in the band they are in. It is all pretty factual. Other aspects of the 'zine are gig write-ups, music reviews, and photos. This isn't really my bag, but I can see its appeal to someone more impressed by the talents showcased in the interviews. [Side note: I know a lot of people out there feel knowing their punk history is as important as appreciating what we have today. I don't mean to say I don't care. But I do think there is a large distinction between finding out about the past and when it happened] and talking about what old project people from the past are doing now. How someone is redoing what they used to do is only interesting for so long. How does a band keep going for over two years? Well that question can certainly have an interesting answer. But I don't care about bands who reformed to make some cash. There are plenty bands that keep going only because the shell of what they once were is better than who they can become. In the end, that is just depressing. If we focus more on the future, perhaps they can, too. Perhaps the new songs can be as good as the old.] LO (31 St. Patricks Park/Clondalkin/Dublin 23/Ireland)

RUN AGROUND #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 72pgs.

This is a collection of personal writings and poetry from editor Dave and his friends. Three long sections fill a sizable number of the pages. One gives a very detailed description of running the Boston Marathon. Another looks at the benefits, worldwide significance, and philosophy of bicycling as one's primary means of getting around. The third is a series of journal entries that explore Dave's state of mind over the course of a year or so. The marathon story is a particularly compelling read examining the physical and mental state of the runner while comparing the neighborhoods the event passes through. Other writings deal with growing up and living in American culture. Whoever wrote the poetry needs to work on their poetry before publishing anything else. *Run Aground* ends with some record and book and 'zine reviews. SJS (Dave/47 Strathmore Rd. #1/Brighton, MA 02135)

SEARCHING FOR THE LIGHT #3 6x7 \$2 28pgs.

The text is all in Spanish, which I can't read, this 'zine interviews Entrefuego and Grade. They also have many columns and some reviews. The layout seems fine and plenty easy to read. I just can't read it. Sorry. LO (Armondo Torrealba/Psje. La Tortuga 849/La Florida/Santiago/Chile)

SELF ANNIHILATION #3 8.5x11 \$2 20pgs.

Whenever I see a full page photocopied 'zine it always makes me think of old straight edge hardcore 'zines. This is not the case. This is mostly dismal writing and poetry. The bulk of the content here seems to be pretty bitter. The editors, apparently, still have some issues to work out. For example, there is an announcement for the "Help the Editors Kill Themselves Contest." There are some disturbing topics discussed such as Satanism, violence and incest, but then there are a few pleasant poems mixed in, too. One was about having a crush on a girl in first grade. Weird. FIL (210 Fitzhugh St. #106/Bay City, MI 48708)

SHADES OF BROWN #3 8.5x11 \$1 28pgs.

Subtitled "The Journal of Three Eyed Goat/Vegancommunist" this 'zine is a mix of ideas and information from various people and organizations that work for the rights of humans, animals, and our planet. There is a long statement from the Revolutionary Association of Women of Afghanistan that outlines some recent Afghan history and describes the current status of life in that country. There are several statements describing the concepts behind veganism. In other articles you get the lowdown on actions taken against Huntingdon Life Sciences in hopes of stopping their research on live animals. Other writings look at Food Not Bombs and economic human rights, capitalism and climate change, and more speculation about 11 September 2001. SJS (PO Box 381422/Birmingham, AL 35238)

SHAZZBUTT #8 4.25x5.5 \$1 64pgs.

This is cool little skate 'zine that has all kinds of fun skate tales and photos. The layout was kind of all over the place though. Mostly this is just stories about breaking decks novotony with the man and skating. Check it out for a good time. CF (Mark Novotony/Lincoln Hall #268C/Dekalb, IL 60115)

SHAZZBUTT! #9 5.5x9.5 \$1 36pgs.

Issue #9 of this tongue in cheek rag talks about hardcore and fashion. They interview He Who Corrupts (who are pretty weird in their own right) and talk about style. There are multiple pages of regular folks posing with magazine style information about the designer and price of their duds. In a way, it is a good satire on the fashion industry. Especially when they show really messy regular stuff and print the cheap prices in the descriptions. I suppose it is meant to inspire people to get out there and make their own style. There is a little too much "aren't we funny" style in here to really admire the humor herein. With a little editing, it could have been a really great piece. I just got sort of sick of turning the page to the same joke. Some of them are really good and others aren't. They could have edited that out. LO (see above address)

SIDEBURNS #10 4.25x3 \$7 64pgs.

A bleak and bitter little 'zine about life, love, and the feelings you're stuck with. *Sideburns* opens with a disclaimer stating that nothing good happened between issues. Life just sucks for our poor 'zine editor. Well, that isn't too hard to believe when the content revolves around lost love and misunderstood feelings. A lot of the content is based on rhetorical questions about why things don't work out. Who knows really, but Andi is still looking to find some answers for himself. Most of these are accompanied by drawing and doodles of figures expressing longing, love, and despair. They are faceless, but the body movements and postures say quite a bit. The little people aren't the greatest drawings ever, but they certainly compliment the content well. Soul searching and deep questions permeate this little read. Poor guy, hopefully things will get better for issue #11. That might make it difficult to find a muse, but the way it will change your life will be for the best. Then Andi can draw pictures of figures hugging and dancing. I appreciate misery as much as the next person, but is just isn't worth it for the sake of good content. Hopefully the promising answers to Andi's questions will come. LO (Andi Dvorak/Kinskygasse 16-30/63-3/1232 Wein/Austria)

SEVEN ELEVEN Spring 2002 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs

This 'zine contains a fine collection of stories, comics, and photos assembled by editor Danny. The writings tell of personal experiences and observations. The comics are particularly effective at describing the mood of a situation. One looks at the pitfall of having a syrup experience in Nebraska. The stories are short but well written and have the feel of excerpts from a diary. Random daily events with varying amounts of life significance. SJS (Danny/771402/Lakewood, OH 44107)

SLACKERBOOGER #1 5.5x8.5 \$7 28pgs.
Well this is the first issue of this hardcore fanzine out of the Philippines, and with interviews from Kung fu Rick, Brazil's Point Of No Return, Ruination, and Defacto. Some reviews of music and 'zines make up the rest. The interviews are well conducted, and this made an enjoyable little read. Editor would like to get in touch with other writers, so feel free to write. CD (Dance Cortes/#2503 Unida St./Barclaran Paranaque/MM 1700/Philippines)

SORE #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.
This is a personal 'zine filled with good thoughts from editor Paul. This issue begins with information about cells and their roles in bodies. Later in the pages Paul spends quite a bit of time discussing ideology and morality and his thoughts on both. Elsewhere in the pages Paul describes questionable activities referred to as "ice blocking" and "eagling" and he tells how to easily get oneself into a local club to see pricey shows for free. SJS (Paul/1925 Skyline Dr./Fullerton, CA 92831)

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM Spring 2002 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.
Another left wing newsletter... I swear, soon that is all we get around here. Where are the 'zines?!? Is this the new face of underground media? Is everyone so tired of creating and emoting that they would just rather report? We only need so many reports, people. Anyway, this one comes from the North American Earth Liberation Prisoner Support Network—and from that long name you can pretty much figure exactly what this newsletter wants to update you on. There are updates on the status of activists and the legal system, reports of recent actions of animal liberation/animal abuse protests, letters from prisoners, and a long list of resources for those looking to get involved. LO (NA-ELPSN/PO Box 50082/Eugene, OR 97405)

THINK MAGAZINE 5.5x8.5 \$7 48pgs.
Subtitled "Reflections On HC And Modern Thinking." The author, Andreas, of this 'zine attempts to find a world of "true freedom" hidden within the world of self repression and capitalist control. By examining the philosophical structures to which modern life clings for support he exposes the forces that compel people to ignore their desires and sacrifice their lives for the benefit of the marketplace. This is a deep analysis that draws from many sources and is not easy reading by any means. In closing Andreas proposes as an answer communal lives based on creativity and originality. The connection to hardcore is somewhat tenuous however. The last pages of *Think* are filled with music and show reviews that have a bizarre affinity for "beatdown" hardcore and "tough guy" subject matter. SJS (Andreas Möller Lange/Frederiks Allé 98, 3. Tv./8000 Aarhus C./Denmark)

THE URBAN PANTHEIST #3 5.5x8.5 \$3 28pgs.
The Urban Pantheist is an informative read created by people who understand that all life on earth shares said planet with humans. As a species we had better wake up to this fact. The focus of *The Urban Pantheist* is the many fellow animals with whom we share our cities and urban spaces. The first section describes the lives and habits of crows. The next sections describe Red Tailed Hawks, Geese and Ducks, Mockingbirds, and many more creatures encountered by the authors from day to day. Much of the writing describes various urban wildlife observations in great detail. Most stories are specific to Boston and it's green spaces, but there is a section on monkeys of Rio de Janeiro as well. One last section tells of urban wildlife that get into zoos. This issue ends with a list of references for many of the facts cited and a statement of intent from the World Pantheist Movement. *The Urban Pantheist* is highly recommended reading for any and all residents of planet Earth. SJS (Jeff Taylor/140A Harvard Ave. #308/Allston, MA 02134)

WALKIE TALKIE #4 6x7 \$3 36pgs.
Oh, it is just so wonderful. *Walkie Talkie* is a great comic. It has awesome drawings and really meaningful stories. [I put some in the 'zine review pages just to prove my point.] The images and ideas the storyboards expand into your imagination easily, and you find yourself filling in all the holes with your own life experiences. That is what is truly great about this. There are stories about life. About the times that change you and the feelings that move you. There is a lot of respond to and identify with here. This issue has the regular content from Nate, but also a short comic piece from Mike of *Scenery*. The only weird thing is the way they use ads. They print them, in order to keep the project going, but they are all in the back of the 'zine. So you don't really expect there to be any—and then, bam, they are all there. It is really easy to just stop reading there. Which is probably what most people will do. So, for me, the 'zine doesn't really have any and it is easy to focus on the interesting and inspiring content instead. *Walkie Talkie* rules! LO (7205 N Geronimo/North Little Rock, AR 72116)

WET GIRL #1 5.5x8.5 \$7 36pgs.
This personal 'zine explores various aspects of female sexuality. From shejaculation, yeast infections and menstruation to erotic fantasies and birth control, research results and the editor's thoughts are collected in these pages. There are poems, short prose pieces, and various drawings that deal with human interactions, emotional involvement, and the smells and tastes of sensuality. SJS (Leslie/8008-172 St./Edmond, AB/TST 0C8/Canada)

YOU & ME 8.5x12 1Euro 36pgs.
You & Me combines in depth analysis and discussion of two broad topics. The first is anarchist philosophy and activities. The second is the diverse spectrum of human sexuality. There are articles covering animal experimentation within universities, global trafficking of women for prostitution, slave labor, and various sex service industries, and a short essay on creativity in underground culture. There are two informational lists of myths and facts: one for homosexuality, the other for domestic violence. Michael Albert contributes a wonderful analysis of alternative forms of social, cultural, and political organization that are certainly within our reach, if we believe we can get there. There are articles describing the histories and status of anarchist movements in Slovakia and the southern Slavic regions, and the anti-militarist/feminist movement in Turkey. There is an outstanding essay on the beautiful and vital role of plants in our world. Much of the rest of this issue is devoted to exploring all forms and philosophies of sex, sex research, and sexual experiences. Articles and interviews are given to Minx Grill, a striptease performance artist who infuses her actions with social analysis, the activities of KAOS GL, an organization promoting lesbian, gay, and transgender issues in Turkey, a history of scientific studies of sex, and a study of biases at the roots of homophobia. Lastly there are in depth descriptions of all varieties of specific sexual activities and gender identity issues. Massage and tantra, G-spots, prostate glands and masturbation, condom design and use, sex club etiquette, defecation, and honest communication between partners are just a few topics discussed. There are a few explicit sex stories that are quite a bit more challenging than typical one handed reading. The writing is frank, friendly, non-confrontational, and entirely sex positive. SJS (Petricevic/PO Box 18/Sredisce/Croatia)

YOU IDIOT! #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
Someone is the idiot here... and from the content of the 'zine, it must be the wack-jobs out there that made the stuff he reviews. This guy found (and by that I really mean searched out) old video games from the "Just Say No" era of the war on drugs as well as some made to preach the Christian word. It is some wacky shit for sure, but he takes a serious approach at discussing the many lows and few highs of each. He points out bad games with religion thrown in, presumably, at the end; he explores how shitty games about not doing drugs are almost fun if you play them on drugs. His wit and cynicism continue into the books review sections that deals with three themes: purging the satanic elements in rock music, lauding Nick Carter, and reading astrology for your cat. Yes, they are that dumb. The first review, on the devil's music, was done on a book found at a thrift store. This is by far the strangest and most entertaining of the section. I liked *You Idiot!* way more than Nate's previous effort *Pick Your Poison* because it does such a good job of belittling this crazy stuff for the reader's amusement. LO (Nate Gangelhoff/PO Box 8995/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

CHUMPIRE #151 8.5x11 37¢ 2pgs.
Another issue of *Chumpire*... well, I'll throw this one in at the last minute to fill up space. We get more of these per issue than we can really effectively review. *Chumpire* is a newsletter 'zine that tells you about the experiences of the editor, local happenings, punk releases and printings, and then a little gossip. Done by Greg, long time veteran of the Pennsylvania underground, this little flyer is always a pleasure to read (for the five minutes it takes). This issue features thoughts about a recent trip to Florida. Nice, as always. LO (Greg Knowles/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

NORMAL MAN #1/ LYING.DYING.WONDER.BODY #6 5.5x8.5 20 kr/\$3 92pgs.

This split offering from Sweden seems to focus on the local music scene. The entire thing is in Swedish, so I'm not sure how many outside of Sweden will really benefit from this, but here goes: *Normal Man* includes interviews with First Floor Power, Johannes Nilsson, Dan Edman (Pie Mag), and Jonas Rosen (Female Anchor of Sade); record reviews; 'zine reviews; and what appears to be a series of short Q&As with local sceneasters. *Lying.Dying.Wonder.Body* presents interviews with Rasmus Hellerman, Gustav Rosengren (Lady Godiva Operations), Pluxus, Beezewax, and Sevenfeetfour; what appear to be short essays or stories; lots of photography-school type photos; 'zine reviews; and what seems to be record reviews written in a journal format. Both have a nice, clean computer layout, and seem to be geared towards the post-emo/indie aesthetic, though there seems to be a less secular attitude toward the scene. JR Ewing comes to mind as a point of reference. TS (Fredrik Kullman/Durgrand 1/S-38631, Farjestaden/Sweden)

THE CPAB #4/HEARTBREAK STOMACHACHE #6 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 48pgs.
Here is a combo release from these two personal 'zines. Christoffer of *Heartbreak Stomachache* tells two stories of relationships that start full of intimacy and good times and slowly collapse into disappointment and heartbreak. He is okay with the memories and life lessons though. *The C.P.A.B.* is a collection of observations and commentaries on the world as seen by editor Vicki. She writes about relationships with boys and people on the street. One story considers the many brief anonymous interactions of daily life in a city. Both folks have an interesting way with a story. SJS (Christoffer/PO Box 170565/San Francisco, CA 94117)

CHAQUE JOUR... #19 TIMOTHY'S MONSTER #1 8.5x5.5 \$1/trade 34pgs.

Ryan and Giovanni have come together to offer up a split release. Most of you might would probably recognize Giovanni's surly antics and commentary from this 'zine *Cryptic Slaughter*. For Ryan, this is virgin territory. *Chaque Jour* opens with a comic and then moves into the standard fare of anecdotal stories. Most of them are about where he lives, whom he experiences, and what disappointments seem to lurk around every corner. I found the piece to be more jumbled than his usual stuff and somehow hard to follow. The longing is romantic and the annoyance is real. It is very human. The other long section is devoted to ideas about grammar, language, accents, and how we use them. I found this part really interesting. He fleshes out all of the observations with use and purpose in a way that is entertaining. *Timothy's Monster* suffers from the basic plagues of a first issue. It lacks focus, the layout makes it hard to read, and the writer doesn't really seem comfortable with himself. Luckily, this section of the 'zine is short and does not ruin the overall read. My suggestion to Ryan is to find a few things you are really passionate about and write about them. Don't do things you see in other 'zines, just make it yours. LO (Giovanni/5607 5th Ave. NE/Seattle, WA 98105)

Some last minute stuff...

HOVER TOOTH #1 9x7 \$3.50 12pgs.
This 'zine is comprised entirely of hand printed lino and wood cuts. A handful of them seem to be inspired by the expressionist style. Style, most of them resemble the kind of stenciled art that you find on the side of buildings. Some of the printing suffers from the "get in and get out" method of quick transferring. The paper used is a high quality, seemingly handmade, stock. This allows the deep body of the woodcuts to come through. LO (Adam Kuthe/10816 Paw Paw Luke Dr./Achoolcraft, MI 49087)

MEATSHEET #5 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.
This fanzine began as a column in *Like Dust I Rise*, but soon made its way into its own project. The current issue has a wealth of interviews with comic Jim Florentine, bands Tear It Up, Agent Orange, and Shark Attack, as well as a drummer profiles on Sammy from Rival Schools and Alan Cage from Burn. Like most music bands fanzines, there is a selection of reviews, ads, and columns from the editor. This issue seems fine, but the editor says that we can "expect a kicking and screaming child" next issue. LO (John M. DeSmet/138 Washington Rd./Sayreville, NJ 08872)

DAYBREAK #1 & #2 news free 8pgs.
Daybreak is the latest of the anarchist newsletters that has fallen onto my desk. At least this one is from Minneapolis and not Portland or Eugene. *Daybreak* focuses on local issues as well as issues of international interest and concern. Thenews is as recent and relevant as possible. Since the first issue came about in November of 2001, there is obviously a lot of content about terrorism and US-Arab relations. The second issue has more diverse content about urban issues, the environment, and organizing. Each issue contains news, opinions, actions, and local resources. LO (Daybreak Collective/PO Box 14007/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

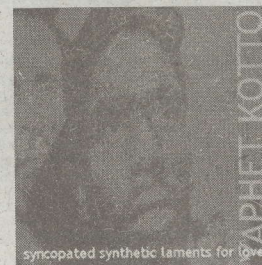
DIRTY GURL CHRONICLES #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 20pgs.
A comic about a grubby street punk lady who find a super hero outfit in the trash. After getting trashed herself, she dreams about flying around her town righting the injustices and oppressing the oppressor. The comic is cutely drawn and has a couple funny twists. This is the sort of thing that can only get better with time. Inside this issue there are also some reviews of other comics the editor thinks are good. LO (Ariel/69 Berkeley St./Somerville, MA 02143)

"At times, I know the community can seem cliquey, can be as isolating and alienating as it is embracing. But when you're ten thousand miles from home, don't know where to get vegan food, have had to explain straight edge to drunk kids a thousand times, and been faking enjoyment while dancing to some indiscriminate boy band for the past three weeks, to rock up at a show and feel a part of something seems to me to be exactly what punk rock is all about. Eventually knowing half the people at the shows you go to, corresponding with the people who make the records you listen to, singing along with the same bands every week. It's not everything, but it makes you feel, if only for a moment, that everything else—Starbucks, the fashion industry, bus travel and seasickness, just to name a few—has just fucked off to some other place and left you standing here, feeling alright." — *Picaresque* #1

Sure, it would be great to have the time to read every 'zine. But for most of us, that just doesn't work out. So here is the list of what we liked: *Morgemuffel* #10, *Hope In Motion*, *Diminutive Rage* #6, *Emergency* #1, *Hello, My Name Is Rachel*, *The Urban Pantheist* #3, *Quick Dummies* #14, *You & Me*, *Ration* #2, *Nine: An Anthology Of Women's Choices*, & *Walkie Talkie* #4

...Ebullition stuff...

ORCHID - Chaos is Me/Dance Tonight! CD J
 ORCHID - Gatefold CD G
 ORCHID - Gatefold LP H
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - No Love... 7" A
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - No Love... CD A
 YAPHET KOTTO - Syncopated... CD G
 YAPHET KOTTO - Syncopated... LP J
 YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was... CD F
 YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was... LP H
 STRUGGLE - One Settler, One Bullet CD G
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - discography CD G
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - 1st 7" A
 COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH - CD/Book M
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Sackcloth and Ashes LP J
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Sackcloth and Ashes CD G
 THIS MACHINE KILLS - Death In The... LP H
 THIS MACHINE KILLS - Death In The... CD G
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... LP J
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... CD G
 ORCHID - Dance Tonight! 10" H
 ORCHID - Chaos Is Me LP H
 BREAD & CIRCUITS - CD G
 BREAD & CIRCUITS - LP H
 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine LP H
 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine CD G
 STRUGGLE - 12" H
 STRUGGLE - 7" A
 TORCHES TO ROME - 12" F
 PORTRAITS OF PAST - 01010101 LP H
 ECONOCHRIST - double CD discography J
 LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY - split LP H



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 CORN ON MACABRE - Chapter II 7" B
 DOWN IN FLAMES - What The Fuck LP L
 ENVY/ISCARIOTE - split CD G
 E.T.A. - We Are The Attack 7" B
 FAST FORWARD - Sapless LP J
 FORSTELLA FORD - Dismal State CD or LP M
 FREAKS - 77 Points of Hate 7" B
 FUNERAL DINER - Difference of Potential CD L
 FUNERAL DINER/STAIRCASE - split LP J
 HOLY MOLAR - 10" J
 INDIAN SUMMER - discography CD M
 JOHN BROWN'S ARMY - Who Fucked... LP J
 LET IT BURN - This Is The Sound 10" L
 MELEE - One Way Dead End 7" B
 NO PARADE - Ceaseless Fire 12" J
 OFF MINOR - Problematic Courtship CD F
 OFF MINOR - The Heat Death... LP J
 OUR WAR - If You're Not Now... 10" J
 OUR WAR - If You're Not Now... CD L
 PG. 99/MAJORITY RULE - split CD J
 PG. 99/MAJORITY RULE - split LP L
 PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES - By... 7" B
 PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES - Sad Girls 7" B
 RUINATION - USA shaped 7" (10" sized) F
 SAETIA - A Retrospective CD J
 SCHOLASTIC DETH - Killed By School 7" B
 TEAR IT UP - Nothing To Nothing LP L
 THE RED LIGHT STING - Our Love... CD G
 THE RED LIGHT STING - Our Love... LP J
 TRAGEDY - Can We Call This Life? 7" B
 TRANSISTOR TRANSISTOR - Put Down... CD G
 UNRUH - Misery Strengthened Faith CD L
 VITAMIN X - Down The Drain CD L
 VITAMIN X - Down The Drain LP M
 WOLVES - Art.Culture.Work CD or LP L
 YAPHET KOTTO - Usual Suspects 7" B
 YOU AND I - The Curtain Falls CD J
 HISTERIA - comp LP with Limp Wrist, Seein' Red,
 DS13, Deaththreat, Sin Orden, Life's Halt... J

...some other stuff we distribute...

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 BLOOD BROTHERS - March... picture disc LP Q
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